

A HUSBAND FOR EVERY HOUR!

# Silver Screen

September

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24003

AUG 24 1937  
CENTRAL EXCHANGE

Marlene Dietrich

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE STAR





## “Well, she *finally* made the grade!”

“SO ‘B.B.B.’ finally put it over!” Dave, the City Editor mused. “Nice scoop for you, Clara.”

“‘B.B.B.’? That’s a new one on me, Dave.”

“Bad Breath Bertha. Society’s been calling her that behind her back ever since she came out 10 years ago. You know it as well as I do.”

“Better! But they can’t say it any more.”

“How come?”

“About a year ago I told her what her trouble was; felt sorry for her . . . suggested she use Listerine.”

“And now she knocks off the prize catch of the town; you had nerve, Clara.”

“She thanked me for it. She’d never have landed him but for that hint.”

“Say! There’s an idea there for the Advice to Women column. ‘Control your Breath and you Control your Future.’”

“Not so dumb, Dave. If you met as many men and women as I do you’d realize that most of them have halitosis and never realize it.”

“That’s the insidious part about it, as the ads say.”

“Show me a woman who’s careless about her breath and I’ll show you a gal that’s already on the shelf.”

“Right you are, Clara. My girls wouldn’t think of going to a party without first using the old Listerine.”

“Smart kiddies!”

“By the way, Clara, how’s Listerine for that morning after taste and the old next day breath?”

“My husband says it does the trick.”

“O. K., Clara, I’ll give you a report Monday.”

### DON’T OFFEND OTHERS

*There’s no doubt of it; Listerine Antiseptic, with its remarkable deodorant power, is the accepted treatment for halitosis (bad breath) whether caused by excessive eating and drinking, fermenting food particles in the mouth, or decaying teeth. Use night and morning, and between times before social and business engagements.*

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

*For* HALITOSIS use LISTERINE



**Pampers her skin with costly lotions  
but she ignores her tender, ailing gums**



**—ANOTHER “DENTAL CRIPPLE” IN THE MAKING**

**How often such neglect leads  
to real dental tragedies . . .  
give your gums the benefit  
of Ipana and Massage.**

**P**AT, PAT, go her deft fingers—attending to the important business of beauty. Creams and lotions to aid her skin—a hundred brush strokes nightly for her hair—those are details she never overlooks. *And rightly so!* Yet how little they count, when her lips part in a dull and dingy smile—a smile that ruins her loveliness, destroys her charm.

Yet hers might be a smile, radiant and

captivating—but not until she learns the importance of *healthy* gums to *sound* teeth—not until she knows the meaning of—and does something about—that warning tinge of “pink” on her tooth brush!

*Never Ignore “Pink Tooth Brush”*

“Pink tooth brush” is only a warning. But if ever you notice it, *see your dentist*. You may not be in for serious trouble. Probably, he’ll tell you that modern soft foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of necessary stimulation. “More work and exercise for those tender, ailing gums” is the likely verdict

—and, very often, “the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.”

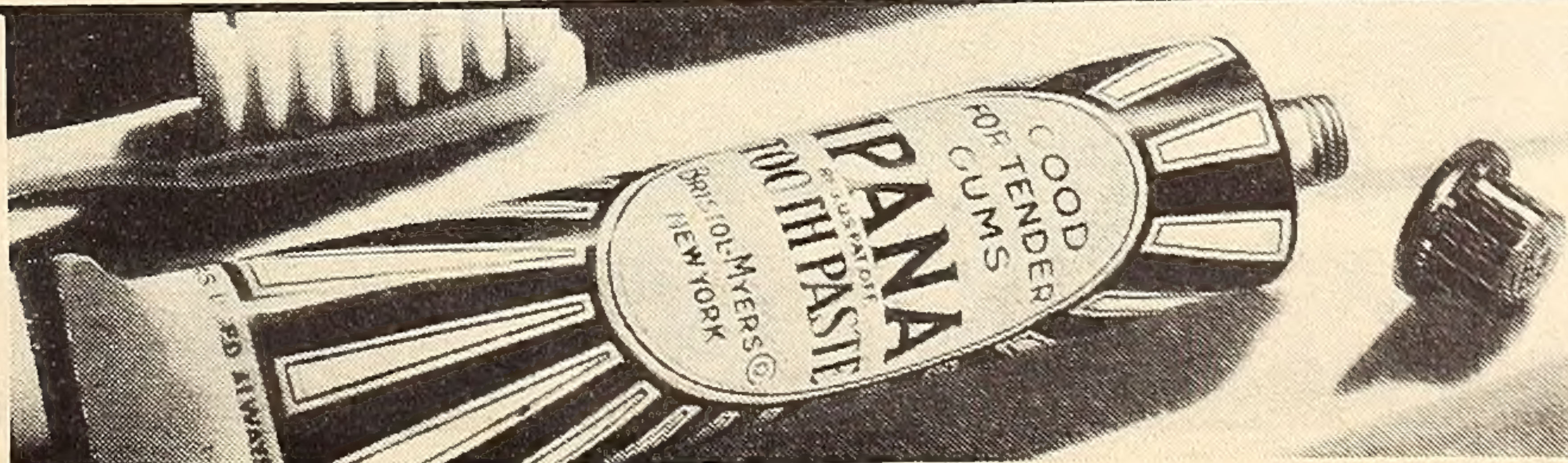
For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—gums become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Don’t wait for the warning tinge of “pink” on your tooth brush. Start today with Ipana and massage—one sensible way to a lovely smile.

**LISTEN TO “Town Hall Tonight”**—every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.D.S.T.

*Remember*

a good tooth paste,  
like a good dentist,  
is never a luxury.



**I P A N A**  
*Tooth Paste*



# Watch THE MOVIE SKY!

Of course, the brightest lights announce great M-G-M attractions coming soon to your local theatre. Here are just a few, starting the greatest New Season Hit Festival in amusement history!



JEANETTE  
**MACDONALD-JONES**  
in  
**THE FIREFLY**

Plus WARREN WILLIAM and Big Cast! Another grand musical romance from the producers of "Maytime"!



GRETA  
**GARBO-BOYER**  
in  
**MARIE WALEWSKA**

A grand romantic team in a spectacular drama. Garbo as the woman who won—and lost—the heart of the great Napoleon!



WILLIAM  
**POWELL-LOY**  
in  
**DOUBLE WEDDING**

That "Thin Man" couple in their gayest, brightest romping romance... Bill's an artist in love with Myrna's sister—till Myrna comes along!



JOAN  
**CRAWFORD-TONE**  
in  
**THE BRIDE WORE RED**

A big star-jammed fun-fest for Joan and Franchot to gallivant through... with Reginald Owen, Robert Young and Billie Burke for extra laughs and romance!



**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S GREATEST YEAR 1937-38**



AUG 14 1937

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

SEPTEMBER, 1937

VOLUME SEVEN  
NUMBER ELEVEN

# Silver Screen

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COVER PORTRAIT OF MARLENE DIETRICH BY MARLAND STONE

## The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:  
The older I get, and I must face it, I am getting older, the more I believe that little Diabutus, my favorite escapist, had the right idea. Diabutus, as you know, or am I misinformed again, was the Chinese god of rice who sat for thousands of years perfectly content to do nothing more strenuous than contemplate his navel. It's mad gadabout months like this past one that brings out the Diabutus in me, and I hereby give notice that I am entering upon my first thousand years of contemplation. (I'm contemplating a neat ankle encased in silk just to be different.)

There have been so many weddings and parties and gala things lately that I simply go about with champagne swizzlers in my hair—it isn't a pretty coiffure but at least it is a handy one what with corks popping here and there. It's sort of a tradition that brides have to be toasted in champagne and Jeanette MacDonald and Mary Pickford are not girls to leer at tradition, so as they used to say in the lush love stories (I ought to know, I wrote 'em) "in a bower of flowers champagne flowed." Of course I rather resented, in my simple neurotic way, the peanut butter sandwiches Mary served with the champagne, as peanut butter is something I put away in the attic trunk with my childhood.

Then Madge Evans unearthed a divine fortune teller and had a party for her. The mystic lady combined palmistry and astrology with the most startling results. It seems that 73 will be Madge's lucky year (she just can't wait) and that your favorite western representative (meaning me) has dots on her mentality. I rather resented that too, in my simple way.

And Una Merkel threw a party in the Lanai room of the Hawaiian Paradise, where we all went delightfully Hawaiian and stuffed our faces with fried shrimps, sweet pork, pineapple and cocoanuts, and wondered if the honeymooners were having a good time too.

David Niven and Errol Flynn tossed off a cocktail party before David sailed for England on his vacation, and that was an excuse for the nicest people in Hollywood to put on their nicest summer clothes and light tan make-up and have fun in a garden. David's anchovies were a bit on the salty side—but those English always were ones for salt.

Then, just as I was about to remove the swizzlers from my bangs and the cover from my typewriter, Bing Crosby had to up and open a new race track at Del Mar (so, so convenient to Hollywood) and of course all the horsey crowd had to turn out for that. I really think it's time to begin my contemplations.

Clark Gable wishes to inform all young men who are planning to take Carole Lombard driving that they must beware of the little woman's sense of direction. Clark drove Carole down to Long Beach one evening to see the preview of his last picture and Carole chose the roads. Not only did they miss half of the preview but, coming back, Carole blithely announced, "Well, here we are back in Hollywood," when it was fifty miles away in another direction. And when he started to the studio the next morning there wasn't a drop of gas in the car.

*Liza*

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



# TOO EAT ?



IF YOU DO NOT  
*Reduce*  
3 INCHES IN  
10 DAYS . . .  
*it will cost you nothing!*

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches in 10 days we believe we are justified in making the amazing offer above.

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic. . . the quick, safe way to reduce. You will not only be gracefully slender but will feel more like doing things. "Reduced my hips 12 inches" writes Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds" says Mrs. Derr. "Reduced from size 42 to size 18 and eat everything" writes Mrs. Faust.

**Appear SMALLER at Once!**

Look in the mirror before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere . . . and afterwards. You appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear your Perfolastic garments, the massage-like action and gentle pressure are actually reducing hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm. . . the spots where fat first accumulates.

**No Diets, Drugs, or Exercises!**

No strenuous exercises to wear you out. . . no dangerous drugs. . . no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness! And with loss of fat come increased pep and energy. The many perforations and soft silky lining make Perfolastic wonderfully comfortable when worn next to the body.

**YOU RISK NOTHING**

Why not test Perfolastic NOW . . . and prove what it will do for you? You do not risk one penny. If it does not reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days it will cost you nothing! Learn the details of our 10-Day Trial Offer in the free illustrated booklet!

**SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

**PERFOLASTIC, Inc.**

Dept. 739, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET in plain envelope, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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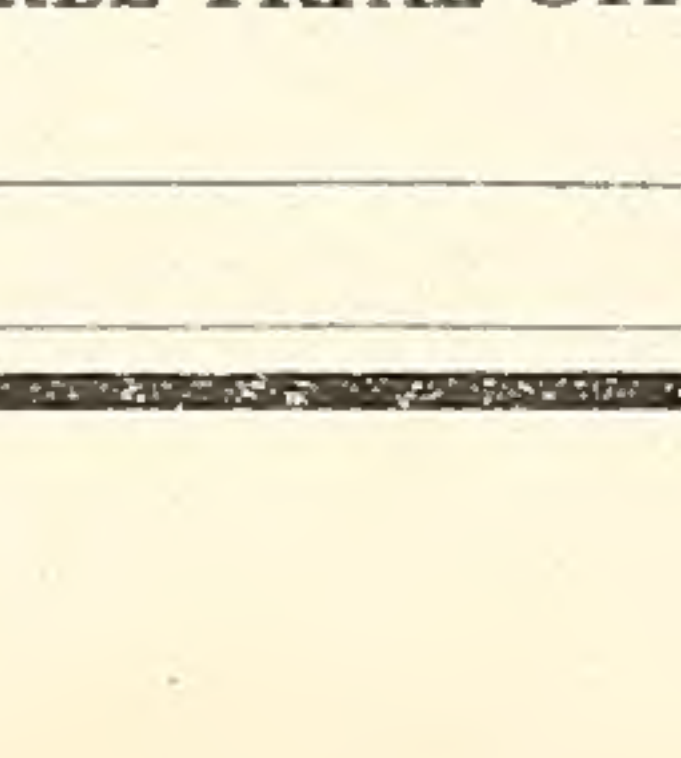
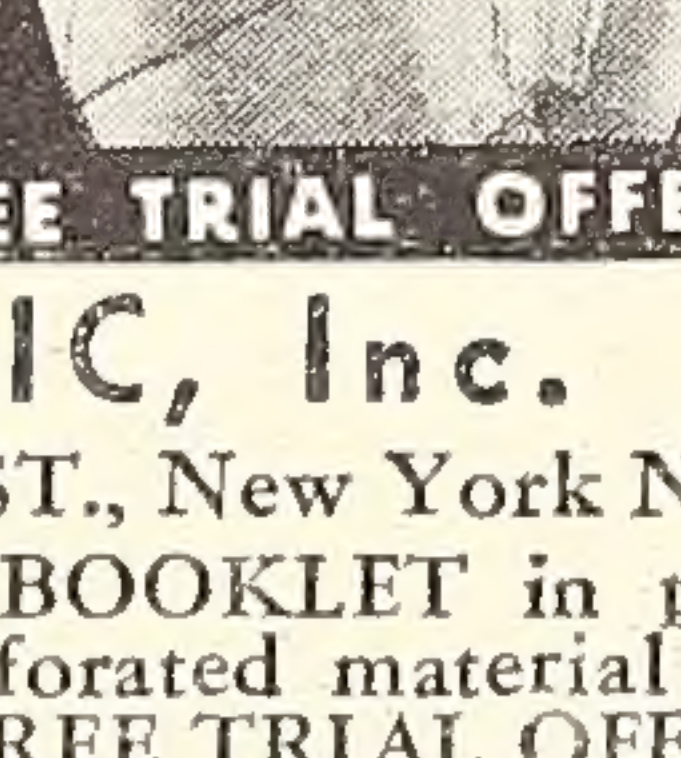
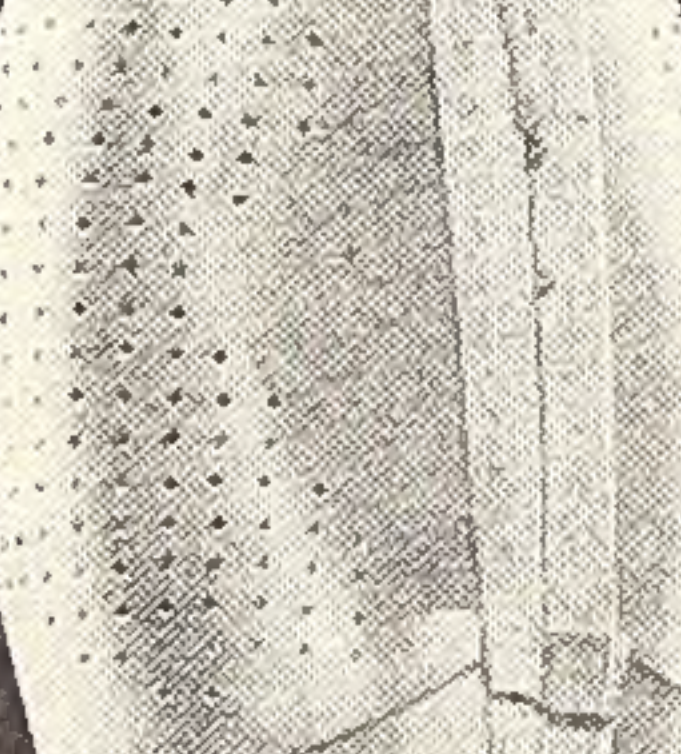
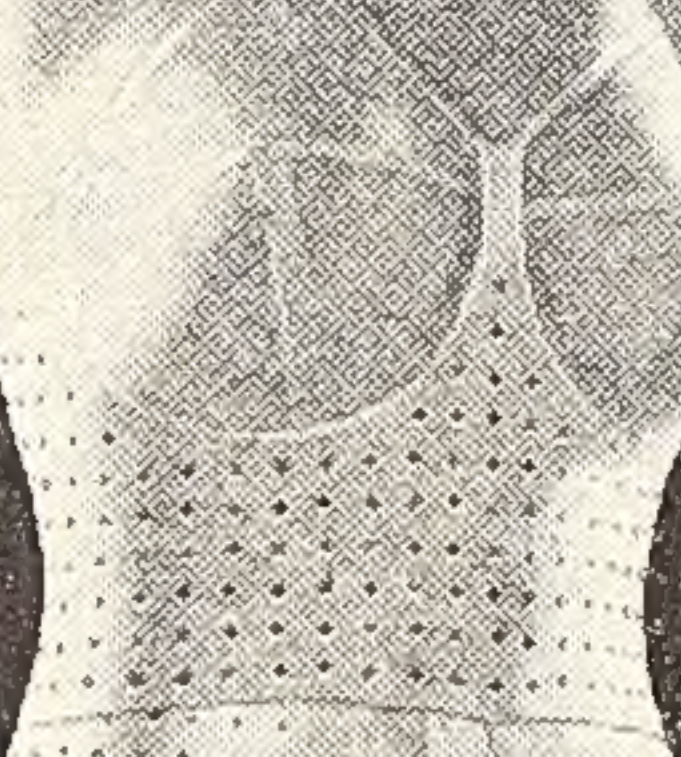
"I was very fat. . . then I sent for a Perfolastic and appeared inches smaller at once!"



In only 10 days I had actually reduced 3 inches without dieting, drugs or exercises.



Now I am 9 inches smaller in the hips and weigh 40 pounds less! I never felt better!"



## Tips On Pictures



An intensely dramatic scene from "The Hoosier Schoolboy," with Anne Nagel, Mickey Rooney, Frank Shields and Edward Pawley.

**CALIFORNIAN, THE**—Good. Semi-historical film, with the familiar but always romantic Robin Hood theme. Ricardo Cortez is well cast in the title role, and is ably supported by Morgan Wallace, Katherine DeMille, Nigel De Brulier, etc. It is adapted from a story by Harold Bell Wright, and is packed with action.

**COUNCIL FOR CRIME**—Fair. Although Otto Kruger delivers a splendid performance as the unscrupulous lawyer who defends hardened criminals, the picture itself does not measure up to either his or Douglass Montgomery's talents, the latter being cast as the young legal assistant who shows up his senior's slick defense work. (Jacqueline Wells).

**DANGEROUS HOLIDAY**—Fair. A youngster who is also a capable violinist heads the cast of this picture. The child actor (an English boy by the strange name of Ra Hould) gets fed up with his family whom he supports *en masse* by his playing, and runs away to enjoy life on the loose. He gets mixed up with gangsters, but eventually is discovered safe and sound. (Guinn Williams, Hedda Hopper).

**DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE**—Fine. This may be propaganda, but, when well represented, propaganda can be very entertaining. Here we have the problem of a district attorney forced to prosecute a wealthy boy whom he once defended so well he won his D. A. thru the case. (Richard Dix, Joan Perry, John Wray).

**EVER SINCE EVE**—Fair. Marion Davies' latest film effort concerns a bee-utiful stenographer who has trouble holding jobs because her employers all get "that-a-way" about her. So-o, Marion dons eyeglasses and a frumpy makeup and becomes the successful secretary of writer Bob Montgomery, so-o successful, in fact that she marries him in the end! (Patsy Kelly, Louise Fazenda, Allen Jenkins).

**EXCLUSIVE**—Exciting. The newspaper business proves here that it, too, has occasional bouts with racketeers. Frances Farmer is cast as a ruthless modern reporter on the staff of an unscrupulous publisher. Her father, Charles Ruggles, and her sweetheart, Fred MacMurray are in the newspaper game also, but their ideas differ from hers.

**FOREVER YOURS**—Charming. A British musical starring the great operatic star, Beniamino Gigli. The story is a sympathetic one, concerning a lovely English girl, disappointed in love, who marries Gigli, a widower with a son, and remains faithful even though her fickle lover returns. The musical episodes are enchanting. (Joan Gardner).

**HOOSIER SCHOOLBOY, THE**—Good. A small town in Indiana is the setting for the simple tale of a father and son who are misunderstood by the community at large until a new schoolteacher arrives, pieces together the true situation and proceeds to set everything straight. If you like sentimental yarns, this is your film-fare. (Mickey Rooney, Edward Pawley, Anne Nagel).

**KING SOLOMON'S MINES**—Fine. Rider Haggard authored the spectacular novel from which this exciting film concerning the search for a legendary diamond mine in unexplored Africa territory was adapted. The mine is discovered, only to be destroyed by a volcano. It is an im-

pressive film, superlatively acted. (Roland Young, Paul Robeson, Anna Lee, John Loder).

**KING OF GAMBLERS**—Fair. In theme this resembles "Marked Woman" so closely that it's bound to draw comparisons which will not be in favor of this as an "also ran." By way of not following the plot structure too painstakingly, the gambler here is a slot machine king and the girl is a night club entertainer. (Akim Tamiroff, Claire Trevor).

**LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED MEN, THE**—Fine. Nero Wolfe, the portly detective who solves intricate cases without moving out of his old-fashioned brownstone residence, has one of the most intriguing cases of his career in this film. Splendid cast includes Walter Connolly, Eduardo Ciannelli, Lionel Stander.

**MARRIED BEFORE BREAKFAST**—Fine. Film farce at its merriest! Robert Young is grand as the youth who suddenly gets rich and in an expansive mood promises to bring true any wish made by Florence Rice, a girl he has just met. The fulfillment of Florence's wish provides the situations for a delightfully hilarious plot that will give you many a hearty laugh.

**MEET THE MISSUS**—Amusing. Once again Victor Moore plays one of those mild, sappy husbands one finds more often in film life than in real life. This time his wife, Helen Broderick, is a pushover for contests, which hobby supplies material for many gags. Ann Shirley and Alan Bruce contribute romance to the farcical plot.

**I COVER THE WAR**—Amusing. A fast-moving adventure yarn in which two intrepid newsreel camera-men cover the uprising of an African tribe which has been resisting British authority. There's a good deal of the Captain Flagg-Sergeant Quirt type of banter, and, of course, there's the Colonel's daughter to provide romantic thrills. (John Wayne.)

**IT CAN'T LAST FOREVER**—So-so. A rather improbable little tale involving a theatrical agent (Ralph Bellamy) who takes a flier on the stage himself in the role of a magician, and a sob-sister (Betty Furness) who is wise to him. (Raymond Walburn, Bob Armstrong.)

**ON AGAIN—OFF AGAIN**—Good. Wheeler and Woolsey off to a good start as partners in a pill factory, and with the added asset of a fairly new story to work in with their usual gags. There are some nice sets, some snappy dialogue and several songs that may prove hits. (Marjorie Lord, Patricia Wilder.)

**PARADISE ISLE**—Charming. This South Sea Island tale, filmed in Hawaii, is plenty lovely to look at and the story, that of a ship-wrecked white man bound for a port where he was to have a delicate eye operation to regain his failing sight, is told in a tender, sympathetic fashion that is always convincing. Warren Hull and Movita—the native girl of "Mutiny on The Bounty"—head the cast.

**SWEETHEART OF THE NAVY**—Good. Slightly familiar is the waterfront cafe run by a charming lass (Cecilia Parker) who is badly in need of new capital, which is eventually provided for her by the loyal gobs who frequent the cafe. Eric Linden is the gob she falls for, and Bernadine Hayes the rough and ready girl who shares her problems. A swell prize fight is staged, and there's some effective songs and dances.



**20th CENTURY-FOX GAVE IT  
EVERYTHING TO GIVE YOU A  
GREAT BIG SINGSATIONAL SHOW**

...hotter 'n' sweeter than "On  
The Avenue" ... faster 'n'  
funnier than "Sing, Baby,  
Sing" ... bigger 'n' better  
than "Wake Up and Live"!



# 'YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING

**ALICE FAYE**

Honey lovely ...  
lilting to new  
hi - de - heights!

**CHARLES  
WINNINGER**

Surrounded and  
dumbfounded by  
Hollywood's  
smartest girls!

**Tony MARTIN**

Romantic rave of  
the airwaves!

**TIP, TAP & TOE**

Rhythmic as rain  
on the roof!

*with*  
**RITZ BROTHERS**

Triple threats to gloom  
... give 'em room ...  
give 'em room!

**LOUISE HOVICK**

Bringing a new personality  
to the screen!

**ARTHUR TREACHER**

One l-o-n-g laugh!

**LOUIS PRIMA  
AND HIS BAND**

The trumpet king  
at his hottest!

**Don AMECHE**

Your new heart-  
throb...now star  
of radio's big-  
gest show!

**RUBINOFF**

and his Violin...that  
talking, laughing,  
tuneful fiddle!

**Phyllis BROOKS**

Sweetest of  
tomorrow's stars!

**Tyler BROOKE**

Rootin', tootin'  
trouping!

Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production  
Directed by Norman Taurog  
Associate Producer Laurence Schwab

**TODAY'S HIT TUNES BY  
MACK GORDON AND HARRY REVEL**

'Afraid To Dream'  
'Danger, Love At Work'  
'The Loveliness Of You'  
'Please Pardon Us, We're In Love'  
'You Can't Have Everything'



THE TRADEMARK THAT IS YOUR GUARANTEE  
OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!

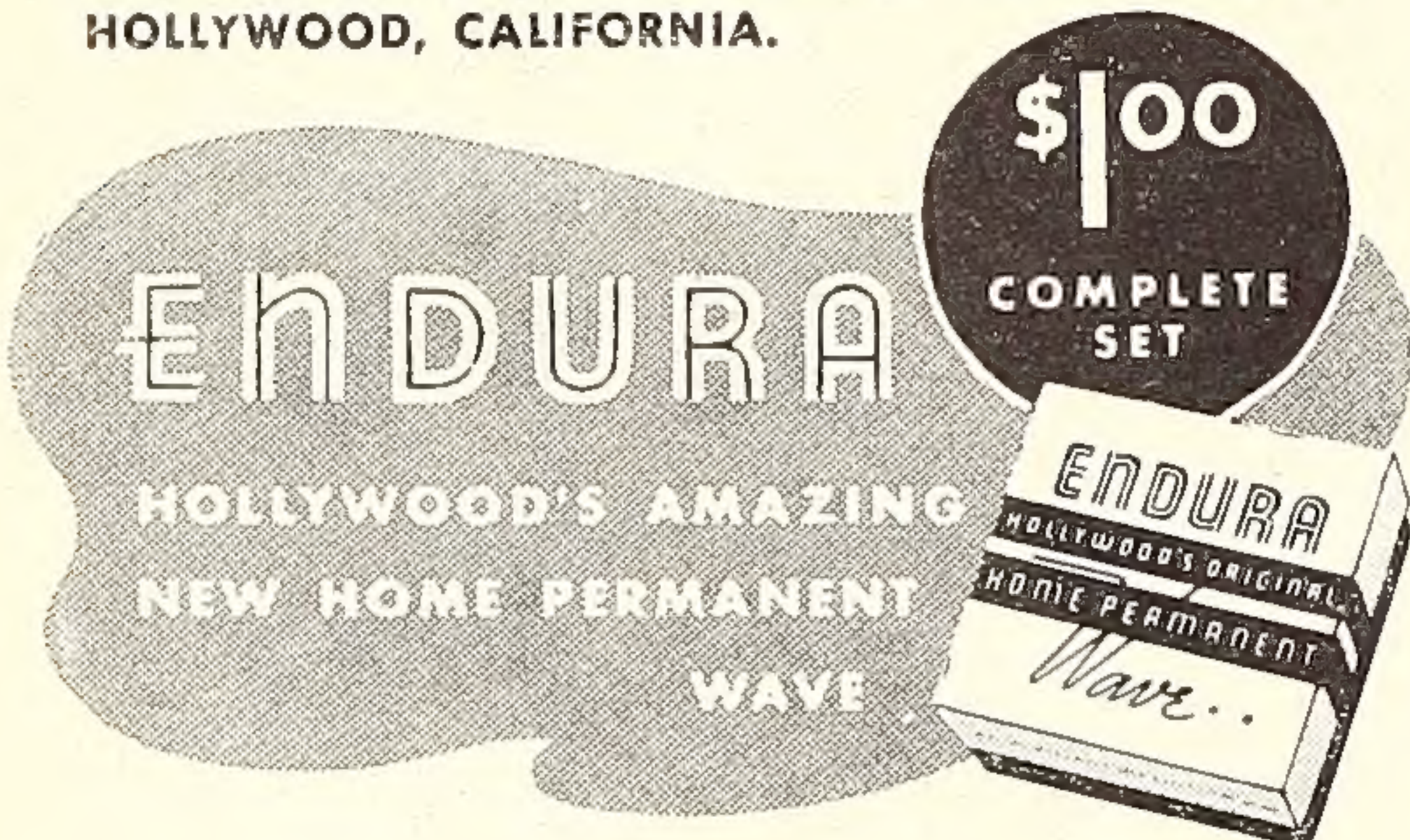




Only ENDURA  
HAS BEEN PROVEN  
BY MORE THAN  
200,000 Women

## ★ PERMANENT WAVE YOUR HAIR YOURSELF AT HOME...A COMPLETE PERMANENT \$1.00

Pleasantly and inexpensively, Endura gives you the best permanent you have ever had. Endura banishes, once and for all, the hours of discomfort of old-fashioned methods. Without machines, heat, or electricity, Endura permanent waves your hair at home while you work or read or even sleep. It's so easy to use, and so inexpensive. More than 200,000 women have changed to Endura permanents. Endura is sold in two sizes; the \$1.00 complete permanent wave and the 25c Endura Ten-Curl. Endura Ten-Curl gives you 10 winsome curls, permanent waves those straggly end and side curls. Endura is featured at drug, department and 5 and 10c stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, ask him to order it...THE ENDURA CORPORATION, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.



IMPORTED  
SIMULATED

### DIAMOND 15c

To introduce Hollywood's NEW-EST Orizaba Mexican Diamond reproductions, Dazzling, Brilliant, full of Blazing Fire—(worn by Movie Stars). We will send a 1 Kt. Simulated Brazilian Diamond, mounted in Solid Gold effect Ring as illustrated—(looks like \$150. Gem) for this ad and 15c. Address today FIELD'S DIAMOND CO.—Dept. SU-510 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif. (2 for 25c)

### "PERIODIC" PIMPLES?

THE DAY OF HER DATE *Cover them with*  
**Blemi-Stik**

When "periodic" pimples threaten to ruin your good time, bring Miner's Blemi-Stik to the rescue. Dab a little on each ugly blotch—fluff on powder—add a touch of rouge. See? That wretched spot is clear now—your skin looks perfect. Will he ever know? Never! Blemi-Stik conceals freckles, rings under eyes, birth marks and other disfiguring spots, too. Lasts all day, won't rub off or streak. Harmless. Water proof. At drug and dep't stores 50c or mail coupon with 10c for generous trial size.

By makers of Miner's Liquid Make-up

MINER'S, 40A E. 20 ST., N. Y. C.

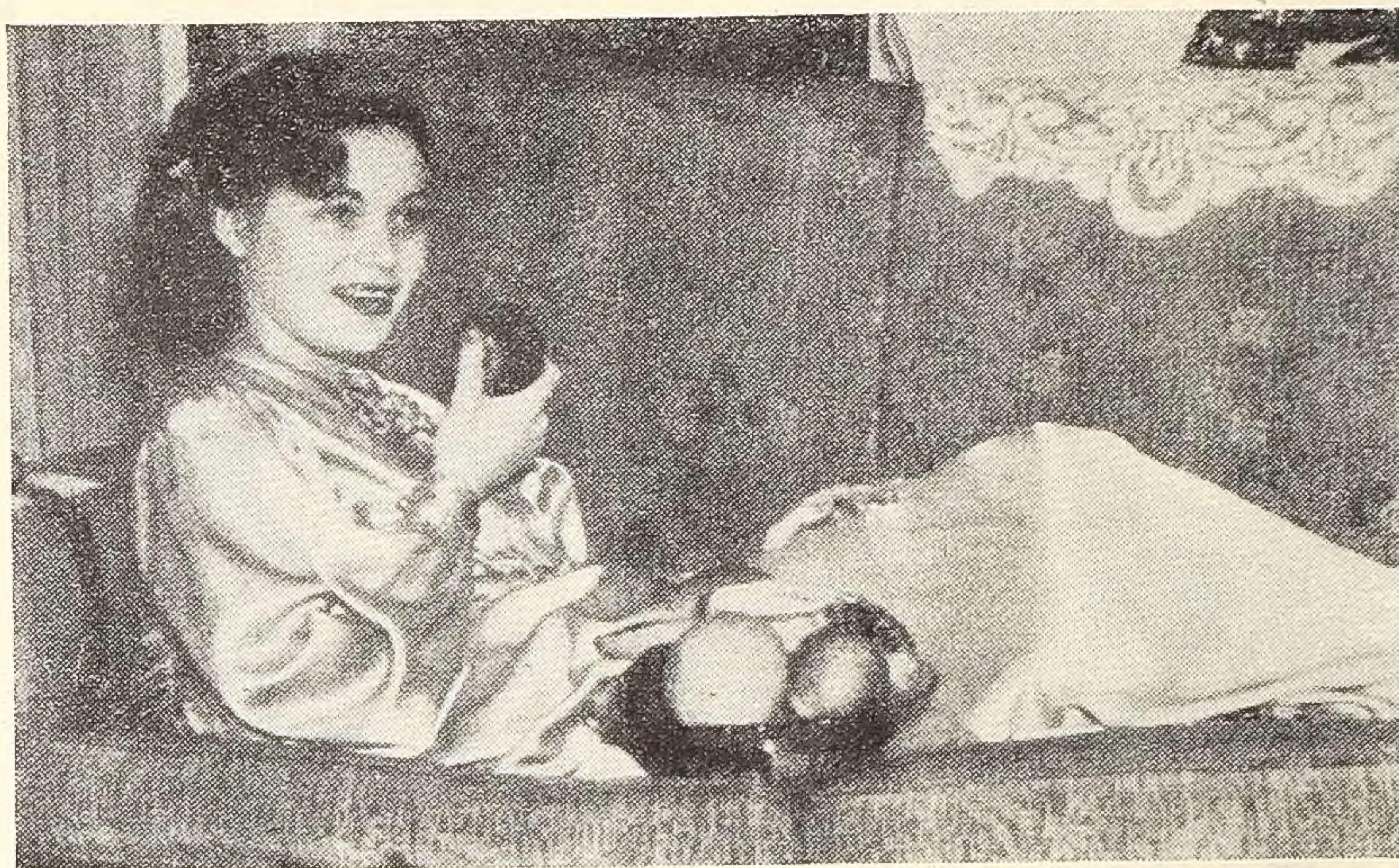
Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial size Miner's Blemi-Stik.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Shade \_\_\_\_\_

4 SHADES  
Sun-Tan  
Light  
Medium  
Brunette

# YOU'RE ON THE AIR



Having finished "Love in a Bungalow," Nan Grey rests while awaiting her next assignment at Universal Studio.

Many Hundreds Of Thousands Of Readers See The Letters On This Page. Write Your Opinions And Communicate Your Criticisms And Suggestions. Address 'You're On The Air Editor.'

"HURRAH for Warner Brothers," writes Lillian Cuvion of E. 57th St., New York, N. Y. "Just when I had concluded that Hollywood had hopelessly gone sissy, they come forward with Wayne Morris in "Kid Galahad." Wotta man! I hope it heralds the end of the chorus boy type who has so long dominated the screen. And where is Henry Wilcoxon, as red-blooded, two-fisted a guy as ever gladdened a gal's heart? His honest scowl is worth a dozen smirks from the la-de-dah boys. I know Errol Flynn is supposed to be a swashbuckler, but he doesn't look the part—just wears the costumes."

Of course Errol Flynn, who was toughened in the South Sea Islands, smiles. It's all so silly compared with the things that he has known.

"CONGRATULATIONS to Robert Taylor," writes Elinor Hale of Sedalia, Mo. "Not only is he handsome, but he can really act. The performance he turned in in 'Magnificent Obsession' was marvelous. Here's wishing Bob lots of luck from the bottom of my heart."

That makes it unanimous!

"JUST THE other night I went with a friend to a neighborhood movie house, and saw a film that, if standing up and shouting bravo had been customary, I should have done so," writes Muriel Brauhut of Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. "I left that theatre in a frame of mind inexpressible even to myself. I lived each moment. I cried with no shame, I laughed with a teary sort of mirth, I marvelled at the beauty of the scenes before me. The acting was flawless, the plot was 'life,' and when I say that at the conclusion of this grand and glorious feature men seated about me sheepishly brought out their handkerchiefs, I'm not exaggerating. 'A Star Is Born' is my vote for the picture winner of the Academy Award of 1937."

You have voiced the opinion of millions of fans.

"CONGRATULATIONS, Eliot Keen, on having one of the finest writing staffs as-

sembled," writes Dorothea Hyde of West 139th St., New York. "I have enjoyed those articles called 'Projections,' by Miss Wilson, very much, but would it be asking too much to have a few 'Projections' of the men stars?"

"Before I close I want to give three cheers for Ed Sullivan's article in the July issue entitled, 'Footlight Secrets.' It is about time somebody wrote an article like that. I agree with everything Mr. Sullivan says in it. Why Luise Rainer should be called the most beautiful actress and the most talented is beyond me. How about Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert and a few of our other beautiful and talented players? Miss Rainer's eye fluttering and babyish face is too much for me."

Her eyes do not flutter unless the part calls for it. She's a superb actress, and her performance in "The Good Earth" can never be forgotten.

"IT MUST BE wonderful to be the subject of a fan personality story! The stars are so generous, kind, loving, forgiving, sweet-nuts! As a matter of fact, they are nothing of the sort. The personality stories are dumb, that's the trouble," writes D. H. Johnson of Matunuck, R. I.

"Why don't you have a personality story that gives the player a few human faults. Everyone else has a touch or two on the dark side and, anyway, I hate perfect people."

"How much better we would like the girls if they had a spark or two of temper, and how quickly we would forgive them if they did explode once in a while. Our favorites are not prigs and here's hoping that future personality stories will give the Devil his due and all the little Devils a line or two."

Only a line divides the false from the true.

"THREE CHEERS and an orchid for Dana Burnet's article, 'Razzing Hollywood Bunk,' in the July issue of your swell magazine. He sure has the right slant on the fan-drivel printed in some magazines and papers," writes Ruth Booth of Chardon, Ohio.

"Who cares whether Joan Crawford makes her own bed or that so-and-so and so-and-so are madly in love with one another, the result of a garden party meeting?"

We have referred your question to the diplomatic corps, it's too much for us.



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Set in a big, human, heart-story  
by the authors of "Boy Meets  
Girl" that will give you the great-  
est thrill in years! Girls... music  
... romance... stars... comedy...  
fashions... all done in *Advanced*  
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MISCHA AUER—  
twice as funny as in  
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ALAN MOWBRAY—  
what a riot of laughs  
this guy gives you!



HELEN VINSON—  
alluring, but oh!...so  
aggravating!



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**JOAN BENNETT**

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*Alan* MOWBRAY • *Jerome* COWAN

*Marjorie* GATESON • *Dorothy* McNULTY • *Alma* KRUGER  
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Directed by **IRVING CUMMINGS**

Original Screenplay by *Samuel and Bella Spewack*

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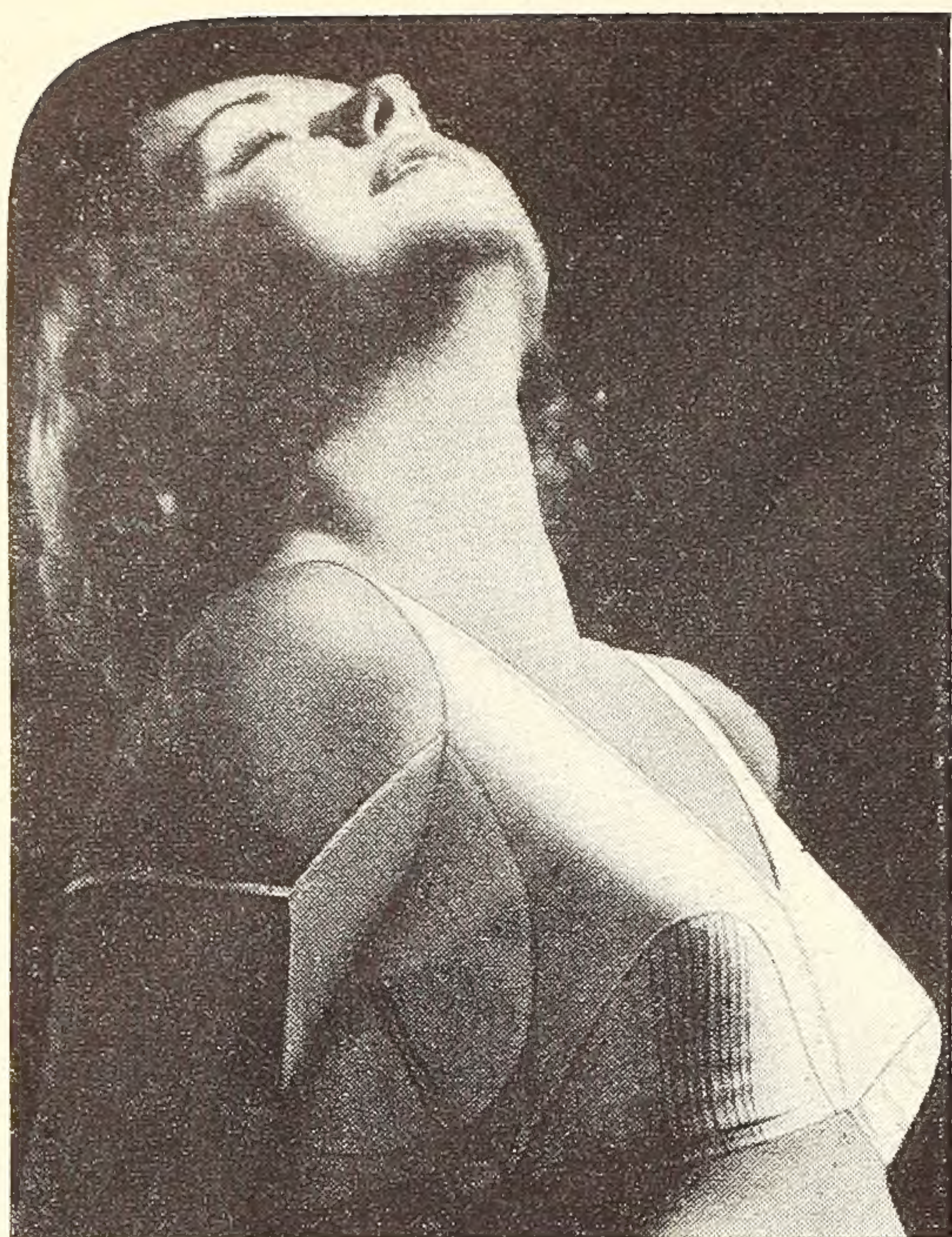


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First of all, you'll *look* better. Bra-forms are carefully fitted to give smooth high rounded lines to both slender and mature figures.

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Your favorite Notion Counter will gladly show you a variety of Bra-forms, from a dollar up, in all the popular brassiere materials. Washed in a moment, always ready—without sewing—to wear with *any* dress. Also, Kleinert's sew-in Dress Shields from 25¢ a pair up.



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Shields—25¢ a pair  
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# Kleinert's

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TORONTO, CANADA ... LONDON, ENG.

Not satisfied with her nightly one hundred strokes, Jacqueline Wells gives her coiffure a "once over lightly" just before going out.



## HAIR IS

## STILL WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

By  
Mary  
Lee

**B**RUSH, brush, brush—for beauty! Pretty Jacqueline Wells, Hollywood newcomer appearing in Columbia's "Counsel for Crime," knows the important part her hair has to play in a film career. So she's never too busy to give her luxuriant, light brown tresses the brushing that keeps them bright and manageable.

Whatever the color, texture and condition of your own hair, it's bound to be better for brushing. It may be any of the shades between honey blonde and blue black, by Nature or by art. It may be dry (as most heads of hair are at the end of a Summer of salt sea bathing and bright sunlight), or so oily that it looks positively "greased" a few days after a shampoo. Perhaps it's soft and fine, the type hairdressers call "baby hair," or coarse and wiry. That doesn't matter. There isn't a single exception to our first rule for hair beauty—daily brushing.

The long pull you get with a good, stiff-bristled brush stimulates the roots and normalizes the flow of natural nourishing oil, so your hair won't get too much or too little. It cleanses your scalp and polishes off each hair so it contributes its bit to the effect of shining beauty.

You don't have to be afraid a brush will ruin your "set," now that hair styles favor the soft, natural-looking coiffures. The days when we touched our waves gingerly with a comb and wore nets over them at night are gone forever, we fervently hope. Even the most fashionable hairdressers are setting hair so it can be brushed, then combed and patted back into place.

Besides being softer and shinier, waves and curls are actually more lasting when they're brushed. The polished hairs seem to hold together better, with a minimum of stiff, stray ends to mar the effects of good grooming.

Brush your hair in every direction, so

each single fibre and every inch of scalp get a good airing. Count your strokes, and don't compromise on less than a hundred a day. We like to start our brushing forward, over the head. Brush up and over, from the nape of your neck and behind your ears to the tip of the longest hair.

Then brush straight up from the hairline. Use long, strong strokes. The more "pull" the better. After you've finished the vigorous brushing for hair health and beauty, find the part again and start rearranging your coiffure. Brush those curls and rolls up over your finger to give them an added smoothness and lustre.

Our second rule for glorious locks is *know your own hair*. Actually, it's as characteristic as handwriting or fingerprints. Haven't you read newspaper reports and mystery stories where a few stray hairs have helped the police identify the criminal?

You can have your hair analyzed. There are laboratories where you can send a lock of hair, have it analyzed chemically and receive sound, practical advice on how to correct any ailment that interferes with its health or beauty. One such is the Hair Research Laboratories in New York. Beauty shops use this service regularly, especially when they're confronted with a head of hair that won't take a good permanent wave or a satisfactory dye. If you're having trouble with your own hair, it's a wise precaution to have an analysis and individualized advice on its care. The fee is very small.

Whether you're straight-haired or curly-headed is up to you, now that permanent waves have been perfected to the point of giving you just as much curl as you want. And there's no discomfort in the process when you have a Zotos machineless permanent. Tiny featherweight pads take the place of overhead wiring, so you can move



around to your heart's content while the wave's being put into your hair. The Zotos wave has been found especially effective for difficult types of hair, such as white, baby-fine, dyed or bleached.

News has happened in the field of hair beauty! The cause of dandruff, that annoying ailment that showers powdery flakes over one's shoulder, is proven to be a germ that goes by the name of "Pityrosporum Ovale." It may sound frightening, but it can be routed by a good germicide. Your old friend Listerine, rubbed into your scalp full-strength once or twice a day, is anathema to this dandruff-producing creature. The best way to apply it is on a pad of cotton, rubbed thoroughly over the entire scalp. Massage your scalp vigorously with your fingertips, using a rotary motion, after you've applied Listerine.

Now we're going to tell you some tricks we've learned for repairing beauty shop curls or making your own at home. We discovered a type of curler at the five-and-ten that's just as comfortable as it is efficient. It's name is "Vassar." Made of flexible rubber, it's ever so easy to use. You can wear Vassar Wavers all night without losing any of your beauty sleep because you'll forget you have them on!

An aid to hair beauty with dozens of uses is the bob pin. We can't for the life of us understand how we ever got along without it! If you haven't formed the habit of keeping a supply of bob pins constantly on hand, it's probably because you haven't tried the De Long brand. They have a bulldog grip that makes them stay where you put them, and they won't "spread." There are two kinds, straight and curved, which you can get at five-and-ten cent stores.

Entirely aside from their use in keeping one's hair-do in place, De Long bob pins make excellent curlers. Dampen your hair with a waving lotion or warm water. Where you want curls, take a strand of hair and comb it out straight. Then wind it around into a little coil, and secure it with a bob pin. After your hair has dried, take out the pins and comb the hair up over your forefinger to make curls. You can comb several of these little coils together to make large, soft curls or rolls. We always carry a few bob pins in our purse to repair curls that go awry on rainy or hot, humid days.

We've found De Long bob pins invaluable in setting waves, too. Place one at each edge of the intended wave, then pull the hair forward between them with your comb. Make the ridges of the wave back from your forehead by pressing the dampened hair between the middle and forefinger. Then place a few bob pins along the ridges to keep them in place.

A dandy lotion for giving home-made coiffures that "professional" look is Dr. Ellis' new Clear Wave Set. It can be used on any shade of hair without interfering one bit with its color. And it simply won't flake. As a matter of fact, it gives your hair an added sheen that increases its beauty. A special advantage of Dr. Ellis Wave Set is its quick drying. Sounds expensive, doesn't it? Well, it isn't. Five-and-ten cent stores and most drugstores carry it.

And now for a word about those unmanageable wisps at the nape of your neck, if you're letting a shingle "grow out." They should be at least two inches long before they'll take a permanent wave. Meantime, you can turn them up with bandoline, the same thick "goo" girls used to make spit curls with, when those atrocities were fashionable.

Don't forget that your curls must be thoroughly dry before you comb them out.

If you have a permanent wave, you can roll up your hair on curlers while it's dry, then pat warm water on it. Hair dries quicker this way.

I WOULDN'T USE  
THIS GREASY  
DEODORANT IF I  
DIDN'T HAVE TO

YOU DON'T—  
THE NEW  
ODORONO ICE  
ISN'T GREASY  
AT ALL!

## New Cream Deodorant

### No Grease... No Fuss... Vanishes and Checks Perspiration Instantly

**J**UST as the permanent wave antiquated the old-fashioned curling iron, so does this miraculous new "vanishing-cream" deodorant put all the greasy old cream deodorants out of date!

Not only does Odorono Ice disappear into your skin without a trace of stickiness or grease—as easily and pleasantly as vanishing cream—but also it actually checks perspiration, as well as odor!

No more stained dresses, no extra

cleaner's bills, no more embarrassing odors. You just smooth this fluffy, dainty cream in . . . and forget the whole problem for as much as three days!

Odorono Ice has no strange smell to turn musty after a while. Just the clean, fresh odor of alcohol . . . and that evaporates completely the moment it's on!

It is so simple and pleasant to apply, and so effective, that 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used.

Odorono Ice is only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Don't risk your dresses and your charm another day . . . get a jar NOW!



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**ODO-RO-NO ICE**  
NON-GREASY

SILVER SCREEN

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

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I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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*de Mille*  
TESTS 2 TALCUMS



See vivacious KATHERINE DE MILLE in  
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Katherine de Mille tries both powders in plain white boxes. She likes both, but prefers "X"—the original MAVIS, *fully scented*. Other lovely stars choose "Y"—the new MAVIS, *mildly scented*.

MAVIS flatters your skin like a glamorous face powder. Spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that *lasts*! MAVIS safeguards summer daintiness and makes clothes slip on much more easily.

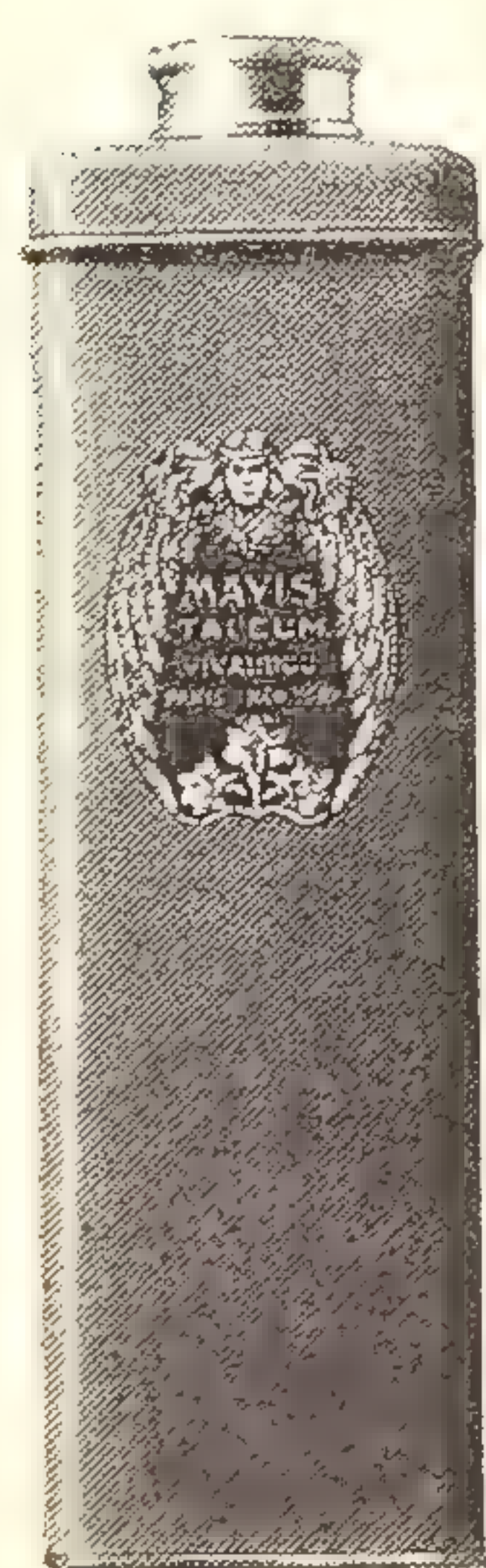
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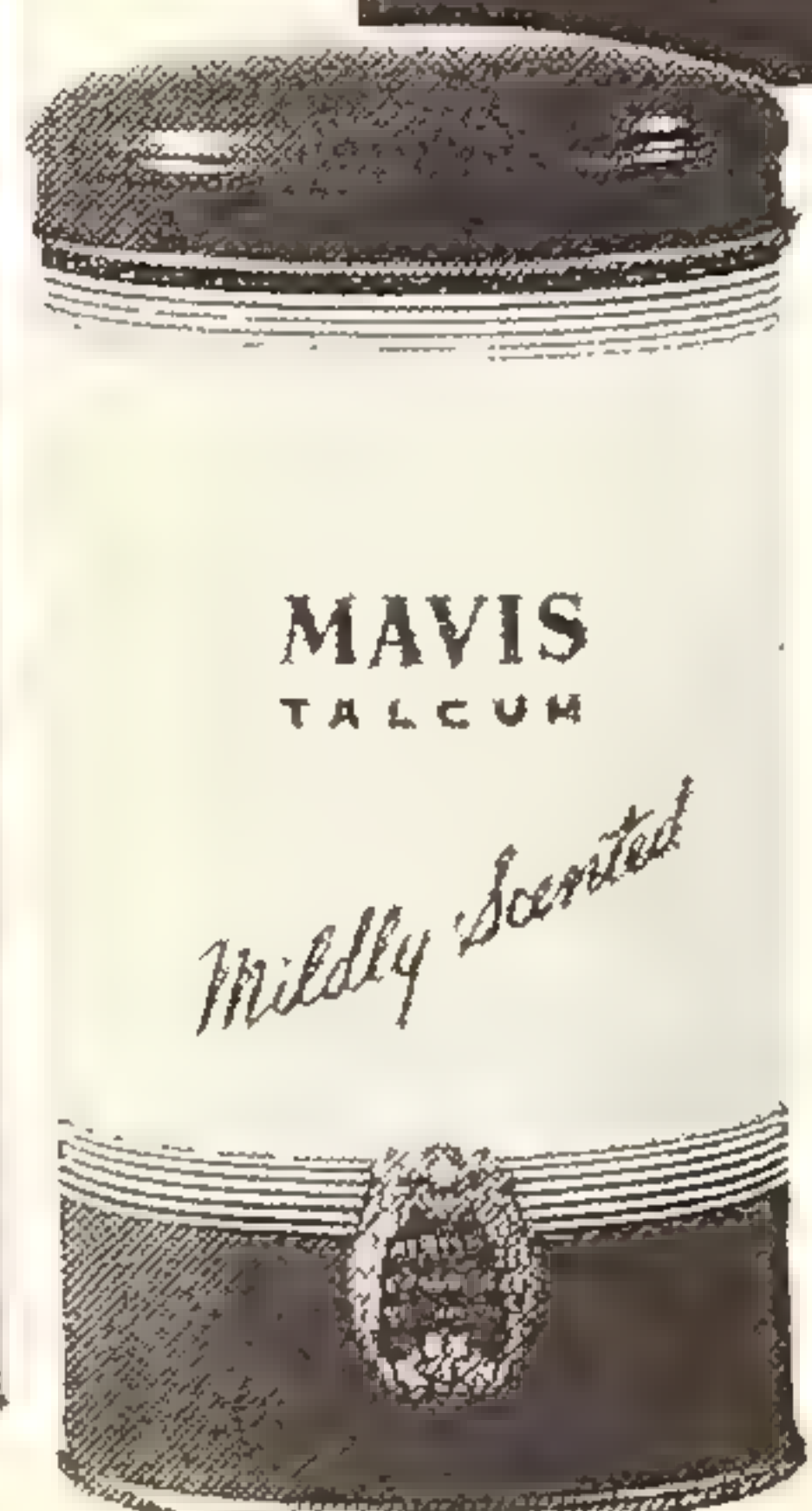
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## Finer Than Most Face Powders

#1  
Original  
MAVIS



MAVIS  
FOR BODY  
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#2  
New  
MAVIS  
Mildly  
Scented

# DELECTABLE DISHES MADE WITH PASTRY

It Can Be Used  
For Substantial  
Food Purposes  
Equally As Well  
As For Desserts.

By Ruth Corbin

Jean Parker has a perfectly grand time mixing her pastry preparatory to making a couple of fruit pies for Sunday dinner.



EVERY homemaker should know how to make a good pastry. It is an important part of kitchen lore, for it is adaptable to both main dishes and mouth melting desserts. It is really quite simple once you get the knack. There are two distinct types of pastry—the mealy and the flaky. The difference lies in the manner of manipulation—the ingredients are the same. To make a mealy or crumbly crust work shortening into flour as finely as possible; for a flaky crust have shortening in small lumps through flour. Remember that it is always better to undermix pastry than to overmix and no matter what type pastry you are making use as little water as possible. This more than any other factor determines the tenderness of your pastry—the less water the shorter the crust. Here is a fool proof recipe and these measurements are for 2 nine inch crusts.

### PASTRY

3 cups sifted Gold Medal Flour  
1 tsp. salt  
¾ cups Crisco  
¼ cup butter  
About half a cup of ice water

Cut in shortening with two knives or a pastry blender. (Part butter makes a tenderer crust.) Have it evenly distributed, the size of a pea. Add only enough ice water to moisten. Gather dough into two rolls, wrap in wax paper and chill. When your pastry, filled or plain, first goes into the stove, have oven at about 450° F. to set pastry, then reduce heat to about 375° F. to finish cooking.

### OYSTER PIE

Into 2 cups of white sauce put a little celery salt, 1 teaspoon onion juice and a dozen oysters. Season to taste, cover with a rich pie crust and bake 20 minutes in a hot (450° F.) oven or until crust is done.

### ANGEL FOOD PIE

Beat 4 egg whites until almost stiff. Add ½ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat until mixture stands alone. Pour into baked pie shell. Place in slow oven (300° F.) and bake about 30 minutes or until

whites are slightly browned. Remove from oven and allow to cool. Whip 1 cup of cream. Add ¼ cup sugar and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Spread evenly over cooled pie. Sprinkle generously with ground nut meats.

### CHICKEN AND VEGETABLE PIE

Cut a 4 pound fowl into pieces for serving. Cover with 2 quarts of boiling water, add 1 sliced onion, 3 stalks of chopped celery, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon whole mixed spice. Simmer until tender, about 3 hours. Remove fowl and allow broth to cool. Next make a thin paste of ½ cup flour and a cup of milk. Add to broth, which has been reduced to about 1 quart, and cook until it thickens. Add 1 cup cooked or canned peas, 1 cup cooked or canned diced carrots or any other desired vegetables and season to taste. Arrange chicken in Pyrex dish and cover with sauce. Roll pastry to ¼ inch thickness and either spread over entire top of dish or cut with a doughnut cutter, placing rings on top of chicken. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) for about 25 minutes.

### CANNED FRUIT PIES

Combine 3 cups canned fruits, drained, with 1 cup of fruit juice, sugar to taste, and 3 tablespoons of Minutes Tapioca. Pour into a 9 inch pie crust, cover with top crust and bake in hot oven for about 30 minutes. Part brown sugar will lend a nice flavor.

Another delightful pie is made quickly by pouring canned apple sauce into a cooked shell, covering with whipped cream and setting in refrigerator.

### CHIFFON PIE

Still another quick pie is made by forcing a quart of strawberries through a sieve and adding to this pulp ½ cup of sugar. Soak 2 teaspoons Knox's Gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes, dissolve over hot water, add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and combine with strawberries. Chill. When partially set fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites to which have been added 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 at a time. Pour into baked pastry shell, chill



until set. Garnish, if desired, with sweetened whipped cream and whole berries. Peach Chiffon pie may be made by dissolving package of either lemon or pineapple Royal gelatin in a cup of boiling water and adding 1 cup of peach pulp. 2 beaten, salted egg whites are then added and the whole beaten until fluffy before pouring into baked shell.

#### ENGLISH MEAT PIE

- 2 pounds round or sirloin steak
- 1 1/2 onions, sliced
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 2 tbsps. flour
- 1 tsp. salt and pepper
- 3 lamb kidneys
- 2 1/2 tbsps. butter or Crisco
- 1 1/2 tbsps. Worcestershire

#### Pastry

Make a tender stew from above ingredients, thickening gravy with flour, cool and turn into Pyrex dish. Pour half the gravy over meat and save half to pour over pie when serving. Cover dish with top crust of pastry, with small center hole for escaping steam. This pie may be varied in a number of ways. It can be transformed into an American Beefsteak Pie by omitting kidneys and adding 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and 2 cups raw, diced potatoes. Veal or lamb may be substituted for beef with equally tasty results.

A baking powder dough may be used instead of pastry; this is particularly desirable in chicken pies. Crusts should always be rolled thicker than for dessert pies.

#### HAM AND EGG PIE

- 4 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1/4 tsp. Royal Baking Powder
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup milk

- 1 cup Kraft's or Borden's grated cheese
- 2 cups Swifts Premium Ham cooked and cut in 1/2 inch cubes

Beat eggs lightly and add all other ingredients. Pour mixture into unbaked pie shell. Bake in very hot oven (425° F.) 20 minutes, or until knife inserted comes out clean. This is a grand dish served with grilled tomatoes or a green salad, and is an entirely new idea in pies. So, also, is—

#### SWEET POTATO PORK PIE

- 1 1/2 pounds pork
- 3 sprigs parsley
- 2 tbsps. Crisco or Spry
- 1 cup Stock
- Piece of bay leaf
- 1 stalk celery, cut
- 2 chopped onions
- 3 tbsps. flour
- 3 apples, sliced thin
- A few peppercorns
- 2 tps. salt

Cut pork into small pieces, cover with water, add bayleaf, salt, peppercorns, celery and parsley and cook until tender. Sauté onions in Crisco until light yellow. Add flour and stir until smooth. Add stock gradually and, stirring constantly, cook until smooth and thickened. Arrange alternate layers of pork and apples in greased Pyrex dish. Sweet potato crust is made by sifting together 1 cup of flour, 3 teaspoons Royal baking powder and 1 1/2 teaspoons salt. Add 1 cup mashed sweet potatoes and about 1/4 cup of milk to make a soft dough. Knead lightly, roll to 1/2 inch thickness, cut with biscuit cutter and arrange on pie. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) about 30 min.

Keep on hand a supply of baked tart and pie shells and patties. They come in handy for all manner of desserts and other dishes. Patties are nice filled with creamed foods, meat or vegetables, and a tart shell can in an emergency be filled with fresh or canned fruits, topped with whipped cream. They make ravishing desserts.

Another thing to remember is that pastry trimmings may be used to make small turnovers, canapes, cheese sticks, small rounds for meat pies, etc. Cheese is chopped into pastry for the sticks. It is then rolled very thin and cut in narrow strips. Each strip is twisted like a cork screw and then baked in a hot oven (425° F.) for from 10 to 12 minutes. Canapes can be cut in various shapes, sprinkled before baking with caraway seeds or curry powder, and topped, just before serving, with anchovies, olives, sandwich spreads, devilled ham or cheese.

#### TUNA AND MUSHROOM PIE

Flake a large can of tuna fish and combine with a can of Heinz Cream of Mushroom soup, 1/2 cup diced celery, 1/4 cup green peppers, diced; salt and pepper to taste. Pour into a shallow baking dish, top with pastry and bake 25 minutes in a hot oven (425° F.).

Fruit rolls, made by spreading a cooked, sweetened fruit pulp over 1/4 of an inch pastry sheet made with a soft Bisquick dough, and rolling up like a jelly roll, are nice. Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven (425° F.). Serve with cream or lemon sauce.

All sorts of fruit pies (prune, apricot, huckleberry, etc.) are always a welcome dessert and particularly the old favorite, apple pie. This is easily made with sliced, tart, cooking apples, sugar, cinnamon or nutmeg, a little flour and quite a lot of butter. You can lend newness to this old stand by occasionally adding a few raisins or cranberries to apple filling and putting top pastry on lattice fashion.

For appearance's sake always flute rim of your pie pastry by placing left index finger against inside of rim and pinching it on outside with tips of right thumb and index finger.

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#### Lip Make-Up Lasts for Hours

Because it's super-indelible... because it's moisture-proof, Max Factor's Lipstick will keep your lips the same lovely, alluring color for hours and hours... one dollar.

*Blonde or Brunette!... here is a new make-up to accent the color attraction of your type. Note coupon for make-up test.*

WHAT A THRILL to see a new, a more beautiful, a more charming personality reflected in your own mirror. This is what you may confidently expect with your own personalized color harmony in this new make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

#### Rouge Beautifies Naturally

Actual lifelike colors... that is the secret of Max Factor's color harmony rouge. Creamy-smooth in texture, it blends easily... fifty cents.

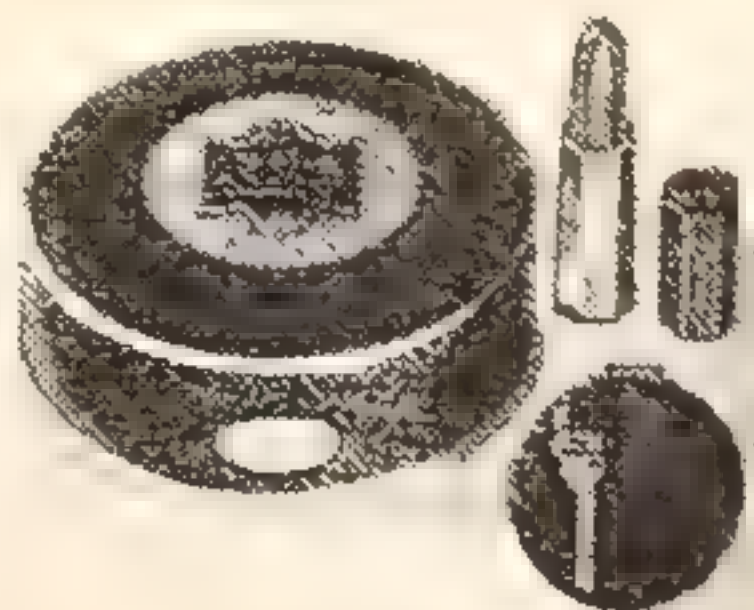


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Screen stars know, so you, too, may be sure Max Factor's Face Powder will create a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours. In color harmony shades... one dollar.

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Max Factor ★ Hollywood



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MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:  
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"..... FREE 17-9-32

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/> Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE _____	



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An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting alkalizing solution. You drink it and it does two important things. First, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort—and then because it is also alkalizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.



TUNE IN  
The NATIONAL  
BARN DANCE  
SATURDAY NIGHT  
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AT ALL DRUGGISTS  
30¢-60¢  
SLIGHTLY HIGHER  
IN CANADA

**Alkalize** with **Alka-Seltzer**

**HEADACHE**  
O DEAR! MY HEAD IS ACHING SO. I THINK I'LL HIKE FOR HOME—

**ACID-INDIGESTION**  
FRIED POTATOES AND STEAK GET MY STOMACH UP-SET!

**ALKA-SELTZER, MY BOY, LETS YOU EAT AND FORGET.**

**MORNING AFTER**  
I WONDER WHY I FEEL SO LOW, I DIDN'T OVER-DO IT.

**JUST TAKE AN ALKA-SELTZER, JOE AND THERE'LL BE NOTHING TO IT.**



**Personal to Fat Girls!**— Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Prescription Tablets a day until you have lost enough fat—then stop.

Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same element prescribed by most doctors in treating their fat patients. Millions of people are using them with success. Don't let others think you have no spunk and that your will-power is as flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.



Scene from "Danger—Love At Work," with Edward Everett Horton, Mary Boland, Bennie Bartlett and Etienne Girardot. Good title!

## PICTURES ON THE FIRE

Pictures Are Made Scene By Scene. The Studios Are Battlegrounds Of Artistic Frenzy. A Survey By

S. R. Mook

### At M-G-M

ON THE first set I visit here Miss Myrna Loy, my favorite actress, is emoting with Willie Powell in "Double Wedding." I'm like Winchell. If I were an actor I'd only play opposite Myrna Loy and Myrna Loy and Myrna Loy.

It seems Myrna runs one of New York's smartest dress shops, backed by Mrs. Bly (Jessie Ralph). She tries to run her home as efficiently as her business, which distresses her younger sister (Florence Rice). Myrna is determined Florence and John Beal shall marry. They don't like the idea of being forced into wedded bliss and Florence, particularly, is afraid marriage will interfere with her plans for a film career. John runs into an old classmate (William Powell) who is a vagabond artist, living in a trailer. Mr. Powell encourages Florence in her ambitions and several nights a week she and John slip away to meet Powell at a joint run by Spike (Edgar Kennedy), where Powell coaches her in dramatic arts. Of course, there is something a little incongruous about John and Bill having been classmates when Bill is about fifteen years older. But maybe he was backward in his studies and, after all, we shouldn't quibble over a few years when art is being served. At any rate, Myrna has just found out about these meetings and she is plenty upset.

She is in a very pale blue crepe dress, seated at a table in the dining room, eating her breakfast. It's a very gay room—a long white refectory table with a mirror

top and a couple of small crystal trees for decorations. The chairs are all white with cobalt blue upholstering. Through the doorway can be seen the hall. The walls are a bilious chartreuse.

Myrna has the phone in her hand when her butler, an ex-policeman (Sidney Toler), comes in. She continues speaking into the phone. "But I must speak to Mrs. Bly. I'm sure Mrs. Bly would want to be called." Suddenly she speaks irritably. "I don't care whether she came in five minutes ago." Then she gains control of herself again. "Very well, then, have her call me as soon as she gets up." She hangs up the phone, rises and starts walking away. Toler has been watching her in amazement.

"Your eggs, Miss Agnew," he begins in consternation as he sees her start for the door. As she makes no answer he puts the eggs on the table and faces her. "Shall I call Miss Irene (Florence Rice) and Mr. Beaver (John Beal)?"

"No, let them sleep," Myrna answers shortly, coming back towards the table. "Someone in this house has to sleep." She turns and paces back toward the door, then turns and faces Toler. "Keough, how good a policeman were you?"

"Best on the force," Toler admits modestly, and explains, "Crooked politics got me out." [Continued on page 16]





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"Yes, of course," Myrna agrees, raising her hand in protest as she sees a long story coming. "Some other time, please. Keough, a situation has arisen. You can help me. You remember the man with the raccoon coat (that's schoolboy Powell)?" Toler nods seriously. "I have every reason to believe he is a dangerous criminal. His name is Charlie Lodge . . ."

"A phoney name—" Sid begins.

"Probably," Myrna interrupts. "He lives in an auto-trailer in an empty lot next to that Spike's place."

"Handy for a quick getaway," Sid interposes.

"I thought of that," Myrna concedes. "Now, Keough, there are certain reasons why I want to find out all about this man."

"I understand," he reassures her soothingly.

"You understand what?" Myrna demands sharply.

"Blackmail," Toler elucidates. "You probably wrote some letters."

"I did nothing of the sort!" Myrna ejaculates. "Kindly do not jump to conclusions."

"Don't worry," Toler comforts her, still thinking he's right about her, "a detective is like a doctor. He ain't allowed to tell what he knows."

"There's nothing to know!" Myrna clips him off. "He's sure to have a police record. Find out all you can about him. Shadow him until further notice . . . night and day. I want to know every move he makes."

Well, I'm telling you, this director who is nothing short of a slave-driver, goes from one take into another until I think I'm going nuts (what was that smart crack?) and I can't even wait to find out if Myrna remembers me or not. I just leave and proceed to—

### 20th Century-Fox

IT SEEMS there are three pictures at work out here: "Thin Ice" (starring Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power), of which I have already told you, "Born Reckless" (with Rochelle Hudson) which is on location, and "Danger—Love at Work" featuring Ann Sothorn, Jack Haley, Mary Boland and Everett Horton.

The plot of this picture is just too utterly utter to attempt to go into. If any of you pipsqueaks who read this department (I hope) were old enough to go to the movies then, you may remember "Three Cornered Moon" and the story of those merry, mad *Rimpelgars* in which Miss Boland also figured. This is the same sort of picture and I can hardly wait to see it. Of course, it may fizzle out but I don't see how it can with such swell actors. (Mr. Haley, quit walling your eyes around and take a bow.)

I'll just tell you that Mary Boland, Ann Sothorn, Etienne Girardot, John Carradine and Benny Bartlett comprise the screwiest family seen on the screen in years. And la Horton is Ann's latest fiancee. Jack is trying to get their signatures to a deed of sale to a piece of property their grandfather willed them—share and share alike. It's well-nigh hopeless. Miss B's aplomb is never shadowed, never ruffled, by any of the screwy goings-on about her. At the moment she and Mr. Horton are in the living room where she is industriously plying her knitting needles.

"You know," Mary vouchsafes confidentially, "the crazy young lawyer who wants to buy Grandpa's farm? He was just here. He wanted us to sign something."

"What was it?" Eddie Horton queries excitedly.

"A paper," Mary tells him helpfully.

"Of course," he agrees impatiently. "What did it say?"

"I don't know," she admits. "I didn't have my glasses."

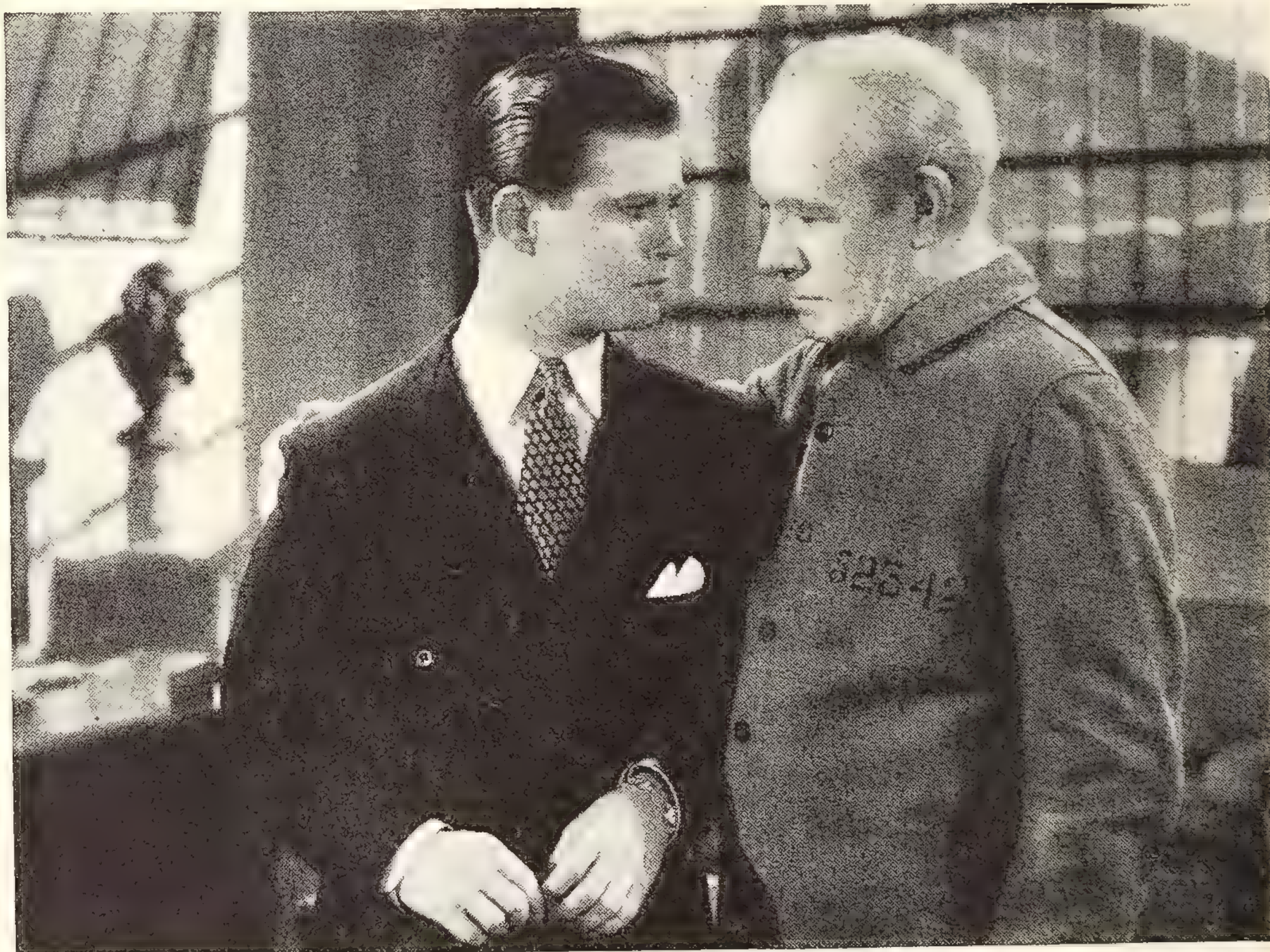
"What was his name?" Eddie demands.

"Let's see," she ponders, pausing in her knitting. "The Evans introduced him. . . . Oh, no, how silly of me! That was the man who rescued *Togo*."

At this point Mr. Girardot dashes madly across the stage in back of the hapless pair I've been telling you about, wildly pursued by Master Bartlett, who carries a lighted candle.

"Papa," Mary admonishes him severely, "you're not setting a very good example for Junior. Howard is about to explode."

"This fellow's name," Eddie yells. "What's his name? I'm going to find out all about him."



Tom Brown and Lewis Stone in "The Man Who Cried Wolf." An emotional scene in which the condemned prisoner says goodbye to his son without revealing the secret of his parenthood.



"Hmmm," Boland puzzles, "what was his name?—Oh, here's his card. Maybe his name's on that."

"It's barely possible," Horton agrees sarcastically.

Just then a series of bellows split the air, followed by a loud crash. Mary gives a little laugh.

"What's that?" Eddie shrieks, jumping a couple of feet into the air.

"Why," she explains in a matter of fact tone, "that's Junior. He's beating Papa—or Papa's beating him. Let's see, which was it? Oh, I guess they're beating each other."

This thing has got *me* so puzzled I wonder if the tail is wagging the dog or the dog is wagging the tail. Before I go completely nuts, I leave and proceed to—

#### Universal

THERE are three pictures going here—"Too Clever to Live," "That's My Story" and "100 Men and A Girl."

The last named stars Deanna Durbin and Adolphe Menjou. The story concerns a lot of out-of-work musicians—particularly Menjou and Mischa Auer. Menjou is Deanna's father and they're finding the going pretty tough. Only this very morning their landlady has told them they must pay up their back rent—\$52.50—or vacate. Menjou tries to see Stokowski in an attempt to get into his orchestra. He gets thrown out of the hall for his persistency. On the way out he finds a woman's purse stuffed with bills. He goes back to the box-office to return the purse but the bozo behind the screen thinks it's a ruse to get in to see Stokowski so he has him thrown out again. Menjou goes home, pays the rent and tells Deanna he got the job. But he can't fool her for long. When she finds out the truth she insists on returning the purse to its owner.

The owner, a flighty society woman (Alice Brady—hi, Alice) offers to sponsor a symphony orchestra when she learns there are hundreds of musicians out of work.

Deanna goes happily back to tell her father the good news. He is in the musicians' club playing poker—for matches.

"Three for me," Mischa Auer requests.

And it is at this point Deanna rushes up. "Daddy," she begins excitedly, "I can start an orchestra!"

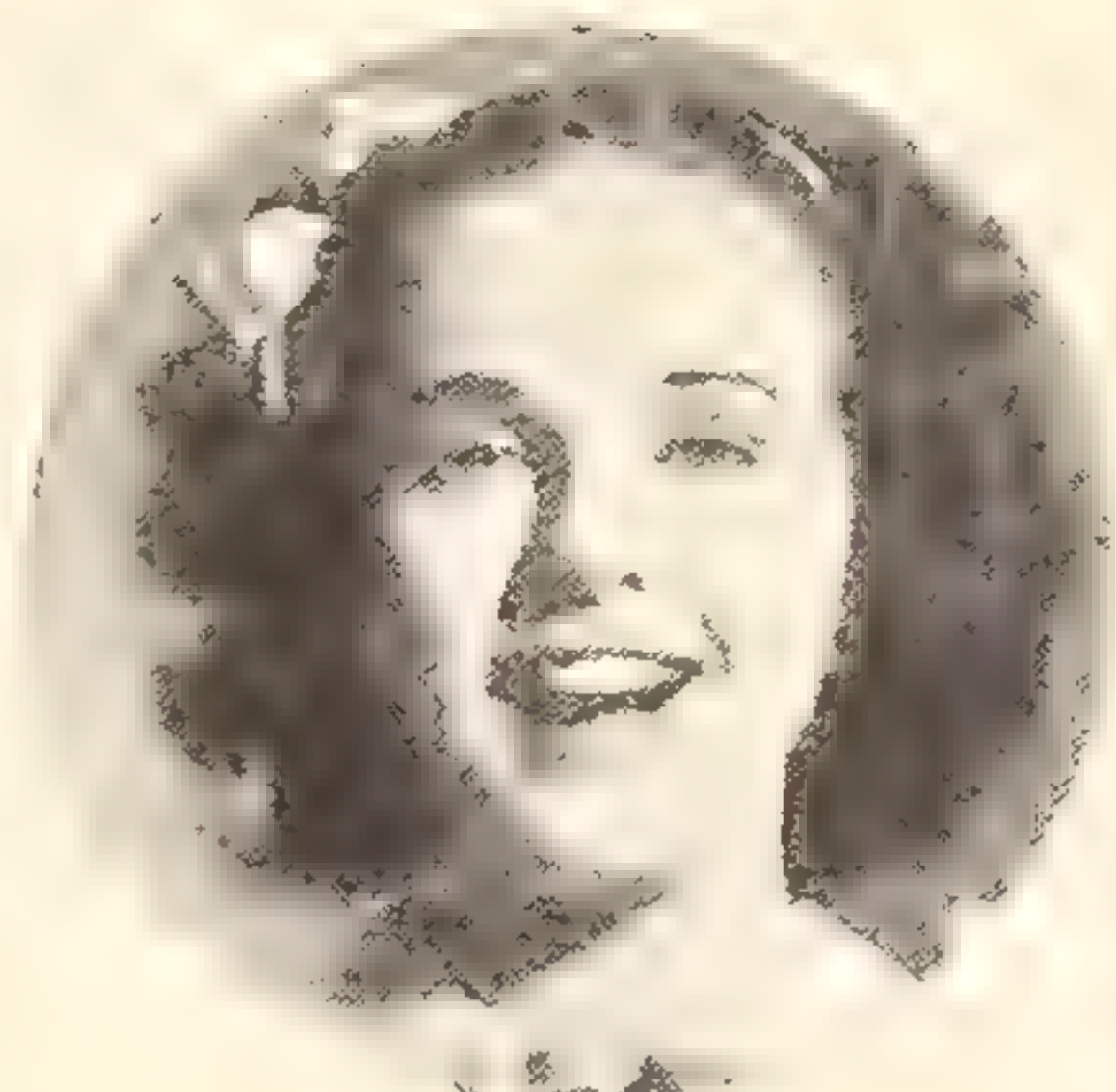
"How about you, Carl?" Menjou asks Michael Fitzmaurice, and paying no attention to Deanna. He scrapes in the matches they are using for money and whispers to

[Continued on page 64]

## CINDERELLA FROCKS inspired by

Deanna Durbin

New Universal Pictures' Star



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### NEW TITLES

To Give You A Better  
Idea Of The  
LATEST PICTURES

"Angle Shooter" (Pat O'Brien) has  
been changed to . . . "Back in Circulation"

"With Kind Regards" (Ralph Bellamy) has been changed to . . . "It Can't Last Forever"

"Once A Hero" (Richard Dix) has  
been changed to . . . "It Happened in Hollywood"

"Good Night Ladies" (Lynne Overman) has been changed to . . . "Blonde Trouble"

"Too Clever To Live" (Tom Brown)  
has been changed to . . . "The Man Who Cried Wolf"



*From Rudyard Kipling's heroic pen!*

# WEE WILLIE WINKIE

starring  
**SHIRLEY TEMPLE**  
and  
**VICTOR McLAGLEN**

with G. AUBREY SMITH • JUNE LANG  
MICHAEL WHALEN • CESAR ROMERO  
CONSTANCE COLLIER • DOUGLAS SCOTT

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

The glorious adventure of the Scottish Highlanders in the land of the Bengal Lancers, and of the little girl who won the right to wear their plaid!

When the rifles crack and the tribesmen raid...when the bagpipes skirl and the regiment charges...you'll know you're seeing one of the greatest pictures ever made — with a Shirley Temple whose power to stir your emotions will be the wonder of your life!

Hollywood paid \$2.20 to see it—  
and hailed it as one of the biggest  
hits ever to come from the  
20th Century-Fox "Studio of Hits"!

20th  
CENTURY  
FOX





Wide World

# SILVER SCREEN

## Topics For Gossips

School days have come for most youngsters, but for the movie juveniles all is play at the moment. Jane Withers, Tommy Kelly, Bobby Mauch, Freddie Bartholomew and Billy Mauch celebrating the memory of the man who invented ice cream.

AMONG the Hollywood stars who turned out for the gala opening of Bing Crosby's Del Mar racetrack (imagine being able to own a racetrack) were Barbara Stanwyck, Bob Taylor, Una Merkel, Pat O'Brien, John Arledge and slues of others. Barbara and Bob rather startled the crowds by appearing in the same hats.

IRENE DUNNE is certain her baby is going to grow up to be an actress. When anyone calls at the house little Missy immediately points out her pictures on the library mantel-piece to them.

ANN SOTHERN claims that the hardest thing she was ever told to do in pictures was to fall downstairs in "a graceful yet decisive manner." And believe us the girls working in Sam Goldwyn's "Hurricane" are also taking a terrific beating these days. Dorothy Lamour has to spend the best part of every day in the studio tank which isn't very pleasant particularly when you have a cold, and when Mary Astor was told to run across the rocks (not props) in her bare feet she practically tore them in shreds. Mary now wears padding on the soles of her feet and scampers about a bit more comfortably.

ONE of life's most embarrassing moments befell Robert Taylor the other night when he was having a quiet dinner with Barbara Stanwyck. Suddenly a radio commentator announced with utter conviction that the Stanwyck-Taylor romance was as dead as last year's tulips and that Taylor had been seen all over town with a young society woman with screen ambitions. Being engaged to a movie star is no bed of roses.

THAT page boy coiffure has taken Hollywood by storm, with Joan Crawford and Ida Lupino being the two latest converts. Some say it started when Gertrude

Niesen arrived from New York, and others say it was Jeanette MacDonald who started it in "Maytime." Claudette Colbert tried it one day but went back to her bangs. It's most becoming to Loretta Young, who has the page boy figure to go with it.

JOAN BENNETT is one movie star who doesn't think she knows everything. As soon as Joan finished her last picture she left for the East, where she will troupe for the rest of the summer in rustic barn theatres of such out-of-the-way places as Woonsocket, Old North Beach and Ogunquit. Joan wants to get the "feel" of audiences again, and she'll get it at the standard wage of \$25 per week.

AND speaking of Joan, quite in the Hollywood tradition she and her ex-husband, Gene Markey, went stepping together one night.

THE sable coat Jean Arthur wears in "Easy Living" is not an imitation, girls. And it's no compromise, either, it's real sable. It came from Jaekel's and Paramount brought it out from New York by air, insured for \$20,000. In Hollywood it was treated with as much deference as Jean Arthur. More. It had a special studio guard assigned to it on the set, and there wasn't any smoking permitted when that coat was around, either. It even had a stand-in. A kolinsky worn by Jean Arthur's stand-in.

ARTHUR TREACHER and his mother, who must have been the inspiration for that delightful song, "Little Old Lady," were the guests one night of the Joe E. Browns, who, after dinner, suggested that they all go to the fights. Little Mrs. Treacher had never been to the fights but she was game. However, she couldn't enjoy seeing the movie stars act like wild Indians because, never having heard of teeth-

guards before, she kept commenting, "Those poor boys, they have to take their teeth out every time they want water. I suppose they must have had all their teeth knocked out and now have to wear false sets . . . tsch, tsch."

THIS Month's Most Unpopular Set: The Snow scene set in "Heidi," Shirley Temple's latest starrer, where two hundred pounds of mothballs have been ground up to provide the proper glistening effect for close-ups of snow.

GUS KAHN and Franz Waxman have completed a song number called, "Who Wants Love?" which Joan Crawford will sing in her next picture, "The Bride Wore Red." It has been five years since Joan last sang on the screen.

RAY MILLAND is Hollywood's foremost chess player (Franchot Tone runs him a close second) and he conducts a long distance match by mail with a friend in Vienna, Austria. Snappy little game, chess.

JANE WITHERS finally owns a horse, and is she thrilled! Because it's the famous "Bingo," the black and white buckskin with which Jackie Searl (pardon, he wants to be known as Jack now that he has attained the age of fifteen) won over one hundred ribbons, fourteen cups and various other prizes at Western horse shows. Jack has two thoroughbreds and wouldn't sell Bingo to anyone but Jane—because he considers her a good horsewoman, and because he has always had a warm spot in his heart for her ever since they made a picture together.

THE world's most traveled limousine is Marlene Dietrich's. It accompanies her back and forth across the Atlantic.



## A Fantasy Showing How Matrimony Limits The Versatility, Or Something.

"CONVERSATION Piece" at the bridge club evolved around husbands—surprisingly original, wasn't it? A decision was finally reached that they were an admirable institution on the whole, but not quite adaptable enough to what we females believe are justifiable moods and fancies. I boldly came out with the bigamous suggestion that it would be heavenly to have enough husbands to switch them early and often—pick one out that would fit the particular fancy of that moment. Impractical, of course (and distinctly anti-social), but oh, what a day-dream for women! Think of it—if you wanted, with a desperate want, to eat caviar that second, and the man of your choice (however nice in other ways) couldn't even endure the thought of caviar without blenching, or fainting, or something—if such a problem arose and you had a whole cupboardful of husbands to choose from, all you'd have to do would be summon the one who loved caviar with as passionate and devoted an attachment as yours. What a convenience it would be!

Or suppose your whole heart longed for the sighing pines in the mountains, and you were married to a man who wilted visibly if removed from city streets. If only women would adopt that idea of mine—having a collection of marital partners—you'd just have to pick out the one who looked the best in breeches and an open shirt, could light a fire with one match in the pouring rain, had conquered the intricacies of pitching tents, and liked it—and your mountain problem would be solved.

Just to prove how marvelously the situation would work out, here's a chart of what I mean. Take a twelve-hour day for instance. I wake up fairly normal—the only catch is that I'm simply not up to conversation the first hour after arising—so today my husband from eight to nine A.M. will be Gary Cooper. My rising grouch would simply evaporate when I walked to where that quiet presence waited behind a breakfast table. I swear he could be relied upon not even to say "Good morning"—just lift one eyebrow with a little smile to let me know he was glad I was still living—then pass me *my* morning paper (I insist on one apiece whichever husband I have) and gently and quietly (oh blissful early-morning word!) go on eating his eggs and bacon, and let me have my orange juice and coffee in peace. Of course, after the first half-hour, when it's time to light cigarettes and have seconds, thirds or fourths on the coffee, we could chat (a little) and what woman's good temper wouldn't come to her automatically at the sight of that nice, lean, clean-featured man across the table from her.

Wives have duties too, however, and it's time from nine to ten to perform some of those duties. Not feeling very purposeful and hew-to-the-lineish this morning, guess who the husband is who'll help me?—or at least be supposed to help. Jack Oakie, of course! It's time to laugh—and laugh helplessly, and fondly, and enthusiastically I certainly would, from the moment husband Oakie walked in behind the maid summoned to talk over duties; gently mimicking her little idiosyncrasies. All during the time lists are being made for butcher, grocer, cleaner, etc., Jack is being invaluable by making irreverent and absurd suggestions, mussing your hair, and being, in general, a complete pest. I've thought

for a long time, and can't think of another but Jack Oakie who'd be more apt to shove this hour by, and have all the necessary evils accomplished, with lots of laughter, plenty of scuffling and heavenly nonsense.

I'll have to hurry—from ten to eleven I'm going horseback riding with Louis Hayward—guarantee of youth for any woman. Imagine it! The freshness of a sunlit morning, the glint of green leaves, the exhilaration that comes with riding, and a young, ardent, laughing husband beside you to lean confidentially over and tell you how grand you look this bright day. There are, without any doubt, lots of times when a husband with plenty of solid reliability is essential—but to have a husband on tap that personifies youth at its nicest and best is, to my mind, almost as essential. Try and get hide-bound or stodgy with that nice boy around!

The sun is getting high—my tan is what might be termed feeble—and from eleven to 'noon I'm sun-bathing and swimming with Clark Gable. Cast your mind back to "Mutiny on the Bounty"—remember the lovely

Tahitian girls and Clark Gable swimming? (It shouldn't be too difficult.) What woman wouldn't get a proprietary thrill in having Clark race the length of the pool beside her, then stretch out in the warm sun—watch his eyes lazily half-close against the white light, that dimple (wish I owned a trademark like that) deepening while he sleepily murmurs unimportant conversation, then rouses in a spurt of energy and dumps her laughing and shrieking into the cool water, to paddle up and down, and feel that life was very, very interesting indeed. (The more I elaborate on this the more I feel bigamy would be a grand thing.)

Still an hour to luncheon and what! no mental stimulus all morning—no food for the mind, or beauty for the heart to brood upon. There's only one answer—I'll summon husband Nelson Eddy for an hour of music. Fresh and relaxed from swimming, rejoicing in a cool house and a cool drink, it's a perfect setting for divine

# A HUSBAND F





sounds. Besides singing like an angel Nelson Eddy looks a little like one—it's almost too much to expect from a man. He must sing all the things I want to hear—"Stille ist die Nacht," "One Alone," "My Jean," "Ich Liebe Dich," "My Old Kentucky Home." By the end I'd be almost in tears from the sheer beauty of that wonderful voice—in fact in the span of one short hour, I'd probably be practically a convert to monogamy if it wasn't one o'clock and lunch time with—Tyrone Power!

I'm pretending he is rather a new husband—Tyrone—and there must be a very particular luncheon that will convince him of the joys of wifehood. Let me see, warm day, particular man—we'll have a melon cocktail—juicy, icy, delicately-colored balls of watermelon, canteloupe and honey-dew, with the faintest trace of fresh mint; then broiled, tender-hearted lamb chops, crusty brown outside, with bacon curls dry and crisp. No potatoes, but cool

white celery hearts,  
shining-wet  
ripe and

green olives, and a big wooden bowl of the most delicately tossed, every-leaf-covered-with-dressing, mixed salad—cold bowl, cold greens and light-handed mixing; rye bread, cut thin as thin, and fat, yellow butter balls, to go with the salad; and then another pretty bowl of the loveliest fruits to be found—beautiful reds, oranges, yellows and greens, clean and shiny and cold. Then—surprise!—hot tea, perfectly made, and thin crisp little cookies. Will my Tyrone husband like that luncheon? He certainly should. Did I say it should be served in the coolest, most breeze-swept corner, with such quietness that Mr. Power would face two o'clock and his temporary banishment as husband, with positive dislike.

That lunch was an inspiration—and I feel in the mood for talking—talking about everything and anything—grave or gay, irresponsible, or confidential. I even feel like listening! Let's get hold of husband Franchot Tone—who else would listen to confidences with such a little twisty smile of complete understanding? Who else would pull that thought

that couldn't be phrased correctly out of your mind, made suddenly clear and sparkling? Who else but Mr. Tone would make the most commonplace non-

sense absorbing, fresh and infinitely amusing because of its skilful telling? Who else would talk on a diversity of subjects, be brilliant and fascinating and still remain not an intellectual on some rare plane miles above your own, but a fine-looking, well-bred man who seemed to be enjoying your mental processes as much as his own. (That, you must admit, would be a rarity!)

From three to four, husband Ronald Colman and I are going auto-riding. Besides the scenery we're going to see, I shall have my own personal scenery—Mr. Colman himself. What a nice husband to own (even in a magazine article)—it makes me feel all comfortable and serene to think of Mr. Colman's friendly grin, and quiet, amused voice. One of my pet likes is a person who knows companionship doesn't consist of prattling on and on all the time, and with a partner like this you could talk idly, or remain silent, in the friendliest of atmospheres, and just have the breeze sweep past you, rest your eyes in green trees, and savour the sun on your upturned face.

Still feeling I haven't learned enough today I have commandeered Edward Robinson for tea from four to five. We're going to talk art—and don't you think my husband selection has been good? I want to hear about the surrealist movement—what Mr. Robinson, who really knows his art, thinks about it, as I personally feel nothing but a nightmarish sensation. Then I want to hear about his own gallery—what his favorites are, and why—what his plans for its growth are, and what particular gem he's searching for at the moment. I also want to know what a person who likes art, but knows remarkably little about it, should do to learn more. In the meantime I'll try to regale Mr. Robinson, unobtrusively, with very good tea, and very thin sandwiches.

And now it's five o'clock (has *this* day flown!) and I want to talk movies—I'm so terrifically nosey about them—and Fredric March is my pick for the absorbing subject. He's had such a diversity of roles that I can ask to my heart's content. How the make-up felt in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?" If he didn't feel just a little awestruck by Laughton as "Javert" in "Jean Valjean?" (I was so properly impressed myself); if he didn't enjoy making "Smiling Through?"—just looking at Norma Shearer would be enjoyment for most men. I want to ask him if he didn't love being the fearless and dashing Browning in "Barretts of Wimpole Street?" (Who wouldn't?—think of being even the screen image of Browning—incidentally, doesn't it interest you to think how the real Browning must have adored Elizabeth Barrett when she had a mind that could produce the "Sonnets?"—maybe Mr. March and I will talk about them, too.) He must tell me

if the pants (plebeian word) and curls, in "Anthony Adverse" bored him to death, or if the story intrigued him enough to forget the props. And why, when he and Angela met, loving each other so dearly, and after being separated many years, they just kissed happily? Did you ever meet someone who was the world-fenced-in to

The screen men are so well known, their every characteristic so familiar that in comparison the average husband lacks allure. (Reading clock-wise) Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Louis Hayward, Nelson Eddy, Tyrone Power, Franchot Tone, Edward G. Robinson and William Powell.

[Cont. on page 77]

By Ruth E. Varley

EVERY HOUR!





# MUSIC MADNESS

When Sound Came To Pictures Every Player Studied The Fundamentals Of Beautiful Tone, Until Now Music Reigns Supreme.

By  
Ben Maddox

**H**OLLYWOOD comes of age musically! The screen stars are now worshipping new idols—the truly great artists and composers of the musical world. Furthermore, the remarkable men and women who can touch the soul with gorgeous sound have in turn created a distinct new clique, a clique that is mad over fine music. After studio hours, in leisure time, it's the best sort of music that definitely is reigning supreme. There is no pleasure so stimulating, the stars have finally discovered. Today, consequently, the trend is toward the excitement which the so-called high-brows have known about all along.

Whenever there is a concert the reservations of Hollywood's foremost clique beat the telephone calls from Los Angeles' society. For days before and after a superior musical performance there is discussion of the brilliant technique displayed. Movie people respect not only rare talent, but the years of constant study and sacrifice required to perfect and maintain genuine musical worth. Nor are the stars being dazzled, either. They have learned the difference between the showy, shoddy performers and the real thing.

What makes it all so electrifying is that Hollywood is an ideal spot to become the actual center for the leading musical artists of this generation. Since Grace Moore popularized grand opera and Stowkowski introduced the Philadelphia Symphony so triumphantly to the

**Bobby Breen, star of "Make A Wish," leads the orchestra. (Left) Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld and (right) Composer Oscar Straus.**



The Hollywood Bowl, filled to the brim with music lovers who have come to hear the marvelous singing from the magic shell.

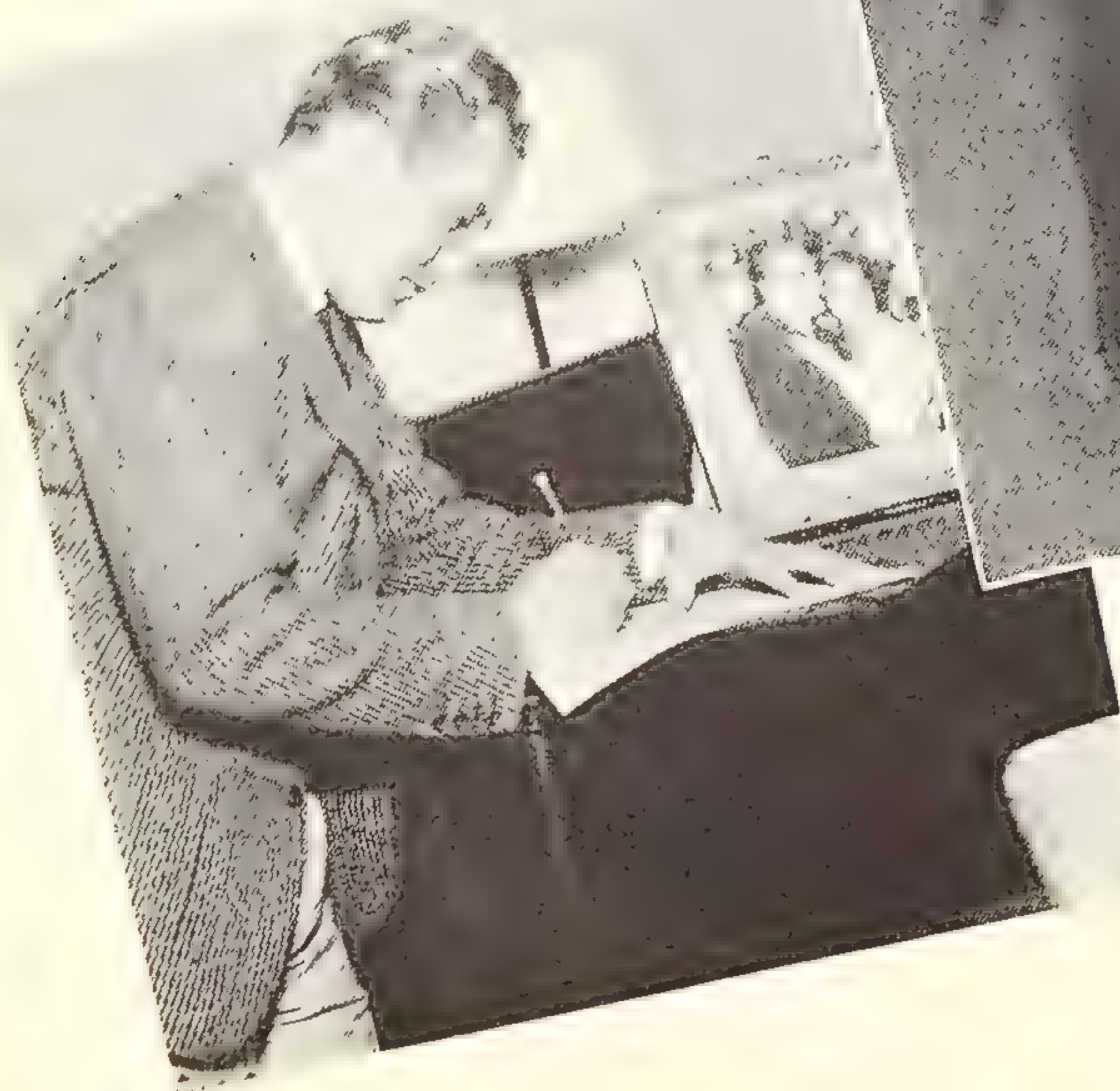


including Garbo. Some select boxes, costing from fifty to a hundred dollars for the summer season, while others prefer to sit high up on the wooden benches and dream of reaching the heavenly stars. Down in the lighted shell, where eyes gradually

focus, there is a stirring, and then every actor is as quiet as his unknown neighbor. The symphony or the opera or the ballet or the soloist has shut out workaday troubles. The heart wants to burst with a gripping emotional ecstasy that no other joy can bring.

When Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were engaged they used to hold hands high up on the hill. The resounding trills were the overtone to their romance. Now it's Ken Howell and a pretty blonde seemingly apart from everything mundane,

**Preston Foster, who has sung in opera, now makes records to study. (Left) Gene Raymond composes, and has actually written a popular song.**



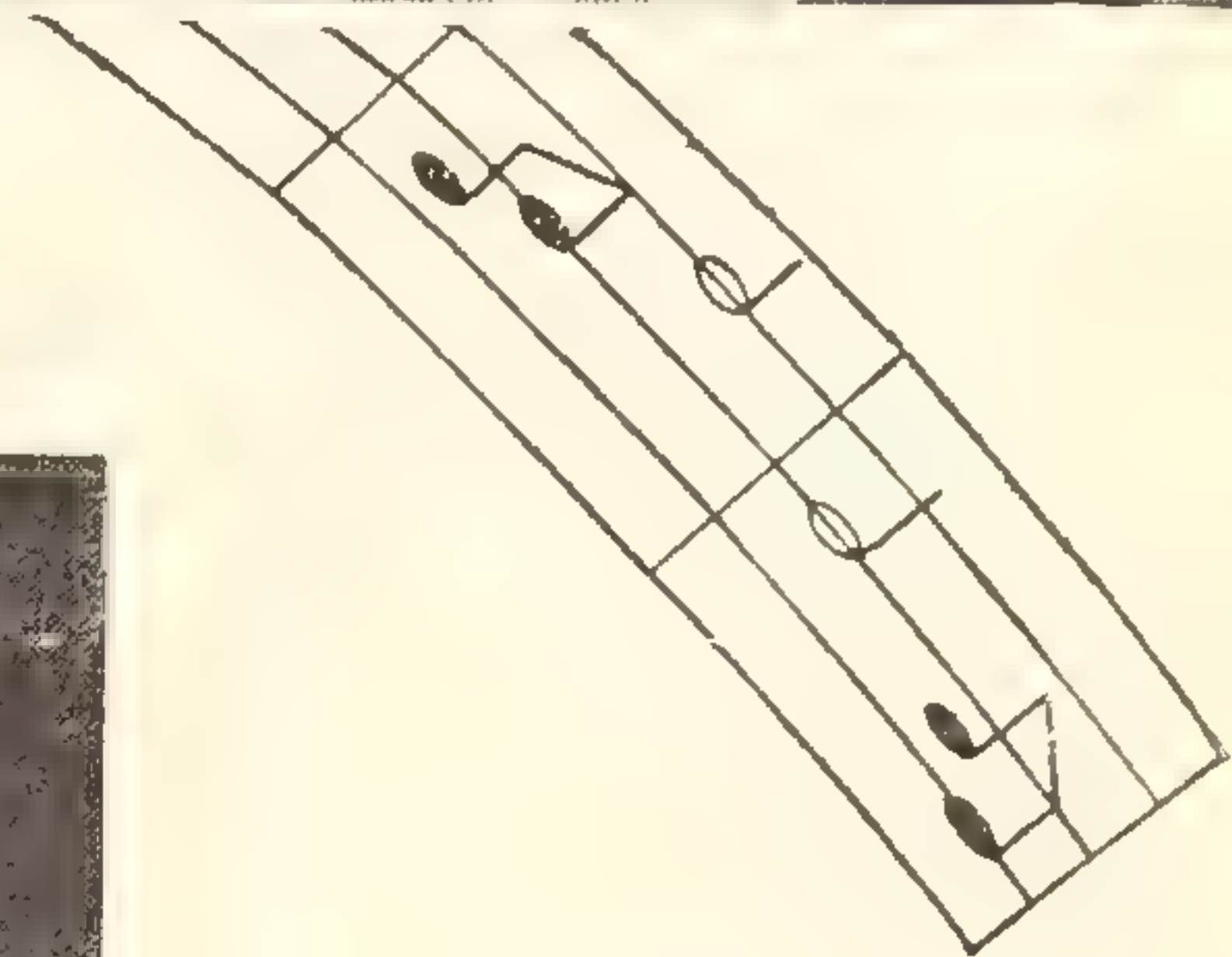
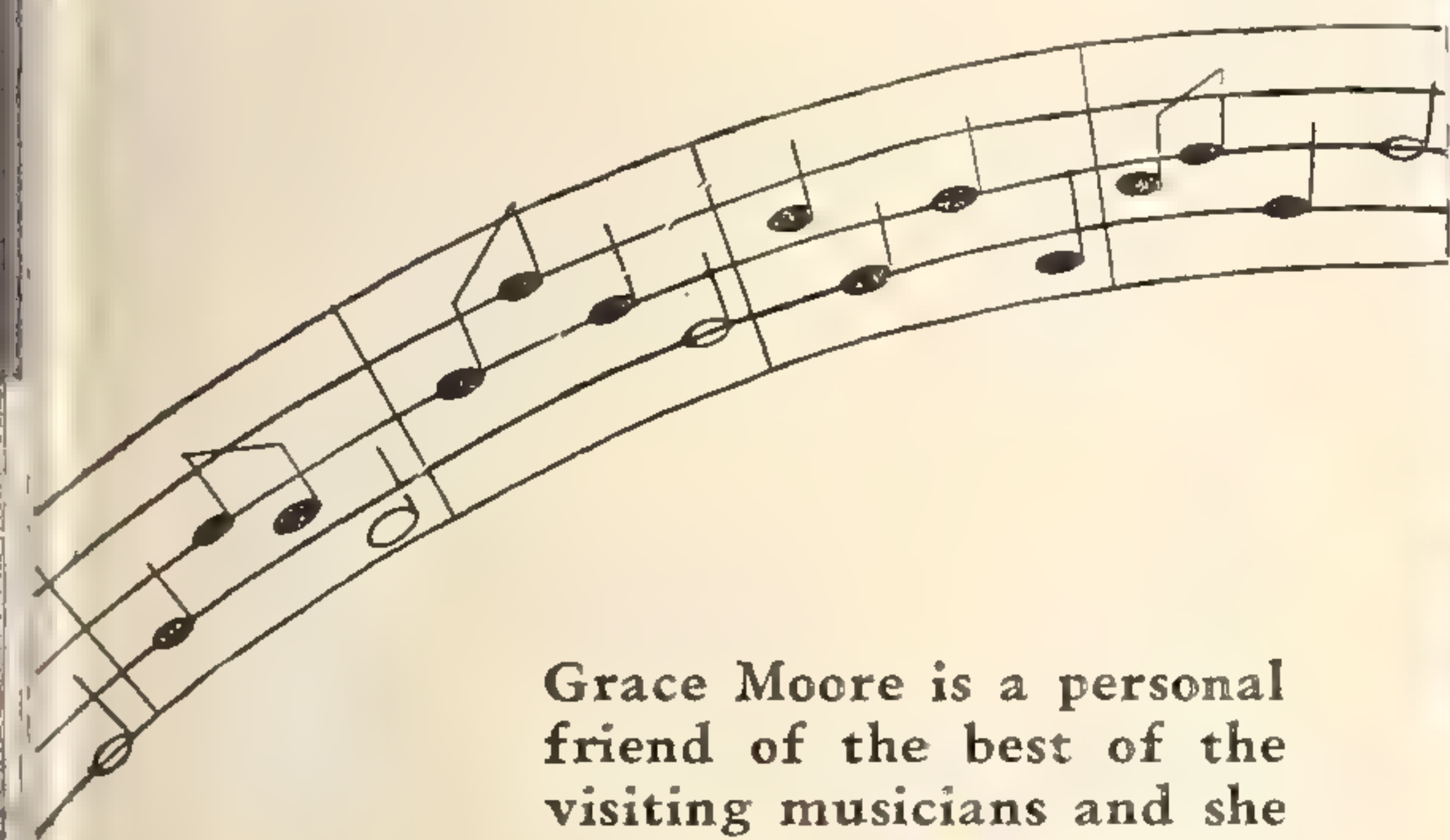


while Joan and Doug, matured and separated, take boxes so they can be close enough up to watch the brilliant technique on the stage itself.

Joan, in particular, has educated herself in the myriad delights of great music. She has a standing order with the largest music shop in the city to have the newest recordings sent to her home. After a careful examination of them, she chooses the ones she wants to keep. By now her collection is second only to Grace Moore's. But merely learning to understand and enjoy better music, recognizing how much more stirring it is than mere swing, hasn't satisfied Joan.



Grace Moore is a personal friend of the best of the visiting musicians and she puts her lovely guest quarters at their disposal.



ture, incidentally, she sang a dramatic selection from "La Tosca" and had Mary Garden, now a talent scout for a studio, come over on the set to reassure her. It was Garden's Tosca, you see, that had enchanted Grace years ago and induced her to climb to opera. But the film was too long and that whole sequence landed on the cutting-room floor!

Deliberately she acquired glamour and acting excellence, and unostentatiously she has been cultivating her singing voice.

For five years she has been going regularly to Signora Maude Morando and she practices with a fierce devotion. A mezzo-soprano, Joan has developed amazingly. She essays arias from "Tristan and Isolde" because Kristan Flagstad is her passion. "Die Walkure" is her favorite Wagnerian opera. When "Madame Butterfly" is given in the Bowl this month Joan admittedly will be all ears, for she's been trying its melodies. And she's been told that Hizi Koyke, the Japanese prima donna who'll sing it, is the most wonderful Butterfly since Geraldine Farrar.

Franchot Tone has been inspired by Joan. Since their marriage he has taken up singing, and from Signor Otto, husband of Joan's teacher. His basso profundo is coming right along, and Pinza is his model.

The occasional wisecracks about the Tones' musical aspirations are decidedly unfair. They don't expect to make the Metropolitan. But they sincerely revel in the best music that's been written. Joan, too, was a candidate for "The Merry Widow" but couldn't compete with Jeanette MacDonald's experienced singing. Ever since then Joan has been industriously preparing to be ready when another coveted role is within her grasp. Ironically, in her new picture the first shot shows her sing-

ing a torch tune. She had to be a bitter, unfeeling girl. "I suppose," Joan grins wryly, "that my critics will shout, 'If that's how she sings after all that effort she ought to quit quick!'" But instead of detailing that she was characterizing, Joan hurries on to praise Marion Anderson's wonderful voice. "I went to her concert and I did so want to meet her. I didn't have the nerve to go up and introduce myself."

Naturally admiration is but a predecessor to an attempt to become acquainted. Grace Moore emphatically has the edge on Hollywood when it comes to entertaining the cream of the visiting musicians. She has been a personal friend of nearly all of them since she joined their ranks. When they arrive in the city she puts her lovely guest quarters at their disposal and invariably plans an elegant dinner. She insisted upon Gladys Swarthout staying with her until Gladys was thoroughly settled. Grace whirls them around magnificently, inviting everyone of importance over. But then, even without her headstart, she'd be the clique's ace hostess anyway. No one can give a grander, more cosmopolitan party. She is the perpetual reminder that you don't have to be a stick to enrich your life with music.

Who are your favorite composers is the most prevalent question at present. Grace Moore picks Charpentier, Mozart, Rimsky-Korsakov, and both the Strausses. Her favorite opera is "Manon." In her last pic-

Jeanette MacDonald's taste is a little sturdier than Grace's. She is especially partial to Schubert, Grieg, and Hahn. However, she can't forget Verdi and Puccini who wrote her ideal operas. Jeanette is so glad to have a chance to do his "Girl of the Golden West" as her next film.

Maestros have become an integral part of private lives in Hollywood nowadays. Wherever Nelson Eddy goes, there trails his Doctor Lippe. Grace Moore and Mario Marafioti, her coach for years, had a quarrel and her tones have improved since they made up. The astonishing child prodigies, Bobby Breen and Deanna Durbin, aren't resting on their laurels. Bobby's sister gambled everything she'd saved on a venture to California to beg Marafioti to take her brother as a pupil. Luckily, producer Sol Lesser heard Bobby render an aria from "Rigoletto" at the maestro's and immediately starred him on the screen. But movies and radio have to wait on his lessons. Deanna Durbin continues to study with Andres de Seguro, even though she's been singing to a Stowkowski symphonic background. She hopes for the Metropolitan. Meanwhile, Stowkowski, acme of conductors, has elected to remain in Hollywood as a resident and contributor to pictures. He declares that they offer the medium he has been seeking, the one which will enable him to give the best music to the most people.

[Continued on page 78]



The Hours Fly Away—Birthdays Arrive,  
And Who Cares—The Good Years  
Are Coming—Allure Is Developing!

By  
Ed Sullivan

PITKIN said that Life Begins at 40; the movies, in support of Pitkin, say that Glamour Begins at 30.

Glamour is something a movie star has, the exciting something that enchants the beholder, a heady brew of romance and June nights, tropic moons and sex appeal, soft lights and sweet music. It's the way a girl wears her hat, the silken flash of provocative ankles, the insinuating fragrance of a rare perfume, a cluster of orchids, the silken folds of a negligee—for glamour is the champagne of the senses. The evidence of the movies, day in and day out and reel after reel, is that a girl rarely wins glamour until she has passed her thirtieth birthday. The movies, trailing along with Pitkin, insist too that the great lovers of the glamour girls are not callow youths, but men who more often than not have approached or passed their fortieth birthday.

It is a heartening gospel the movies preach, denying that romance is reserved only for youngsters in their 'teens, insisting that those of us who have passed the thirtieth milestone are still in the market for adventure and heart-throbs. The movies are simply holding up a mirror to the twentieth century in this insistence. The greatest love story of the year featured 43-year old Duke of Windsor and 41-year old Wallis Warfield, of Baltimore; the greatest lovers of the screen, certainly the most popular, are 45-year old William Powell and 32-year old Myrna Loy.

When I was a kid, it was my deep-seated conviction that anyone who was thirty years old must be automatically an old codger, so shrivelled by age, that all the excitement of his or her life had been left behind. I remember once, at a lawn party, how sad I felt for a woman my sister pointed out to me: "She's 31 years old," said my sister. Both of us looked at this woman with unconcealed curiosity, wondering when there would be a warning crash as her body fell apart. She seemed, from our viewpoint, to be an ancient person. Probably the kids of today feel substantially as I did when I was their age. Last summer, coming back on the Normandie, I celebrated my thirty-fifth birthday by cutting up touches with Frank Orsatti in the liner's huge pool. I must have seemed very athletic because one of the youngsters who was swimming with us said admiringly: "Gee, Mister Sullivan, I hope that I'm in as good shape as you are when I get to be your age." For a moment, the remark stunned me. Then I snarled: "But I'm only 35." The kid looked at me and said: "Yeah, that's what I mean."

So I sat down with the young whippersnapper on the edge of the pool and I talked to him. "You go to the movies, don't you, Sonny?" I asked. He admitted he was a movie fan. "You like Joan Crawford?" I asked. His face wreathed in smiles: "Yeah, she's keen—she's a tasty something," he said. "Do you know that Joan Crawford is 31 years old?" I thundered. He looked at me and his face dropped. "Go on, she is not," he stammered. It seemed inconceivable to him that Joan Crawford, at 31 could express all

the allure and romance that he associated with her. He was 19 years old; he pictured her as his own age.

Most of the glamour girls of the movies, the eye-lids who move you so mightily on the screen, are at least 30 years old. Glamour Begins at 30. Gladys Swarthout, Janet Gaynor and Barbara Stanwyck are 30; Joan Crawford, Madeleine Carroll, Connie Bennett and Mary Astor are 31; Greta Garbo, Myrna Loy, Claudette Colbert, Dolores Del Rio and Irene Dunne are 32; Kay Francis, Lily Pons, Jeanette MacDonald and Ann Harding are 33; Marlene Dietrich, who oozes glamour, is 34; Grace Moore is 35; Marion Davies, Elizabeth Bergner and Norma Shearer will be 36 on their next birthdays.

The girls of the country should be immensely cheered by this, I think. These movie stars prove that charm and loveliness only begin to flower fully with maturity. If old wine improves with age, these breath-takers of the screen suggest that a certain number of years are required for a woman to achieve her greatest beauty,



# GLAMOUR BEGIN



Dolores Del Rio, Irene Dunne, Lily Pons and Claudette Colbert are on the crest of the wave.





poise and dignity. So far as I know, no writer has driven home this point and I offer it to you girls who are approaching the thirty mark, or who have

passed it and not too happy about it.

Equally so, men can take courage and fresh assurance from the message that the screen delivers in every reel of celluloid. One of the most civilized persons on the screen is Herbert Marshall, who is 47. Menjou is 47; Ronald Colman is 46, William Powell is 45, Leslie Howard is 44, Fredric March is 40, Ricardo Cortez is 37, Nelson Eddy, Clark Gable and Gary Cooper are 36, Fred Astaire is 37. Small wonder that in contrast to these, Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power occasionally appear gawky and awkward, because these others have the experience of age to give them poise. Be more lenient with these youngsters, for their best years lie ahead of them. It is more amazing that at their age they have done so well, and learned so much.

The astounding thing, as brought out by any survey of the Hollywood panorama, is that there are stars who have clicked before their thirtieth birthday. These are the exceptions. The most astonishing feature of the late Jean Harlow's career was that, at 26, she had soared

so high in the Hollywood heavens. Loretta Young, at 24, has carved out an amazing degree of success. Ginger Rogers, Merle Oberon, and Margaret Sullavan, at 25, have scaled heights which usually are not achieved for five more years. Carole Lombard, Joan Bennett and Sylvia Sydney, at 27, are exceptional. Ruby Keeler, Jean Arthur and Joan Blondell, at 28, are already nearing the thirty mark, and so too, is Bette Davis, who is 29.

The next time you see a moving picture, take into consideration the age of the performer. Anita Louise, Olivia De Havilland, Simone Simon—these freshies in the College of Celluloid, should not be judged too severely. They have ten years ahead of them in which to learn the tricks of their trade, and if they have not as yet fully mastered them, you can charge this up to lack of years and experience. It was not accidental that Janet Gaynor gave her greatest performance as she reached her thirtieth birthday in "A Star is Born."

The most fruitful and productive years of a performer's life, in the case of a girl, start when she is 30; if a man, about 35. This gives you an entirely different slant on the moving picture industry, explaining as it does why a performer released by one company after another suddenly blossoms overnight into a star. He comes of age, and age gives him an understanding of roles and characterizations that he didn't grasp earlier. Joel McCrea, at 31, is a fine actor, but he will be infinitely more skilled as a performer when he is 35, and the same prophecy can be enlarged to accommodate 32-year old Dick Powell.

Probably the most amazing actor in the business, judged on this age standard, is 38-year old Charles Laughton. Few performers reach the full expression of their talent so early as Laughton. His performances, and his understanding of characters, is that of a man of 45 or 50 years old. The English school of acting seems to endow an actor with this greater sensitivity. How else can you explain the "Hamlet" which John Gielgud created on the Broadway stage last season, one of the truly inspired performances of the last decade. Gielgud is only 33 years old. Yet he brought to the role the artistic sagacity and resourcefulness of a much older instinct and talent.

Any serious thought on the subject convinces you that under the present setup, with the majority of movie stars in their 30's and 40's, is to be found convincing proof that the movies have grown out of the infancy of silent days. Look back down the trail of years and see for yourself how the movies have developed. It would be absurd now, for instance, to believe that a cowboy hero would outrank every performer on the screen in national popu-

larity; but it was not so many years ago that the greatest screen attraction was cowboy William S. Hart and his pinto pony.

Today the emphasis is on acting, which is a fine art. So long as a performer has dramatic talent, there is no limit on his

Adolphe Menjou, Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman and William Powell. (Below) Fredric March. They are old enough to know.



career. The length of a performer's life before the camera has been extended to an incredible degree. In the silent days, the length of a performer's professional life was in direct proportion to his or her ability to retain a cute face, a mop of curls or a youthful figure. The heroines of the period were 19 years old, or perhaps they ran as high as 25. Today, Glamour Begins at 30, and those who are under 30 are the exception to the rule. The movies are no longer infantile, either in taste or in the age of their principals.

Only one voice can be raised to deny the conclusions of this article—that of Shirley Temple, who is eight years old. Or perhaps the Dionne Quintuplets, working for Darryl Zanuck, will argue that Youth must be served.

Generally speaking however, and ignoring the interruptions of Miss Temple and the Misses Dionne—Glamour Begins at 30.

AT  
30



# STAGE STRUCK!

Charles Winninger  
Began Entertaining 46  
Years Ago And He's  
Still Going Strong.

By Leon Surmelian

**A**FTER 46 years in the show business I'm still stage struck," Charles Winninger admitted as we lunched together the other day. "This game is as interesting to me as when I first started, as a tiny bass drummer in our family orchestra. There is so much talent in Hollywood you can't sit back and glory in your past achievements. They aren't worth a dime out here. I have spent nearly half a century in the show business, and believe me, you are never too old to learn in Hollywood."

This jovial veteran of the show world has premature white hair, being only 52. Actually, he looks like a youthful cuss of 25 or so with merry apple cheeks, an unspoiled personality, and a dash of the eternal boy in him. You saw him as the rollicking captain in "Show Boat," the philandering rich daddy in "Three Smart Girls," the rare cut-up in "Woman Chases Man." Currently he is playing in "You Can't Have Everything," with Alice Faye and Don Ameche, and is soon to be starred at Universal.

If you catch him in a reminiscent mood, as we did the other day, he will spin the most fascinating yarns of theatrical life you have ever heard. His story would read like a circus novel, and a saga of America during the past 50 years. The best we can do in a magazine article is to give you a few of the highlights, in his own words.

"I was born in a log cabin, near Athens, Marathon County, Wisconsin," he told us, a distant, dreamy look in his blue eyes as he puffed at his cigar. "My parents came from Austria, and were musicians. My father had been conductor of a regimental band and worked with Strauss in Vienna. For a while he played first violin with the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, but realized there was no opportunity for a musician in the Middle West, and on the advice of my mother's uncle went up to the timber country of Wisconsin and staked out a claim. He was a good carpenter, got 40 acres, cleared half of it, and built the log house in which I was born. He used to walk 6 miles to play at country dances, and then walk back with 50 lbs. of flour on his back to feed us kids. There were six of us, five boys and one girl. I was the baby of the family.

"When I was four years old we moved to Ashland, Wisconsin.

(Above) Charles, dressed as a little old lady, singing with his brother, Adolph. (Right) The Winninger band preparing to march through Barren, Wisconsin, to drum up an audience for the evening show.



A treasured photograph of the family group. Six-year-old Charles is seated on the floor at the left, next to his mother.

central Wisconsin communities. We put on a regular variety show in addition to our concerts. When big posters announced, 'Coming! The Winninger Brothers!' people scraped up their dimes to enjoy the greatest show of the year.

"I was a boy soprano, and sang the famous newsboy song, 'I'm Called Ragged Matt,' dressed to look the part. And then, dolled up in women's clothes, I sang the old Harrigan and Hart number with my brother Adolf.

"We're Mister and Missis Malone  
Ha! Ha! . . .  
A jollier couple you never will find  
Than Mister and Missis Malone—  
Ho! Ho!"

"Adolf wore a top-hat and carried dad's cane. We were so small that the cane ran half way up his sleeve.

"We moved to Wausau, Wisconsin, when I was 11 years old, and for three years ran a regular variety theatre there—the Columbia Music Hall. Here is where we got our real training—two different specialties every week, no repeats. My father engaged some noted entertainers from Chicago. Houdini was one of them. In fact, it was my father who discovered him. There were sword dancers, jugglers, fire-eaters, trapeze performers—all of whom taught us boys many of their tricks. Harry and Jenny Costello played the Hall, doing double trapeze, balancing perch, ceiling walking and ground [Please turn to page 75]





The radio and the screen  
both demand the fine tal-  
ents of Dorothy Lamour.

✿ ✿ ✿

# BEAUTY MEETS SUCCESS

By Lawrence Morgan

THERE'S absolutely no accounting for Dorothy Lamour. According to studio executives, who expect and receive a certain amount of kowtowing from newcomers, she is the perfect paradox. And, paradoxically enough, she seems to be the only one in Hollywood who is entirely unaware of it.

For one thing, she goes about everything in the exact opposite manner to which Hollywood is accustomed . . . violating unwritten laws right and left; laws that are reserved for breaking purposes only by the Gables, the Garbos and the Crawford. She can't be bothered with what her sister actresses wear, what they do, where they are seen, or with whom they are seen. Yes, *especially* that last. She lives in a tiny apartment with her mother and a Scotty named Peanuts and until recently didn't even own an automobile. For shame, Dorothy! And as for cinema success, she will assure you she doesn't care a tinker's swear word.

All of which, as seen from the eyes of several thousand young gals pining for a movie break, makes her out to be slightly cracked. And that, also, is perfectly okay with Dorothy.

To begin with she was literally shoved into a picture career; rushed into it before she knew what was actually going on, and right at a time when she was in no mood to be rushed into anything. Where others, not so fortunate, have labored and prayed and pulled strings and ingratiated themselves for a chance to come under the notice of the "right people," Miss Lamour was, figuratively speaking, black-jacked into a Paramount contract. A very sad state of affairs, indeed, when you consider that she actually *didn't want* to go into pictures. And thereby hangs a very interesting tale . . . an old, old tale, to be sure, but none the less interesting.

Dorothy is in love. And, to make it doubly interesting, she is in love with her own husband. Quite an original situation when you consider the transitory marital ventures of so many of her contemporaries. For Dorothy's wasn't or never has been a "Hollywood marriage." (Terrifying phrase, that!)

In the first place she and Herbie Kay, popular eastern orchestra maestro, were married long before either of them had so much

as thought about pictures, and in the second place they married for no reason other than that they found themselves in the novel position of being honestly, sincerely in love with each other. Which, also, is one of the many things that brings a look of incredulous amazement to the publicized faces of a great many of her screen brethren. In love with her husband! What whimsy!

And the whole state of affairs came about in this manner. Along about four years ago Dorothy was working in Marshall Field's department store in Chicago where she sold ribbons, hats, blouses, in fact about everything the store had to offer, and

finally graduated to the elite, as it were, by becoming a model. Very simple to understand, too, once you've seen Dorothy's figure.

She had always loved to sing and had a naturally beautiful voice even though she had never had the advantage of vocal training. But, as is so often the case, she didn't give the matter of her voice a second thought. It was just something you're born with . . . like curly hair or a snub nose. Nothing at all to become excited about.

But then one day opportunity came a-pounding . . . came a-pounding in the form of a publicity woman from the Morrison Hotel who had heard her sing one night at a party and thought



she was wasting her time modeling clothes for someone else to wear. After a deal of arguing, pro and con, she prevailed upon Dorothy to sing at one of the regular "Celebrity Nights" at the Morrison. Miss Lamour proceeded to do no less than wow the diners and dancers at that smart Chicago hotel . . . wowed them, not only with her voice, but with her striking type of brunette beauty. And among those whom she wowed was Herbie Kay, the orchestra leader.

To accuse Mr. Kay of ulterior motives when he engaged Dorothy as featured vocalist with his band would be rank prevarication. Needless to say, after one year of business association, they discovered, each in the other, an integral something that was as necessary to their complete happiness as breathing. So, with no fuss, and with a noticeable lack of fan-fare, they were married . . . for keeps . . . and for the first time in her life Dorothy was completely, deliriously happy. For, truthfully, what could be more ideal? Herb and Dorothy, both young and popular, working together in their chosen profession, in which they were both tops, sharing each new success together and, in general, having a perfectly scrumptious time.

From the popularity she gained while singing with hubby Kay's orchestra she was offered a sustaining program with NBC, which job she took in her stride, and then, soon after, upon the inception of the first Shell Hour, she was engaged as one of the artists.

As yet, everything was jake, so to speak. Her fan mail was mounting rapidly, she was still working with her husband's orchestra each evening, she was in love with her job and more in love with Herbie than the day she married him . . . if such a thing was possible. The world was their own private playground and they alone had the key to the front gate.

And then the radio show moved from Chicago to Hollywood. To Dorothy that didn't present any particular problem

. . . in fact, to her mind, there was only one sensible thing to do. Quit the Shell Hour and remain on in Chicago with her husband where she belonged. What could be simpler?

But she reckoned without husband Herbie's sound business sense. Kay knew perfectly well that Dorothy's real opportunity lay in Hollywood and his astuteness reasoned that once a picture studio got a glimpse of her face or heard her sing just one song there would be no stopping her. He was just as positive of her ultimate success as if her name was already on a contract.

So, in spite of Dorothy's anguished pleading to be allowed to stay at home, Herb exerted his manly rights as head of the house and packed her, still wailing, off to Hollywood. As much as he hated to be parted from her he wasn't going to be the one to stand in the way of what he knew to be Dorothy's big chance. Her future meant far more to him than did the thoughts of a temporary separation.

So Dorothy came to Hollywood with the radio troupe and moped around and did her work and moped some more and wished Herbie would let her come back home and sing with

the band again. And when Herbie said, "No, stay and give it at least a fair trial," she moped harder than ever and wished she were dead. Oh, things were just awful!

But by this time Herbie was getting pretty darned lonesome himself, so, as he and the orchestra were going out on tour, he finally capitulated to Dorothy's pleadings and agreed to let her re-join the band when they reached Denver. Nuts to this separation business! And Dorothy broke all existing records for packing and was practically beside herself with joy when the blow fell. Ah, the irony of fate!

A Paramount scout had inadvertently peeped into a radio magazine, and there, staring him in the face, was Dorothy Lamour's picture. "Now, there," said the scout to himself, "is something Paramount will undoubtedly thank me for."

When he reached Dorothy's apartment he discovered her feverishly throwing things into suit-cases and otherwise showing unmistakable signs of going some place in a hurry. The ensuing conversation went something in this manner:

"Going traveling?" asked the scout.

"Yes," answered Dorothy, still packing furiously.

"Long trip?"

"Denver."

"Denver? Now, why would anybody want to go to Denver?"

"Because that's where my husband

is." "Well, before you go dashing off to Denver would you like to take a screen test?" That's where he thought he had her. Nobody in their right minds ever refuses a screen test. He received a horrible shock.

"Screen test?" asked Miss Lamour, not even slackening up in her mad bag-packing. "Don't be silly. I haven't got time."

"Aw, come on," begged the scout. "Just one little test." "My gosh," he thought, "the gal is either being cagey with me or else she is just plain daffy."

Well, he argued and pleaded and painted alluring pictures of fame and fortune and at last Dorothy agreed to take a test . . . just one, remember . . . because she knew if she didn't and Herbie found

out about it he'd be as mad as the dickens.

So they dashed out to Paramount and Dorothy caused a lot of consternation in the ranks because she insisted that they hurry up and get the test over with. She had a train to catch and nothing like a silly old screen test was going to make her miss it. Imaginel! Cameramen, technicians, executives and other important people looked at each other and shook their heads sadly and then decided that maybe, after all, she was only a little hysterical at her sudden picture prospects. But the only thing Dorothy was actually hysterical about was the prospects of joining Herbie in Denver!

So they humored her and finished the test and Dorothy flew out of Paramount studios as if a head-hunter was after her. And when she arrived in Denver the second blow fell! For there was a telegram from the studio demanding her immediate return to begin work on a picture. And Herbie Kay, the villainous fellow, insisted that she turn right around and go back to Hollywood. He was still boss of the family and said, firmly, that he knew what was best for her. So back she [Continued on page 85]



Mamo Clark, the native Hawaiian girl, coaching Dorothy Lamour in the shakes and shivers of the hula dance for "The Hurricane."





Jane Withers with her little gift puppy.

# FROM ME— TO YOU

Every Day Brings Gifts To  
The Stars From The Wor-  
shipping Fans Of All  
The World.

By Gordon R. Silver

**T**HERE is an old proverb that runs something like this: To him that hath shall be given.

As far as our stars of Hollywood are concerned, that adage is a particularly true one. There is no gainsaying the fact that our lassies and laddies of the silver screen have—and have a-plenty. In fact, most everything under the shining sun is theirs for the asking. They have the golden dollars so necessary to satisfy any little (or big) whim.

Despite this very pleasant state of affairs, they are given—and given right handsomely, too—by their most ardent fans from all over everywhere. They are given every conceivable kind of gift, ranging from the sweetly sublime to the utterly ridiculous. In fact, our dear movie celebs find everything from sedate brass candlesticks to live, rollicking monkeys coming into Hollywood to them from their fan friends!

Most of them like to receive these gifts from their near-and-far admirers, make no mistake about that. Most everything is acceptable, too—except cake, candy, pie and handmade bombs! The eatables are more or less taboo for at least a couple of reasons. One being that the majority of players have to keep thin and pastries and such are not especially noted for their slenderizing effects!

Then, too, they do not like to take chances—what with so many “cranks” lurking around and all. After all, who wants to sit down and partake of a cake which might, mind you, be loaded to the brim with rat poison, gun powder, ant paste and other unhealthy ingredients!

But all other presents are welcome—and it seems that the odder the gift, the more royal the welcome.

Eleanor Powell, for instance, was “tickled to death” when she received not so long ago one of the rarest things on earth—a llama rug. It came from a Peruvian admirer who also sends her cablegrams, addressed to “Elesweet,” which are delivered to her door every so often, and on her birthday and holidays, he usually calls her long distance and chats for a half-hour! We’d begin to

suspect a romance if he didn’t live so far away and but for the fact that Eleanor’s never met him or even seen his picture. She laughingly admits that he’s just a very generous and very wealthy fan admirer.

Fans seem to take great delight in deluging Carole Lombard with animals. Why this is she is still trying to figure out! Anyhow, she now has the following menagerie—all the work of well-meaning fans: One large dachshund, one small dachs-

hund, a cocker spaniel, a pek- ingese, a cat named Josephine, a hen, a rooster and a dove. Now she is wondering just what to do with the two alligators a Florida fan sent her the other day! Next thing she’ll be getting, Carole laugh- ingly supposes, will be a Jersey cow! Well, why not, Carole? Didn’t Shirley Temple once receive a cow from a group of Oregon fans? And didn’t Robert Montgomery once receive from a fan a big, live, polo pony? They sure did! Seems like nothing is too big to be sent your favorite star! From cows and ponies to ear-muffs is quite a jump, but believe it or not, ear-muffs is just what Pat O’Brien received the other day in his mail.

This pair of ear-muffs was the gift of a Florida citrus grower fan who had heard, he wrote, that California was having pretty snappy weather!

At that, Pat wasn’t any more surprised at his odd gift than Bing Crosby, who has received two air mail letters daily for the past two



George Murphy, Paul Kelly and Lyle Talbot receive many odd dona- tions. (Below) Ma- rian Marsh and a purring love token.



months from a St. Louis fan who signs her letters “Katie” and in each envelope en- closes three lumps of block sugar! Another time, Bing received a box of funny-looking spiders from a fan—though what on earth

[Continued on page 80]



## Publicity Is The Life's Blood Of The Movie Stars, And Parties Serve Their Purpose.

THIS filmtown's citizenry likes fun every bit as much as the nation's populace in general. After all, they're only human. When there comes the inevitable between-picture break in employment, what wonder that film players go strenuously for recreation. And that recreation, in many cases, consists of a good, stiff round of "partying."

Nearly all the players take advantage of Hollywood's and Palm Springs' gay party life. They give and take as the mood suits them. And each has odd whims of his or her own.

Gloria Stuart, for instance, finds pleasurable relaxation in giving very original dinner-dance parties. One of her latest ones was really a knockout. It started when Gloria and hubby Arthur Sheekman decided to throw a "clam bake" for Groucho Marx. To "do things up brown," they also decided to make their guest of honor feel completely at home by stealing his thunder, so to speak. Thus, when fun-loving Groucho arrived in all his glory, everyone, including the ladies, was made up just exactly like the very bewildered Groucho's well-known screen personality—swallowtail coat, black trousers, "Fuller Brush" mustachios and everything—that is, almost everything. The girls could manage to

hold the big black cigars in their teeth, but they just couldn't bear to have them burning up. It was a swell, original "shindig" and on the menu everything turned up from clam chowder to clam cakes.

Where some people get the idea that Hollywood only has cocktail parties is a mystery. Parties here come up to the high degrees of joviality. And the beauty of the whole thing is that you can pick your choice according to the mood of the moment, for there are always many festival affairs on the schedule.

For instance, if you feel tired and blue, there is the sedately social type of gathering, where you hold a plate of fancy crackers in one hand, a dry martini in the other and balance a dish of lobster salad on your knee, the while trying to look nonchalant! On the other hand, if you're feeling sort of young and foolish, the party that Jack Dunn threw the other evening would certainly intrigue you. Jack, as you may know, has graduated from being the former ice-skating partner of Sonja Henie and is now an actor. Well, sir, his party was a "beetle and bottle" one, Hollywood's first by the way. His yard being infested by the little roaming creatures known as beetles inspired him to issue invitations to his unique party. As his guests arrived he paired them off, presenting the woman a flashlight and the man a bottle—and told them to get busy! A grand prize went to the team which caught the most beetles and a booby prize to the couple at the foot of the class. Everyone seemed to have a good, hilarious time—excluding, of course, the poor, little, misunderstood beetles!

Leaving the ridiculous for the not-quite-so-ridiculous, we come to the fortune-telling party that Sylvia Sidney gave for some intimates. Besides having bona fide readers of palms, tea cups and such, Sylvia herself amazed everyone present by introducing a fortune-telling system that is really quite as infallible as it is astonishing. Try it on some of your own pals sometime and watch the looks of amazement. The unique but simple system allows you to tell the correct age of your friends, as well as the amount of small change carried in their pockets or purses! Here's how Sylvia worked it:

She provided each guest with pencil and paper. Then she told each to write down a sum equaling double his or her age. To that sum each added 5. The new sum was multiplied by 50. From that total was deducted 365. Each guest then counted the amount of small change he or she had, following instructions to count change that DID NOT exceed 99 cents. Each then added this sum of his or her change to the last total. Then each, in turn, told Sylvia the amount of his or her final total. She then wrote that figure on a piece of paper and quickly added 115 to it.



(Above) The genial Frank McHugh and James Cagney who play a game of "Barnstorming." (Right) Joan Crawford gives delightful parties.

WHEN  
STARS  
GET TOGETHER

By  
Grace Simpson

The sum was in four figures. The first two figures turned out to be the age of the guest (if they didn't fib or make a mistake!) and the last two figures was the correct amount of his or her small change!

Exceedingly entertaining and wholly different is the gay party life down at Palm Springs, which is truly the playground of America as far as the movie stars are concerned.

Lured by the roll of tom-toms and the war whoops of 250 Indians, Grace Stafford and I (as well as hundreds of



Hollywoodites from all corners) flocked to the desert one week-end for Palm Springs' three-day Indian Fiesta.

While Redskins chanted and swayed to the swish of gourds in the moonlight Mecca of Fashion, we palefaces made merry pow-wow to peppery dance music under the swinging lanterns at the Desert Inn tennis courts.

What with cowboy parties, circuses, Indian pow-wows, Mexican and Spanish fiestas, riding, airplane and tennis parties, life at Palm Springs is anything but dull!

Birthday parties are no novelty, but usually Hollywood's have cute touches. I particularly liked the little touch that hubby Harmon O. Nelson gave to wifey Bette Davis' natal day celebration. He hired a boy from a messenger service to call Bette every half hour and sing "Happy Birthday to You!" When this had gone on for years and years (or so it seemed to young Mrs. Nelson), she asked the boy if he wouldn't please stop it all and give himself up.

"I'd love to, ma'am," he murmured sleepily, "I'm getting a bit



fed up on this myself, but, you see, I've been paid handsomely to keep on—

and keep on I must!"

A nice, pleasant time was had by those fortunate kiddies invited to Shirley Temple's eighth birthday party. The cake was a masterpiece, having been made of 150 eggs, 75 egg yolks, 10 pounds of sugar and 11 pounds of flour. The icing took 75 egg whites, 12 dozen lemons, 25 pounds of sugar among other things. The whole thing was topped with a full miniature orchestra whose music scripts were illuminated by the light from the eight little candles. It was really something worth seeing—and, of course, eating!

Incidentally, this birthday proved the happiest of Shirley's life. Her mother was home from the Santa Monica Hospital to share it with her, and gave Shirley a beautiful Swiss doll; "Daddy" presented her with a six-foot sail boat—large enough for Shirley to navigate in the swimming pool; Brother Jack, who goes to Stanford, sent her a lovely vase in the shape of a horse, filled with forget-me-nots; Brother Sonny gave her a set of Quintuplet dolls; Darryl Zanuck (her boss) sent her a snow-white portable typewriter; Bill Robinson sent her a miniature modern mirrored clock; over 6,000 fans from 30 countries sent her everything from fishing rods to May baskets; and Shirley's favorite, James Dunn, who appeared with her in her earliest successes, sent her a box



## HOW SYLVIA SIDNEY CAN GUESS YOUR AGE

**S**HE tells her guest to write down a sum equalling double his or her age. To that sum add 5, then multiply by 50 and from that total deduct 365. Then count the amount of small change he or she has, following instructions to count change that DOES NOT exceed 99 cents. Add this sum of his or her change to the last total. Then the guest tells Sylvia the amount of his or her final total. She writes down that figure and quickly adds 115 to it. The sum is in four figures. The first two figures are the age of the guest and the last two figures are the correct amount of his or her small change.

of roses and sweet peas with a huge orchid in the center, "just like grown-up ladies get from their sweeties."

There must be something about Joan Crawford's parties that everyone enjoys. Anyhow, at a recent event, at 7.30 the Fred Astaires, the Gary Coopers, Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck were among the guests who sat down at the table. At 12.30 they were still sitting! Joan and Franchot still had a lengthy movie to show off and corn to be popped and served. But who cares for time when you're a movie star on the "loose."

Jack Oakie had a brainstorm and so decided to give a "Come With the Wind" party. Accordingly, invitations were dispatched by Scarlett Varden and Rhett Oakie, which sent

all the Oakie pals scurrying to clothes closets for old costumes in keeping with the atmosphere and traditions of the South. The Oakies' hospitality was extremely Southern—even to the mint juleps and the scotch-and-sodas!

Like the postmen who take long walks on their days off, certain stars love to play "acting" at their parties. Only they don't call it "acting"—they call it "Barnstorming" and James Cagney, Frank McHugh and Dick Powell invented it. In their new game, the players pick any old melodrama and play it themselves, one act at a time, each week-end at each other's homes, with friends invited to be their audience. Each player holds a script in his hand and reads forth his lines with great gusto. Besides satisfying their hankering for off-screen, old-  
[Continued on page 68]



Gloria Stuart gave a party and Groucho Marx was the guest of honor. And was he surprised! (Above) The party that Constance Bennett gave astonished even the animal crackers.



# HERE ARE THE

By Miriam Teichner

IT WAS a certain William Shakespeare who first wrote the line, "double, double, toil and trouble," though he wasn't thinking of the motion pictures when he wrote the witches' scene in "Macbeth." But modern motion picture doubles have found that Shakespeare was right when it comes to the "toil and trouble" part of being a double. At that, Shakespeare didn't know the half of it.

It seems that being a dead ringer for Clark Gable or Joan Crawford isn't the screen asset it seemed back in the old home-town, when the glamorous girl or the brawny boy first heard the delightful words, "You look just like so-and-so" and decided to emphasize the resemblance with a new hair-do, a pair of eyebrows revamped to a new slant or a brace of sideburns freshly cultivated to look like those of a cherished screen hero. For, take it from Hollywood dead ringers, it's more of a liability than an asset to be a "just-like" to one of the famous ones.

Instead of finding that the producers and casting directors welcome them with open arms for their resemblance to some one who is big news in the movie columns, they frequently find that this very resemblance is their greatest bar to picture success. Doubles are definitely a drug on the cinematic market, and it has reached such a pass that some of the doubles are eager to work for nothing, volunteering their services to any director who will give them a chance to prove that they have something to give in addition to their resemblance to a star.

It remained for Columbia Pictures to change all this, and give the doubles—a whole flock of doubles—the chance of their lives to do their stuff, and be as much like their famous prototypes as it's possible for them to be. For "It Happened in Hollywood" tells the story of a once-famous screen star—played by Richard Dix—who promises a crippled lad in a hospital (Billy Burrud) that when he gets well and comes to Hollywood, he'll be honor guest at one of the biggest and gayest ranch parties ever thrown in the screen city, with all the important biggies in attendance. The boy gets well, and goes to Hollywood, as per invitation, but the screen star, by now on the decline, finds himself forced to practice a

Carole Dietrich, Arthur McLaglen, Lorraine Bond, Phil Waldron, Berna Mack, Howard Bruce, Sylvia Lamar, Richard Dix (himself), Maxine Jerome, Doc Dearborn, Mary Miner, Margaret Bryson and Eugene de Verdi.

little deception on his eager guest. It's impossible to wangle the real stars for the party, but their doubles and stand-ins are available. And that's where the flock of twenty-five famous-face-resemblers come in.

When it came to casting the parts of the famous ones, Director Harry Lachman didn't have far to look. Some few of the doubles assigned to the roles of outstanding stars were known all over Hollywood for that very resemblance. Others were personally known to Director Lachman or actors in the cast as bearing strong resemblance to a certain screen hero or heroine. Others, hearing of the new picture and its opportunities for people who looked like somebody else, hastened to present themselves at the casting office at the right time. And so the casting was done.

One of the most startling resemblances of the lot is that of James May, a Highland Scotsman, who plays the part of W. C. Fields, bulbous nose, nonchalant swagger, and all. May went down to London as a youth, and spent forty-three years there, as a politician and lecturer. W. C. Fields had never impinged on his consciousness, and when he came to America in 1920, he honestly didn't know what the ship-news boys were talking about when they gathered around him and chorused, "You look just like Bill Fields." Once the importance of the discovery was brought home to May, however, he entrained for Hollywood. It wasn't all smooth sailing after he got there, for, like other doubles, he found that Hollywood likes one-of-a-kind when it comes to important players. He did get a number of comedy roles, how-

(Top to bottom) James May, Zeffie Tillsbury, Margaret Bryson, Sylvia Lamar and Howard Bruce.





# DOUBLES

Every Star In Hollywood Has A Double. You See Them Sometimes In Long Shots—Maybe They Are Stand-ins—But Every Double Has His Day.

ever, which had nothing to do with Fields, and played in a total of 25 pictures in 1936. He was cast as Fields in "The Great Ziegfeld," and was the inevitable choice when it came to casting the part for "It Happened in Hollywood." He's over seventy.

Then there's the case of Frank E. Farr, an Albany boy who, in the picture, plays Eddie Cantor. Farr has been in show business since he was ten years old, and is a gifted song-and-dance man in his own right. He was dropped from the stage production of "Whoopee" however, because he looked too much like the star, and though he has had a few picture parts because he resembles Cantor, he more frequently has been rejected because of that very resemblance. He appeared in the Chicago Pageant of Progress Exposition as Cantor's double, and he and Buddy Doyle doubled for Cantor in "The Great Ziegfeld."

The cases of Sylvia Lamar, who is Joan Crawford in "It Happened in Hollywood," and John Bohn, who portrays John Barrymore, are alike in that they have found their resemblance such a liability that they have offered to work for nothing just for a chance at the films. Sylvia was born and educated in New York, and worked as a model before she decided to try Hollywood, on the strength of that "You look just like Joan Crawford" phrase which was like music in her ears. She tried hard, but the resemblance which she at first flaunted so proudly was practically thrown in her teeth as a reproach. This is her second job in pictures, and she's delighted. Bohn is also a native New Yorker. He is twenty-one years younger than Barrymore, but in spite of that has been a stage and screen actor for years. He says that the resemblance to Barrymore and his famous profile has been a definite handicap, and he offered to do the Barrymore imitation for

Lachman free-gratis-for-nothing if he were later given a chance to do another role, on his own, and not because he looks like Barrymore. Needless to say, however, he's drawing the same pay for extra work as the other doubles in "It Happened in Hollywood."

There are two players in the picture whose names are identical with those of the stars for whom they're doubling. In one case, it's relationship, but in the other, it's pure coincidence. Arthur McLaglen is taking the part of his big brother Victor, because McLaglen's all seem to look alike. Arthur is accustomed to acting as Vic's stand-in, and he also looks out for the more famous brother's business and professional affairs. He has been an actor for seventeen



(Above) Eugene de Verdi and Virginia Rendell.  
(Left) Betty Dietrich.  
(Extreme left) Arthur McLaglen.



years. Carole Dietrich, on the other hand, is no relation to Marlene of the lyrical legs and skyrock-

eting eye-brows. She was born in New York, and has been working for some years in Hollywood as a dress extra. Incidentally, "It Happened in Hollywood" has brought romance to Carol, as well as an opportunity to play a part. Ben Pollock, an Arizona youth who recently left the paternal ranch to crash Hollywood, was chosen to ride a bucking horse, and double for one of the film cowboy actors in the picture. Long a Dietrich fan, Pollock didn't take long to strike up an acquaintance with Marlene's double. They were married in Hollywood at Saint Valentine's "Honeymoon Chapel" while the picture was in work. Also, incidentally, Carole has a sister in the same production who is playing the part of Greta Garbo. Her name is Betty, and she has been doing Garbo impersonations in a traveling stage act with Fanchon and Marco.

While on the subject of family matters, Howard Bruce, who plays Edward Arnold, and Virginia Randell, who doubles for Mae West in the picture, are brother and sister. California-born, they used to bill on the vaudeville stage as "Howard Bruce & Sister," and Howard, also handicapped by his resemblance to Arnold, has recently been playing minor gangster parts on the screen. Both Howard and Virginia were among the "Hollywood doubles" at the San Diego and Dallas fairs, and Virginia has played Mae West in Fanchon and Marco shows. Mae West is one of her personal friends.

They have a real doctor in the cast of "It Happened in Hollywood." That would be W. W. Dearborn, familiarly known as "Doc," who is taking the "photographic double" role of William Powell. He leads a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde existence in the film city, the Dr. Jekyll role being his own career as chiropractic doctor, and the Mr. Hyde being his Powell

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## MARLENE DIETRICH



knows that her acting isn't all it should be. As an actress she knows that she can never hope to compete on the screen with the Helen Hayeses, the Claudette Colberts, the Sylvia Sidneys, the Barbara Stanwycks, the Bette Davises, and the Miriam Hopkinses. But as a glamorous personality she stands alone. No one can touch her. She can enter any night club or theatre in the world and be the most stared at woman in the room. Dietrich, Inc., sells Glamour (preferred and *not* common)—and Dietrich, Inc., has never yet failed to pay juicy dividends.

**B**EFORE the arrival of the beautiful Marlene Dietrich, simply dripping with silver fox and blue paradise, on our mundane shores some seven years ago, glamour in the American film industry had reached a new and most depressing low. Even the die-hards among the movie moguls had been forced to break down and admit that talking pictures were here to stay and God help you and Clara Bow. With the advent of the talking picture (remember when there were heated discussions in magazines and columns as to whether they should be called talking pictures or talkies? Oh boy, do I date!) the screen went in for much genteel lifting of teacups and eyebrows in English drawing rooms, in the Lonsdale manner. And it was all so frightfully la-de-da.

Word got around that the allure girls who had been making an honest living by staring wide-eyed into the camera simply could not cope with the tea situation ("A Spode's a Spode, Clara, not a spade"), and, furthermore, could not begin to master the irritating sibilant and the broad "a." They were told to scam to the nearest diction teacher while the producers tore their hair and wildly wired contracts, quite indiscriminately, to the thespians of the New York stage who had been drinking tea and enunciating for years—too many years. The most unattractive people suddenly appeared on the screen. Fat divas from the Metropolitan Opera, scrawny leading ladies from the "Geeuld," and greasy earnest-workers from the Civic Repertory. The place reeked with talent, but not a whiff of glamour. The Escapists (and count me in) can't face Life in the home, much less in the cinema, so they gave up movies and wondered whether they should try opium or Richard Halliburton.

And then into this dismal morass of too much Reality one day appeared something too breathlessly beautiful to be of this world, something startlingly arresting in scarlet and silver, with a shimmering scarf floating in the breeze, tuberose in her hand, and aigrettes in her hat. Marlene Dietrich had arrived from Germany to co-star with Gary Cooper in "Morocco" for Paramount Pictures. And she had the glamour situation well in hand.

Though it has been a number of years now since Marlene in high heels (the Hollywood touch) followed Gary Cooper across the hot sands of the California desert—and fainted from exhaustion because von Sternberg failed to tell her that the scene was over—Marlene still reigns supreme as the most glamorous star in Hollywood. But, why be small about it, she is without a doubt the most glamorous woman in the world today! And Marlene loves it. A luxurious person, with more than her share of feminine vanity, she adores being called glamorous and beautiful. It's a lot of fun, and besides—it's very good business. Nice work if you can get it.

From her friend, discoverer, and director, Josef von Sternberg, she has learned to look at herself as cold-bloodedly and professionally as if she were a share-holder in Dietrich, Inc. She



(Top) Marlene discusses her new picture with Ernest Cossart, Herbert Marshall, Melvyn Douglas and Director Ernst Lubitsch. (Above) Laura Hope Crews and Marlene in a scene from "Angel." (Right) The actress relaxes on her own lawn.



Marlene goes about the business of being glamorous with charming Old World placidity. Her pictures take forever to finish, because the photography must be just so. She does not care how many "takes" she is asked to make—von Sternberg often made her take as many as thirty of very simple scenes—and she never storms and rages on a set when provoked by the harrowing details of making pictures. It takes nothing less than an earthquake to break up that magnificent poise. But don't get the idea that Marlene is the answer to every director's prayer, and that the line is forming on the left to direct her. Heavens, no. Marlene doesn't shriek, or throw hair brushes, or hurl expletives, but she has her own brand of temperament, which is far more deadly. Mr. Zukor's Glamour Girl Number One when crossed simply sits before her mirror and combs her hair. And there she will calmly sit until the director, the designer, the author, come around to seeing things eye to eye with her. She feels that she knows more about Dietrich, Inc., than they do—and I wouldn't be at all surprised if she didn't.

Sometimes, however, Marlene will become very feminine and pretend that she is humoring her tormentors. For instance, during the production of "Angel," her latest Paramount picture, there was quite an argument over hats. At the beginning of every picture Marlene has about forty hats sent out from Lily Daché in New York, and, after posing, and more posing from every angle, she selects the ones she wants for the picture. But for a certain scene in "Angel" the director did not like Marlene's selection. "It's terrible," he shouted. "I won't shoot the scene with you in that hat." "What, you don't like my hat?" said Marlene calmly. "Very well. I will try on others for you." So she had Nellie, her faithful hairdresser and fellow conspirator of seven years, spread out all the gorgeous little Lily Dachés in her dressing room. "Which one do you wish?" she asked the director, being oh so charmingly feminine and respectful. With great care the director selected one and handed it to her. It was a hat created in a moment of abandon to sit on the very tip of woman's crowning glory, but Marlene, the minx, deliberately pulled it down over her forehead. "Please," she said, "you cannot like this hat. See, I look horrid in it. But if you wish I will wear it."

"No, no," snapped the director hastily, wondering how he could ever have liked anything so impossible, "here, try this one. It is just what you need for that scene." It was a Lily Daché that simply cried to be pulled down on the right side, but sly Marlene casually pulled it down on the left side. "It is not becoming," she said, "but I will wear it if you wish." "Good God, no," shouted the director, "you can't wear that thing. Have you any suggestions? There must be something there." "Yes," said Marlene sweetly, "I like this one. See how well it fits?" I don't have to tell you, dear reader, that Marlene was trying on the very hat she had decided upon in the first place.

Unlike all other little movie stars who avoid fittings almost as scrupulously as they do interviews and gallery sittings, Marlene simply adores wardrobe fittings. She will stand for hours without complaining while the studio dressmakers take in tucks here and put in pleats there, [Continued on page 72]



The word glamour is overworked when Dietrich is described, but, nevertheless, Marlene has that indescribable allure that surrounds her like an aura.



# WHAT MAKES IT TICK?

A Famous New York  
Newspaper Critic  
Visits Hollywood  
And Studies Picture  
Making In Action.

By  
Howard Barnes



The author found Paul Muni absorbed with the Zola character to the exclusion of all else. (Above) Gloria Holden with the star in a scene from "The Life of Emile Zola."

THERE is no one, I venture to say, who could go to Hollywood for the first time without preconceived notions of the movie capitol. I had a lot of them. Not only had I been reviewing films on two large New York newspapers for years, but I had met a number of players, directors, writers and producers on their visits East or stopping off on their way to and from Europe. In the course of time I had absorbed so many impressions, prejudices and gossip items second-hand that I fancied I had a pretty good picture of movie-making and the Hollywood scene.

Recently I had the opportunity to stack up this mental image I had of the screen's center with reality. It was definitely illuminating. In the first place I went to Hollywood under the very best auspices—as a "visiting fireman." That is what they call a critic or chronicler of the films on the West Coast. The studios put automobiles and press agents at my disposal. I was asked to so many parties, large and small, that I could only accept one invitation out of ten. Big shots took hours explaining the intricacies of the business to me. Even "closed sets" were open to me. (You're right, I didn't see Garbo).

In any case I saw virtually everything I wanted to see and got way behind the front of glamour that inevitably cloaks a vital art form. If I didn't get a true feeling about the professional and personal activities of the stars, the work and aspirations of producers, authors, directors and the unsung technical heroes of the photoplay, while sensing the general ferment of life that forms a background for their activities, then it was my fault. Curiously enough, all that I learned was accompanied by unlearning a great deal of the "Hollywood bunk" that Dana Burnet deplored in these pages recently. Let me tell you first what I thought Hollywood would be like before I arrived there.

Essentially my idea of the place was that it would resemble a cross between a boom town in the gold rush days and Rome in its ultimate decadence. I was prepared to see stars being eccentric on every hand, a jumble of imported cars, yachts and electric palaces and more or less continual plain and fancy whoopee.

As a critic I knew that a staggering number of pictures was turned out each year, but it was much harder to visualize that than the over-publicized shindigs of Hollywood's new and shifting aristocracy. As a matter of fact I was prepared for anything, so long as it was done in true Babylonish style.

What I actually found was the hardest working community I have ever seen. The razzle-dazzle was there, a certain amount of foolish ostentation and foolish reckless living, but it was almost always on the fringes and amounted to no more than you would find any place where a lot of talented and individualistic people were concentrated, with enormous wealth at their disposal. Most people who work hard claim that they have to play hard. The funny thing about Hollywood is that the people who really work, work pretty much all the time and when they're not working they just naturally have to rest.

So many commentators on Hollywood make the mistake of watching film making for too short periods. It is one thing to watch workmen on an excavation or building project for a few minutes and then go away thinking you know how it's done. It is quite another matter to follow them slogging away at the job for a full day. I made it my business to follow the painstaking efforts of groups of people on different sets for full days on more than one occasion. I wasn't working, the way they were, but by nightfall I was dead tired. I have nothing but admiration for the glamour girls and boys on the job.

Take the new Marlene Dietrich picture, "Angel," which Ernst Lubitsch was directing when I was in Hollywood. When I got to the set early one morning, the beautiful Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Melvyn Douglas and the other players were already acting before the camera. Before they had started they had spent considerable time in dressing and making up for their parts. They were doing a simple but extremely subtle scene in which Dietrich, married to Marshall, recognized Douglas as a former flame but refused to admit that she recognized him. Lubitsch would call for cameras and sound and the set would take on a strange hush. Marshall went out of the

room—Dietrich sat playing the piano—Douglas leaned over and whispered "Angel"—she shook her head—a few lines of dialogue and she rose, went to a table and slowly lighted a cigarette as she turned to him.

Over and over the scene was shot. Lunch was hurried through and Lubitsch took me to the projection room where the morning "takes" or "dailies" were run off. I was terrifically impressed by them—by the overtones of suggestion that had been caught by the camera. Finally they were finished. Lubitsch shrugged his shoulders resignedly. "It's no goot," he said. "Didn't you see dot shadow?"

The afternoon was taken shooting the morning scenes all over again. Without a grumble the players went through every nuance of gesture and diction that they had already delivered for hours. The result will be a scene that you'll watch for a minute or so. The point I am making is that it will be as perfect as Lubitsch, his technicians, Miss Dietrich, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Douglas can have made it, after Herculean labors.

So typical of this was the late Jean Harlow's last day on the "Saratoga" set. She literally went on working until she couldn't raise her arms to take off her make-up. I watched her acting shortly before that tragic time—gay, enthusiastic, even when "take" after "take" was necessary on a scene. Jack Conway, the director, shoots much longer "takes" than most of his colleagues. He would rehearse them with infinite care. Clark Gable and Miss Harlow were nearly always letter perfect in their parts. A lesser player usually made second and third shots necessary. The stars never showed annoyance by even the flicker of an eyelash. Both of them, genuinely modest about their own talents, merely tried to do their parts better.

Coupled with this enormous capacity to work, I found an amazing attention to detail. I watched Bette Davis, for example, in "That Certain Woman," which Edmund Goulding was directing. It was a straight melodramatic scene. When it was finished she came over to chat with me. Out from behind a back-drop came a four-year-old

[Continued on page 82]



# WE POINT WITH PRIDE



TO  
PAT  
O'BRIEN

He Carries Forward A  
One Man Crusade  
That Has Broadened  
The Scope Of Films.

**N**O FIREWORKS in Pat O'Brien's career, no epics, just picture after picture and in each story Pat gives us a better understanding of a square shooting, regular fellow. He is usually cast as just an ordinary man with a job, but his gift of talent has given the screen real men who carry responsibilities on their shoulders and pride and charity in their great hearts. The voices of millions are heard in appreciation of this actor's true characterization of an American workingman—stubborn, honorable and somehow gentle.



(Center) A scene still from "Back in Circulation," with Regis Toomey, Joan Blondell, Pat and Eddie Auff. (Left) The O'Brien home in Hollywood. (Below) The family group. Left to right—Pat's parents, (standing) his wife's father, Mrs. Pat, their daughter, Mavourneen, and the ever popular actor.





# The Romantic Young Men Are Pursued.







Clark  
Gable

Fay Wray

Frieda Inescort

Carole Lombard

Joel  
McCrea

Don Ameche

Rochelle Hudson

## HOW THINGS LOOK TO THE GREAT LOVERS

The Clever Actresses Are  
Anxious To Have Famous  
Lovers Play Oppo-  
site Them In Pictures.

ONCE you are typed as a "Great Lover," there is no escape. The girls want to do their love scenes with famous heart throbbers and demonstrate their own ability to throw impassioned glances and record burning ardor, by way of "time kisses." Even off the screen the boys are trapped, just for the publicity value. The single men who are successful as screen Romeos take to the woods between pictures. Everywhere they look there is a girl, and her strongest yearning is for screen success. She keeps her beautiful eye on the main chance and as far as she is concerned, love is just a word in the script.

The "Great Lovers" set forth upon the uncharted sea of Hollywood, but no matter in which direction they look, danger surrounds them. And these sharks are man-killers!



Ginger  
Rogers



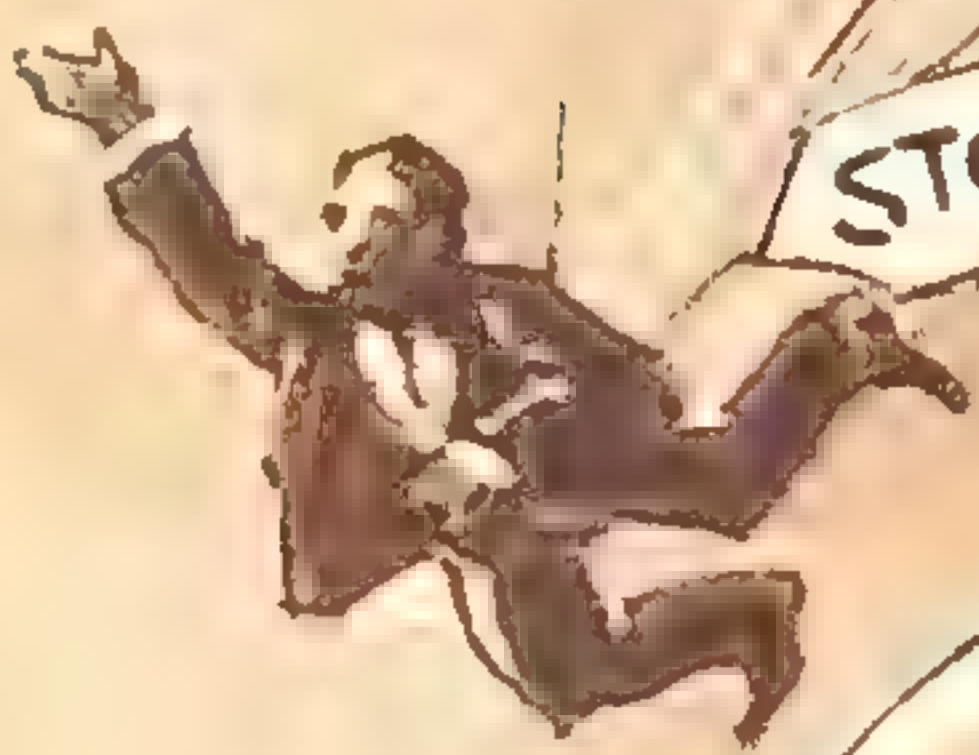
Alice Faye



CHARACTER  
ACTOR



STOCKHOLDER



Loretta  
Young



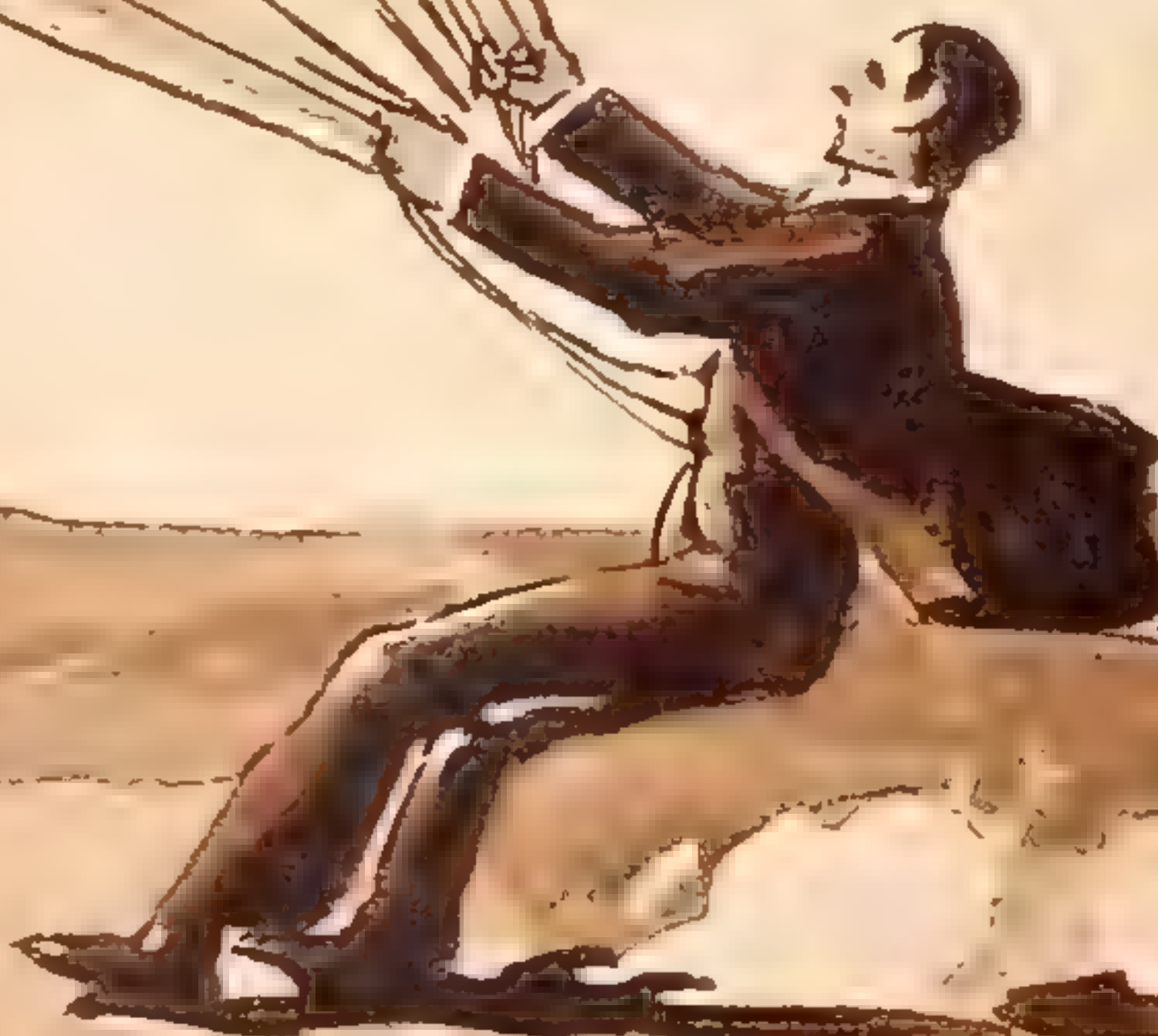
DIRECTOR



Bette Davis



PRODUCER







Myrna  
Loy



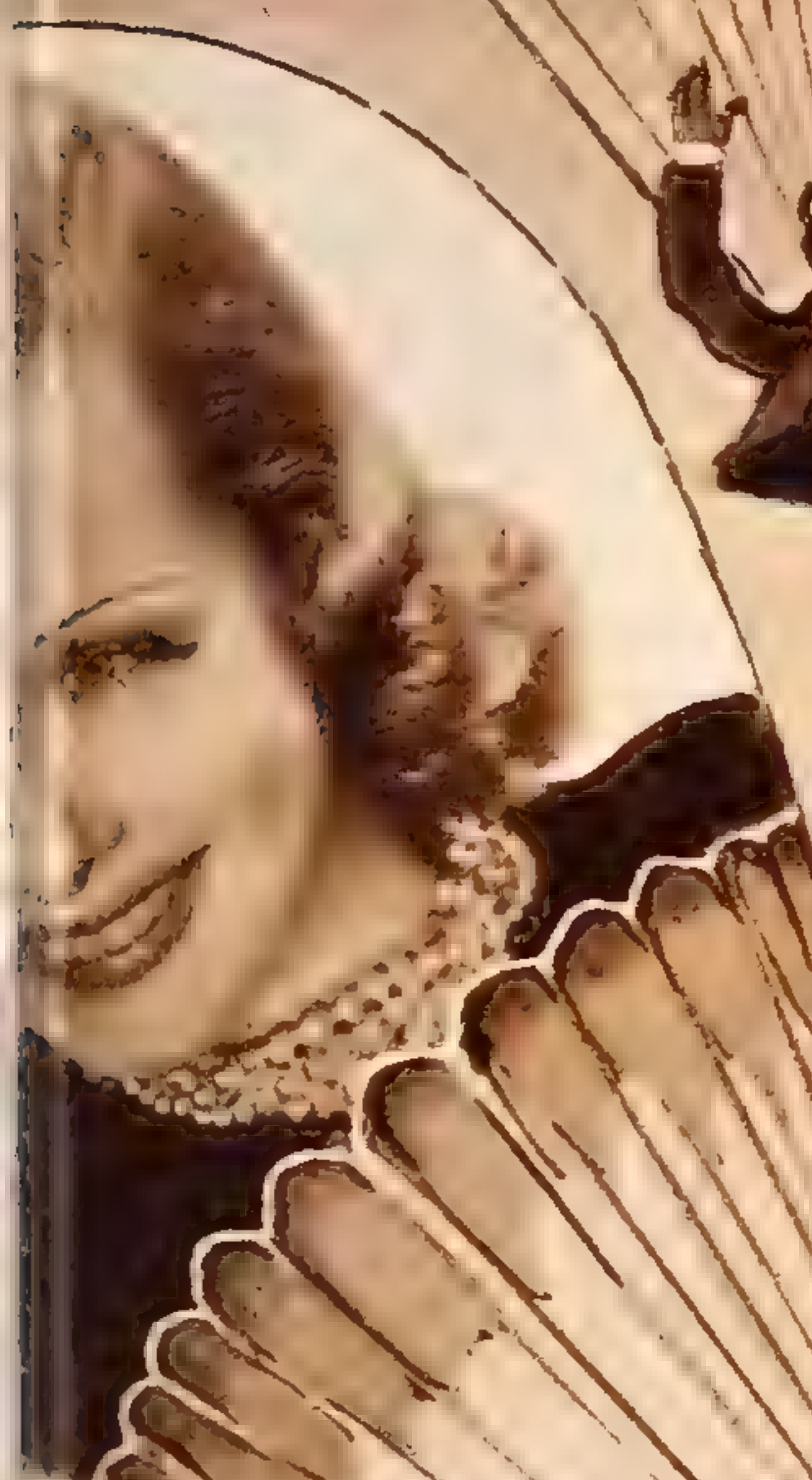
Claudette  
Colbert



Madeleine  
Carroll



Olivia  
de Havilland



Joan  
Bennett

WRITER

TECHNICIAN

EXECUTIVE

THEATRE

PRESS AGT.

# PARACHUTES

The Personality Of The Star  
Saves Many A Picture.

IT "lets them down easy," the same as a parachute which saves the day when all else fails. Each picture is the result of many minds working together—well, working anyway. Then when the last retake is retaken, after the cutter has littered the floor with bits "born to blush unseen," and at long last, after the office boy and the big executive have decided on an entirely deceptive title, the negative runs through the printer forty times and out into the world go the prints of the picture. Forty audiences sit on their hands and after ninety-two minutes they go out and tell the world. Perhaps the story isn't good, but "the star is lovely." Perhaps the director slipped or the cast failed, still the audiences will enjoy the personality of the star and there will be no moths in the money drawers of the box-offices.

It is possible for a person who goes to theatres, reads about the stage and thinks about the skill of the screen players, to derive real pleasure from a good characterization be the play good or bad. We pride ourselves on seeing every picture made by our favorites, knowing that whatever the story the star will parachute us to a "happy landing."



# GAY EVENINGS TO FO



David Niven, Ronald Colman, Byron Foulger and C. Aubrey Smith in "The Prisoner of Zenda."



Jean Hersholt and Shirley Temple in "Heidi."



Gene Raymond and Harriet Hilliard in "The Life of the Party."



Beatrice Roberts and Bruce Cabot in "Love Takes Flight."



Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell in "Broadway Melody of 1938."



Basil Rathbone and Bobby Breen in "Make A Wish."



# OW SUMMER'S DAZE



Mary Carlisle and Bing Crosby in "Double or Nothing."



Mischa Auer, Deanna Durbin and Adolphe Menjou in "100 Men and a Girl."



Allan Jones and Jeanette MacDonald in "The Firefly."



Anita Louise and Marjorie Gateson in "First Lady."



Edward Arnold and Luis Alberni in "Easy Living."



Two bit players with Charles Boyer and Reginald Owen in "Marie Walewska."



# SILVER SCREEN

These Ten Players Inaugurate Silver Screen's Hall Of Fame. They Have Each Won A Pedestal Of Prominence And Are The Envy Of The Rest Of Hollywood. That This Gallery Of Greatness Exists Only In The Hearts Of The Fans Does Not Lessen The Honor.



W. C. Fields

—  
Emperor of  
Comedians



Paul Muni

—  
Master of  
Characterization



Bing Crosby

—  
Crooner  
To Millions



Luise Rainer

—  
Great  
Actress



Tyrone Power

—  
Latest  
Fan Favorite





# HALL OF FAME

IF IT were not that the best players invariably come out on top, we should say that luck determines the size of the pedestals. After an actor has worked a lifetime on the stage, in vaudeville and finally on the screen, and it seems that a fair measure of success is all that he will enjoy, sometimes luck takes a hand. A great part comes to him and the world hails him as the genius that he is. For example, W. C. Fields as *Micawber*. Suppose "David Copperfield" had never been made? Was that luck? However, Fields on the radio has proven his genius—ask Charlie McCarthy.

We have frequently heard movie discussions, and while everyone enjoys pictures it is true that only the great bits and great situations are remembered. Sharpen your memory and see if you do not find our favorites are also enshrined in your own Hall of Fame.



Janet Gaynor

Great Comeback



Clark Gable

Favorite of Men and Women



Fred Astaire

King of the Dance



Shirley Temple

America's Darling



Grace Moore

Prima Donna

There are many players in Hollywood who are capable of filling a rôle that would make them famous. They anxiously wait for such a part to come along:—John Boles, John Howard, Cary Grant, Miriam Hopkins, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Bellamy, Henry Fonda, Eleanor Hunt and Frances Drake.





# LAUNCHING SOME A

Every Picture Fan Looks  
To Hollywood For Ideas



(Below) Kelly green jersey is Betty Furness' choice for a day when the air is slightly nippy. The blouse has a natural waistline, girdled with a pigskin belt, and the skirt falls in graceful folds. This is the type dress that no well-planned wardrobe should do without. It answers so many divergent needs.



Evening modes vary according to one's mood. (Above-left) Constance Bennett assumes a regal air in this flowing amethyst chiffon dance frock, with its matching cape strikingly contrasted with ombre chiffon. (Above) A svelte black crepe dinner gown, with square decolletage and severe short sleeves, lends Frances Dee an air of bored sophistication. Red and black floral print strikingly accentuates the high waistline and bands the straight jacket and hem. (Right) Margaret Lindsay looks particularly exciting in a sheer black hostess gown with full, tightly banded sleeves and a high neckline relieved by pearls. An original note is introduced with the cascade of white poppies hanging carelessly from the waistline.



# ANCE FALL FASHIONS

ALTHOUGH some women still look to Paris for a forecast of coming styles, the majority of us just go to the movies when we want to know what is being worn by the "best people." For the screen fashion designers have to keep several jumps ahead of the prevailing mode in clothes, inasmuch as some pictures are filmed months ahead of the time they are scheduled to be released, in most cases.

Naturally the studio couturiers borrow inspiration from the famous French designers, but that's all the better for us. Apparently the combination is a very happy one, as you can see for yourselves.



(Center-left) Louise Hovick (Gypsy Rose Lee—remember her?) looks most superior in her smartly rolled brown felt with its pert nose veil. (Center-right) Black velvet and grosgrain ribbon, expertly pleated, fashion this trim little turban which Binnie Barnes wears perched over her right eye.



(Above) Tala Birell can afford to welcome the first brisk weather when she dons this two-piece spectator suit of hunter's green duvetyn trimmed with grey caracul. The band on her matching felt hat is grey; so are her belt and accessories. (Above-right) Here Tala wears a three-piece sports suit of soft navy blue wool. The jacket has a vest effect and is trimmed with steel buttons, and the top coat is of colorful plaid in navy, green and salmon. Navy blue accessories are used. (Right) Correct for town or country is this field brown, soft suede belted jacket and skirt chosen by Marsha Hunt. The laced effect at throat and cuffs, and carried out again in her matching suede gloves and pouch purse, is distinctly novel. (Left) For that occasional sultry day, Jane Wyman keeps an in-between dark blue faille with dainty powder blue crepe accessories handy.







John King played in Universal's "The Road Back" and was well liked. He will be given every chance to capture the hearts of the fans. (Right) The Ritz Brothers are well established already, and what treasures of gayety they bring!





Stanley Logan, director, and Kay Francis on the sidelines of the "First Lady" set. (Upper, left) Sun-bathing. Lloyd Nolan, Dorothy Lamour and Buster Crabbe. (Left) John King being made up by Jack Pierce, expert. (Below) Alan Mowbray and Warner Baxter are both in "Vogues of 1938."



**LUCKY NANCY—I'LL BE WORKING HERE WHEN I'M 50!!**



**SUE DIDN'T HOPE FOR ROMANCE UNTIL...**



I FELT ASHAMED OF SHOWING SUE MY RING—SHE SOUNDED SO LONELY

POOR CHILD—I'LL INVITE HER HOME. DROP HER A HINT ABOUT WHAT'S WRONG

SUE, I'M GOING TO LUX MY UNDIES. WANT ME TO DO YOURS? IT TAKES AWAY PERSPIRATION ODOR, SAVES COLORS TOO —

NEXT WEEK

ANOTHER DATE WITH TOM, SUE? I CAN HEAR THE WEDDING BELLS

MARY—DO YOU MEAN THAT I...? I'LL USE LUX FROM NOW ON

OH, HE'S WONDERFUL MARY, AND I'M SO HAPPY! THANKS TO YOU!

## Avoid Offending . . .

Many attractive girls lose out on friendship, romance, because of one unforgivable fault—perspiration odor in underthings. Play safe—Lux underthings after each wearing. Lux removes every trace of perspiration odor without injurious cake-soap rubbing or harmful alkali. Protects fabrics—saves colors. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

**Removes perspiration odor . . . Saves colors**

**LUX**

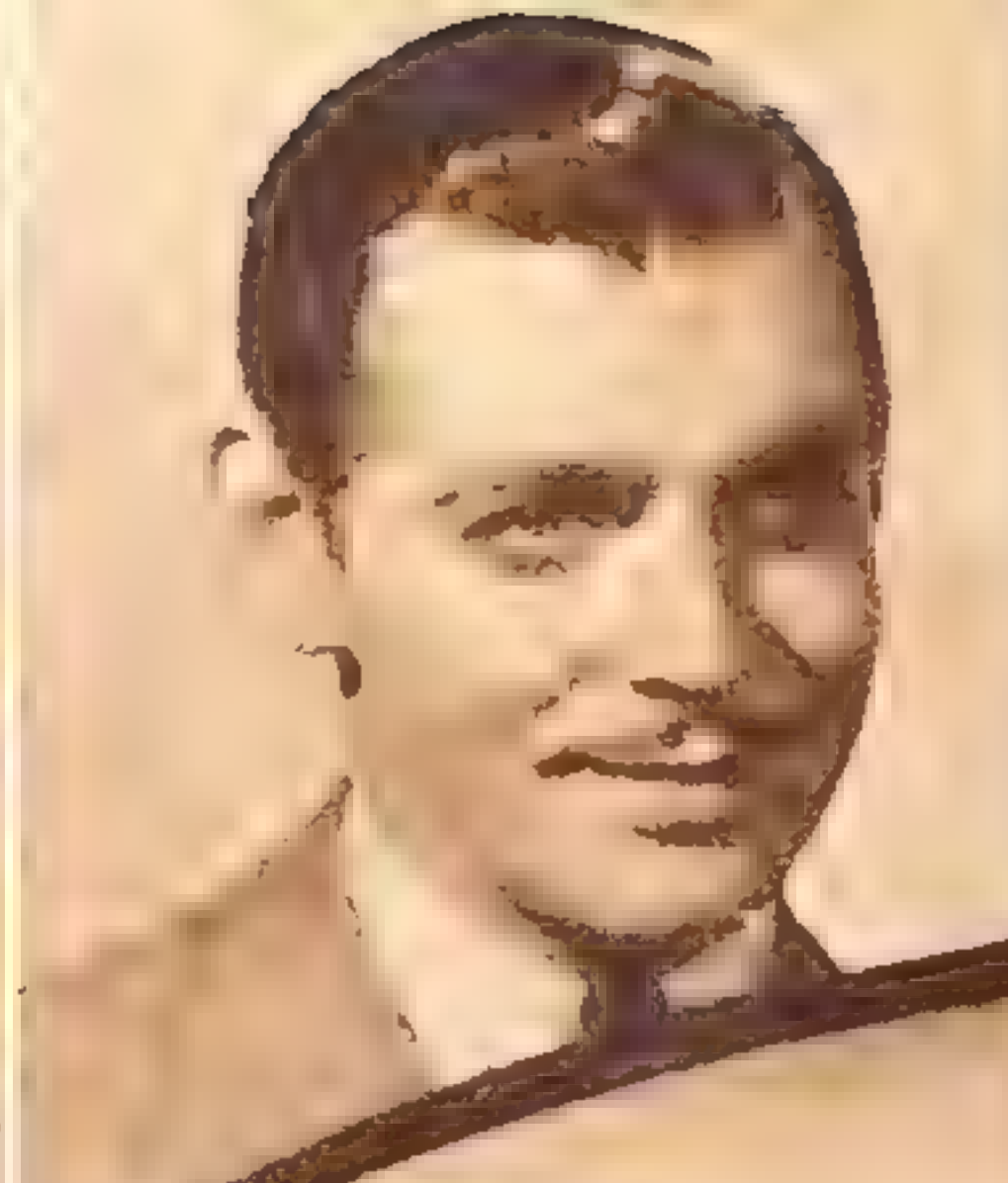




Bing Crosby



Grace Moore



Clark Gable



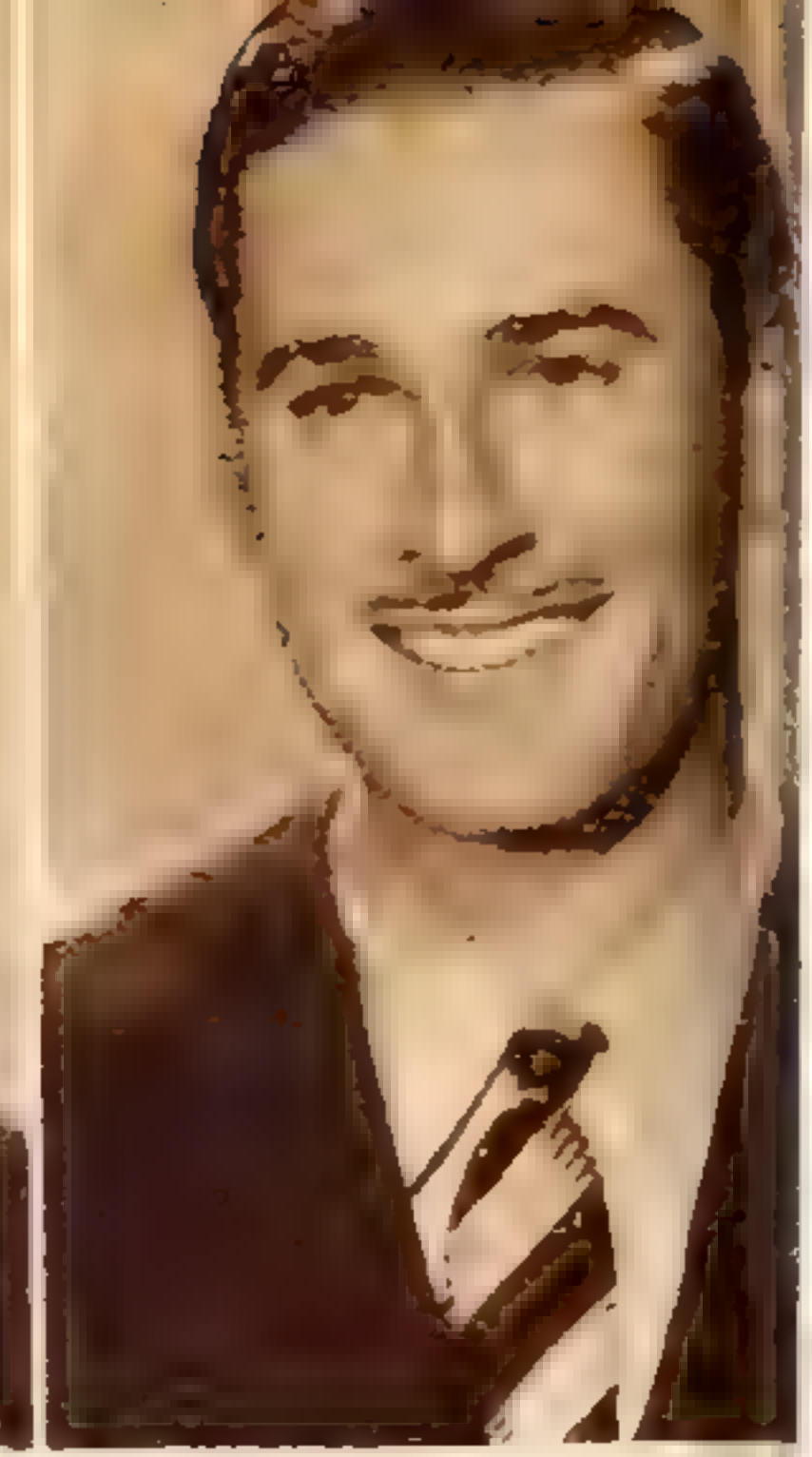
Tyrone Power



Joan Blondell



Errol Flynn



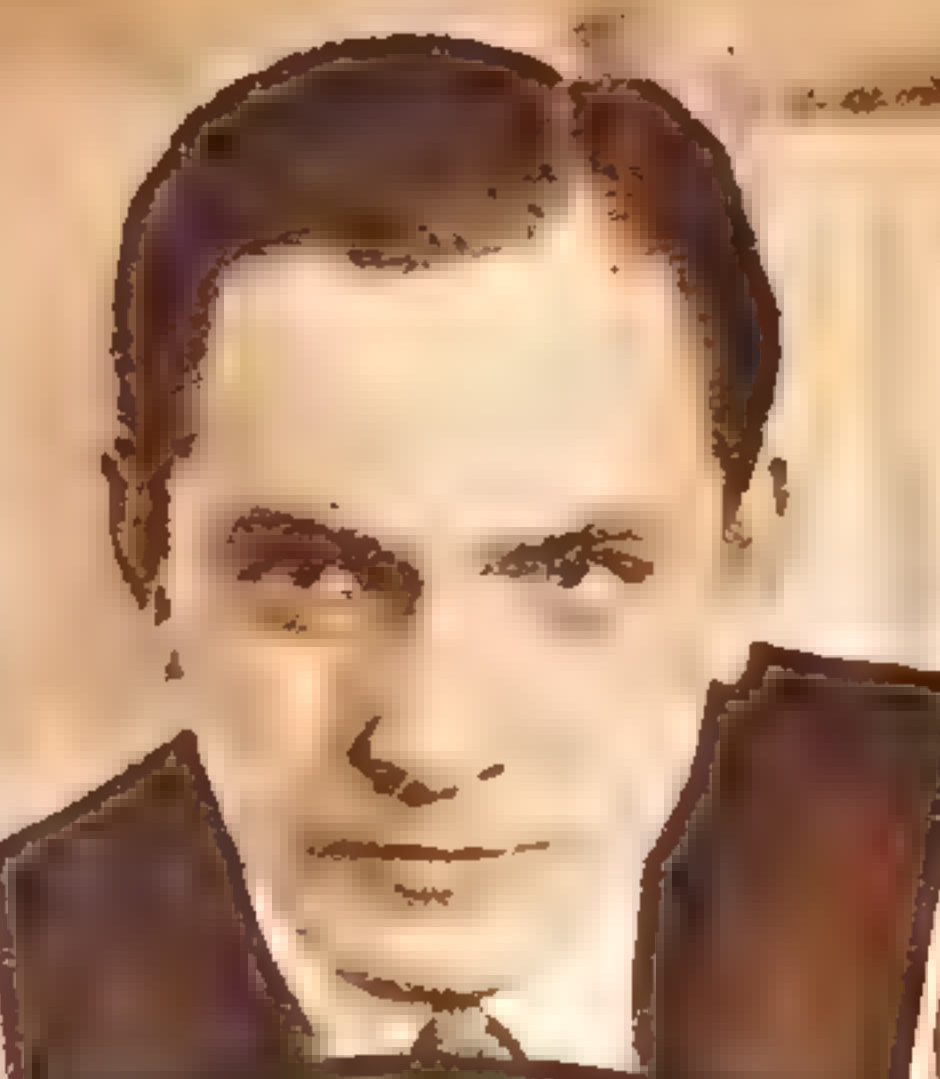
Jeanette MacDonald



Fred MacMurray



Claudette Colbert



Fredric March



Don Ameche



Luise Rainer



Fred Astaire



Help Award The 1937  
SILVER SCREEN  
GOLD MEDAL  
To The  
Most Popular Player.  
Vote For Your  
Favorite Star.



Shirley Temple



Gary Cooper



Loretta Young

You May Vote For Any Player You Prefer, Whether His Name Appears On This Page Or Not. Every Player On The Screen Is Eligible To Win This Beautiful Trophy. Fill Out The Coupon With The Name Of The Performer Who Is Your Favorite.

Use This Ballot. The Star Receiving The Most Votes Will Be Awarded The Medal.

Mail this ballot before Sept. 13, 1937.  
SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL CONTEST, 1937

I vote for.....  
Voter .....  
Address .....  
City..... State.....

Send to Silver Screen Gold Medal Editor, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.



Dick Powell



Janet Gaynor

PREVIOUS WINNERS  
OF THE  
SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL

1932—Joan Crawford  
1933—Joan Crawford  
1934—Clark Gable  
1935—Shirley Temple  
1936—Robert Taylor



Robert Taylor, the winner of the Gold Medal last year.

WHICH player is "The Most Popular?" Help to determine which star shall receive the Silver Screen Gold Medal for 1937. Fill in the ballot and mail it to us without delay. By voting yourself, and securing votes from your friends, you can in some measure repay your favorite player for the pleasure you have received from his or her performances, and you may be very sure the star who wins will be very proud and happy to receive this absolutely impartial proof of his or her popularity. Send in your ballots before midnight, September 13, 1937. In the event of a tie, medals of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.



# The Girl Who Loves Practical Jokes. She's Been Kidded By Experts.

CAROLE LOMBARD will never forget her first picture.  
Nor can Hollywood!

For the Lombard that the film colony knows and thrills to, the Lombard who shocks hardened Hollywood so deliciously and makes 'em love it, is a product of her introduction to motion pictures and motion picture people . . . just as surely as she is the fashion designer's delight and the despair of the studio publicists.

It happened a long time ago—about 1925—this film in which she made her debut as leading lady and which was to have such far-reaching consequences. Buck Jones, the western star, saw her one day as she crossed the Fox studio lot with a friend and immediately decided he wanted her for his next leading lady.

At that time she wasn't the same glamorous creature she is today. Pretty, yes, and unusually attractive. But her hair wasn't the spun-gold by which her fans know her now, and she was decidedly roly-poly in appearance. Not *too* much so, you understand, but the Carole Lombard of the present is a far cry from that rosy-cheeked Carol—she since has added the "e" to her name—who accompanied Buck and his company to the wilds of Arizona on location.

The moment the company reached camp over there in Arizona, Carole became the butt of every joke ever played upon a greenhorn. Buck and W. S. Van Dyke, the director, and all the other members of the troupe—according to the custom in western units with new leading ladies—went out of their way to "kid" and plague the bright-eyed Carole.

First, came the "chapping," a pleasant little institution of the range that consists in placing the subject forcibly over a barrel and then, with a pair of chaps—the leather trousers cowboys pull on over their pants to protect them from the elements and cactus and tearing brush, in the event you don't know—spanking him repeatedly, to the huge enjoyment of all the onlookers.

While Buck—the brute—swung the chaps, the others of the company formed a circle around the pair and cheered to the tune of Carole's maddened cries. Outside the confines of the camp, a traveler approaching would have sworn murder was being committed . . . and the possibility exists that the shrieks that emanated from the Lombard might have been responsible for the strange absence thereafter of coyote howls at night. At any rate, Carole made herself heard all over the wild Arizona range, and the instant she was released lit into Buck tooth and nail, causing that worthy to turn tail and hike for the horse corral. He reached the safety of the horse remuda only a fraction of a second ahead of the infuriated Carole, and there remained until his leading lady's wrath was somewhat spent.



(Left) Buck Jones, who introduced Carole to Hollywood humor.

The following day Carole again was "framed." While she and Buck and Van Dyke—the Van Dyke later to direct such successes as "Trader Horn" and "The Thin Man"—sat chatting, four cowboys roped and started to saddle one of the horses.

But it required the assistance of others to saddle this particular animal. He pitched and bucked and struck at his tormentors until the scene resembled a wild melee. Finally, however, the boys succeeded in saddling him . . . and their quarry stood, kicking and snorting.

To Carole, the scene represented a touch of the Old West. She watched the antics of horse and men with eager interest. But she was unprepared for what was to happen.

Immediately the horse was saddled, Buck and Van Dyke led her over to the broncho. Then, as she realized what they were about to do and struggled to free herself, they seized and tossed her up on the saddle and tied her flying feet under the horse's belly. To Carole's shrieks were added their own and the grinning cowboys' yips and whoops.

With potential death staring her in the face—her imaginative mind had been plied with tall tales of bucking horses and the lives they had cost!—Carole gripped the reins that had been thrust into her hands and fearfully waited for the horse to start his crazy bucking . . . for him to rear up, fall over backward and crush her body like an eggshell.

Instead, the beast walked calmly over to a tuft of green and started to nibble grass!

Carole could not know that the horse was trained to buck only when thumbed on the neck . . . otherwise, a perfectly gentle animal.

Through such "horrific" incidents and pranks as these was Carole introduced to Hollywood and its folk . . . initiated into motion pictures. When she left Hollywood, she scarcely knew the meaning of a practical joke . . . certainly not the hardy ribbing that she encountered daily while with the company. Upon her return, she was past mistress in all forms of the art.

It has been said—and rightly—that Carole Lombard is the most fun-loving person in Hollywood, that her flair for practical jokes is surpassed by none. *That first picture of hers is responsible.* Carole's entire later personality was developed as an aftermath of that location trip with Buck.

Perhaps, if her first picture hadn't been as Buck Jones' leading lady, she might not be the Carole Lombard she is today, that latent personality might never have been developed. Who knows . . . least of all herself.

## HAZING

A Short Short Story Of The Initiation  
Of Carole Lombard

By  
Whitney Williams



The Skilful Players Who Give Their  
Lives To Comedy Are Welcomed  
On Every Screen And Their Talented  
Performances Are Well Rewarded.  
Theirs Is The Last Laugh.

THE comedian is being spotlighted in motion pictures today as never before. The whole world, in a protest against the worries of modern life, is seeking entertainment that specializes in laughter.

Now, comedy is the most elusive phase of the acting art and, being so valuable, there's strong competition among the screen's funny men as the demand increases for laughs and more laughs.

Just *why* is a comedian? Is he a person who is "naturally" funny? Was he born with the gift of merriment and does it spring forth spontaneously, like his breath? How much does early environment influence the humorous angle in one's viewpoint? Does it thrive best on an easy life, or must it have the stimulus of hard knocks?

Three of our popular players, whose background and environment are widely different, and whose merriment never fails to click, answer some of these questions. The solemn man-about-town, Charles Butterworth, painstakingly nurtured his subtle humor throughout many pleasant years before it blossomed into the inimitable comedy of today. The dapper English comic, Eric Blore, slyly admits it was a ludicrous incident that prompted him to make himself over into a comedian. Bob Burns' sheer joy in living surmounted early hardships in his native Arkansas hills and taught him how fine a line lies between pathos and laughter, and so, developed a heart-warming humor that is carrying him to the top.

Mr. Butterworth greeted my questions in his typically vague and baffled manner, then gravely explained, "Becoming a comedian was the fulfilment of a life-long secret desire. Always shy and diffident, I used to yearn to be amusing—you know, spring clever remarks and bright quips and so make people laugh. I'm naturally very observant and I began noting the amusing characteristics of my home folks, those idiosyncrasies that make certain people stand out. I learned to imitate their walk, the way they talked, the funny expressions they put on their faces, and from this wealth of material I created a composite humorous character of my own. Most of the things I do are suggested by incidents I have stored in my memory and I merely mold and adapt them for my present need."

Born in South Bend, Indiana, where his father was a prominent physician, Charlie early decided to become a lawyer, and entered Notre Dame University, eventually becoming known as one of its leading non-football graduates. He insists this is a libel and completely obscures the fact that he was once injured during an exciting Army-Notre Dame game—when he fell off the bench!

No sooner had he the right to practice law than he felt the urge to become a newspaper reporter and his first job was writing obituary notices for the South Bend News-Times. Despite this mournful beginning, Charlie followed the newspaper course through several years, finally landing on the New York Times, where he hobnobbed with the wittiest men of the press. He says if he hadn't become a reporter he probably would never have been an actor, for it was during a show given at the Press Club

that he burst forth in a monologue that struck his listeners so funny that they chorused he should be on the stage. He decided to take their advice, and at last brought his comedy character, now definitely developed, right out into the open to help brighten the world with laughter. He was in half a dozen stage plays, then, in 1933, he was drafted into the whirlpool of movie merriment, being signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and has been appearing in pictures ever since. Dignified, unobtrusive, Butterworth's absurdities are whimsical and unique. He's the quizzical nitwit; the superb sap who blinks vacuously when trying to catch an idea; the melancholy clown who never quite fits into place.

He has a nervous, sensitive temperament and while he moves with a certain deliberateness, he's always at high tension. Following his Packard hour over NBC with Fred Astaire, he paced back and forth in his dressing room like a caged lion. "It's hard to let down," he explained, morosely. "Comedy is a terrific strain. I'm not a spontaneous humorist, I study it all out carefully. Oh yes, trying to be funny is very hard work but I wouldn't have missed its thrills for anything."

Eric Blore became a fun specialist by an entirely different route. He's been a screen favorite ever since he accompanied Fred Astaire from London to Hollywood, with the stage success, "The Gay Divorce," to recreate his amusing waiter part in the film version, following this with many other roles, all played with charm and high humor.

Eric was a solemn little boy, reared in a conservative and intellectual environment—the stage seemed as far removed from his life as the North pole. His father, an honor student in classics at Trinity College, Dublin, and a member of the Board of Education in London, had fond dreams of his son following in his steps. Instead, Eric became interested in amateur theatricals and completely scandalized his father by accepting a chance to tour Australia with G. P. Huntley's company, "The Merry Makers," rather than go to college. After a year of acting there was no other life for him but the stage.

"I had developed a voice," Mr. Blore told me, with his inimitable drollery, "and when I returned I was glad to accept an offer to sing at the Canterbury Music Hall, long known as one of the most difficult houses in London. This turned into a calamity for I was programmed to follow Harry Lauder. My first song never rose above the applause for this prince of singers, and when I started my second, determined to sing it with true British courage, a foghorn voice from the gallery shouted, 'Get off the stage!'"

"Amazing, but in that one illuminating moment I suddenly realized the power of comedy; I knew a laugh would have saved my job. So, deliberately, I set out to become a comedian. I thought comedy, I read comedy, I trained myself to see the humorous angle to every situation. It was exhilarating. As my latent humor found release, the world took on a new aspect. I shall always be grateful to that unknown gentle-



The lanky com  
Bob Burns (above  
brings to the scre  
the kind of come  
that is now  
vogue. He has  
trick hat nor fu  
ny whiskers. (Lef  
Charles Butte  
worth; also,  
scene from "Swi  
High, Swing Lov  
with Charles Jud  
and Jean Dix  
and the worri  
comedian betwe  
them.



man with the foghorn voice, in the Canterbury balcony, for he started me on a most happy career."

Recently, I watched Eric make an hilarious scene, in which, as Leslie Howard's valet, he was loyally coaching his master in poetic love-making, and I believe he has found his best opportunity in this new Warner Brothers film, "It's Love I'm After." He's now making a picture at the RKO studio, playing the harassed manager of a touring orchestra in "Three on a Latchkey," which, also, promises excellent scope for his talents.

The art of nonsense is built on the absurdities, whims and vanities of humanity and Blore emphasizes these qualities in creating his comic characters, adding an engaging warmth that endears them to his audiences.

Out of the lush hills of Arkansas comes a man with a friendly grin, an ingratiating drawl, and a humor that is homely, richly human and wholly original. His name is Bob Burns.

He has a couple of pieces of gas pipe to one of which is attached a small whiskey funnel and it is supposed to be a musical instrument. He calls it a bazooka. With a flair for story telling, a talent for natural acting, plus an ability to coax weird wails from the bazooka, Burns has made a sensational screen success

In Leslie Howard's new picture, "It's Love I'm After," the comedian undertakes to coach his master in poetic love-making. (Below) Eric Blore.

"You see, I started out kinda young with my bazooka to get somewhere and there were times when the goin' was mighty tough, and that's when I learned to laugh instead of getting tragic. If you laugh hard enough most troubles will vanish. I was raised among the Arkansas hill billies and they are pretty philosophical. No matter how hard life comes they always have an answer. They don't anticipate, either, they wait and meet problems when they come. I learned to do that, too.

"I remember once we were warned a flood was comin' and my father went up and down country telling folks to move out, but they said they'd get out when the flood came. Well, it came, and one morning standing on the river bank we saw a fella come floating by clinging to his house top and with cattle and hogs floundering all about him. My father hollered at him, 'I told you to move.' And the man yelled back, 'Well, I'm movin' now, ain't I?'

"Guess my 'career' began when I learned to twang a guitar while my brother fumbled with the mandolin. We'd play 'Over the Waves Waltz,' all day and all night and serenade everybody we knew. Then my uncle, Collis Needham, taught us to sing 'She Lives on the Same Street with Me,' and we stood up on the bandstand in the courthouse yard one Sunday evening and sang it before fifteen hundred people. I'll never forget it.

"My bazooka was an accident. I once happened to blow through a piece of gas pipe and caught a bass note. That gave me an idea, and oh well, I just fooled around until I made a funny contraption that gave a lot of notes. I was mighty proud of it but even then I didn't dream that someday General Pershing and the King of Spain would git blue in the face trying to blow that same instrument, or that it would land me in pictures with a fine dressing room at the Paramount studio, right between Bing Crosby and Carole Lombard.

"Before the screen invited me to join up with it, I was in vaudeville 'most all over the world. I was on the radio hither and thither, too. That happened

after I had a chance to go to New York on the Rudy Vallee program, for, if you've got anything, Rudy'll let you do it. He gave me six minutes for my act and I talked thirteen. So they kept me all summer, switching between the Vallee and Paul Whiteman programs, trying to talk me out. Then I was signed for Bing Crosby's radio program out here in Hollywood, and bless you, if they didn't [Cont. on page 85]



in four pictures. However, he traveled a long, hard road before he arrived but you'll never hear a lament out of him.

When I asked him why he was a comedian, he grinned broadly, then drawled, "Life is too durned serious to be taken seriously. Did you ever think what would happen if nobody laughed? Shucks, we'd all be in the insane asylum.

"They say it's a whole lot harder to make people laugh than it is to make 'em cry. I'm not knowing. I never tried to make anyone cry. As for being funny, well, I don't know how come except I like people, I've known a good many, and it's fun to talk about them. Maybe that spells comedy.



# FOR LAUGHING PURPOSES

By  
Maude  
Cheatham



Down The Mountainside On His  
Winged Skis Came A Royal Prince  
Who Searched For Love—And Lili.

By Jack Bechdolt

The strategic ambassadors saw the happiness of Lili (Sonja Henie), but Uncle Dornik (Raymond Walburn) hinted that there had been a lovers' quarrel.



# PEAKS OF HAPPINESS

IT WAS *not* snowing in St. Christophe.

That simple statement sums up a wealth of Alpine tragedy that could not be told in volumes. Imagine Hollywood without the movies, Florida without a grapefruit, New England without a fried clam! Imagine any catastrophe you like and throw in a pack of St. Bernards for good measure and still you will have only the foggiest idea of the pall of gloom which had descended upon St. Christophe, (Altitude 2100 Meters).

The Grand Hotel Imperial was empty and its vast corridors and mammoth modernistic lobby echoed only the despairing footfalls of its harassed manager, Herr Krantz. The Paris-Constantinople Express had just passed through and not one tourist alighted. Why? No snow!

It was snowing at St. Gothard. St. Moritz had six feet. St. Felipe was snowed in. And St. Christophe stewed under a tropic sun and faced utter ruin!

No snow, no tourists. No tourists, no business! Eight words and they spelled the doom of St. Christophe.

In the cowshed behind her humble cottage, Lili Heiser milked a Swiss cow to the tinkling strains of a Swiss music box operated by her Swiss boy friend Alex. Lili was the skating instructor at the Grand Hotel Imperial and she had nothing better to do than Bordenize the cow.

She was lovely as the Edelweiss, this Lili Heiser. Her eyes were the vivid blue of a mountain lake—merry, shining eyes set in cheeks that blushed the delicate pink of Alpine sunrise. She was dimpled and delicately curved like the contours of the snow clad mountainsides—when there was snow. And the adoring Alex, who contented the cow with music while she milked, found her heart as unmeltable as the core of an Alpine glacier. Lili didn't know it, but she was saving her love for a Prince.

At the Grand Hotel Imperial the telephone rang. An official of the Foreign Office was on the wire, regardless of expense. "I wish to make reservations. Could you possibly manage to let us have eighty one rooms and three suites?"

For a moment there was no answer. Herr Krantz had swooned. Unaware of that, the Foreign Office secretary went on explaining. An international conference was planned. The signatories of

the three power pact wished to move into St. Christophe. Naturally, they must have the very best of everything, regardless of expense.

Herr Krantz revived in time to say he thought the accommodations could be arranged. "Pardon me. What was that? I didn't hear you . . . ?"

Herr Krantz's face turned livid with despair. "Snow? . . . Oh . . . snow!" Herr Krantz plunged. He was gambling his shirt, but a desperate hotel manager must be prepared to gamble his shirt or else go into bankruptcy.

"Of course there's snow in St. Christophe," cried Herr Krantz. "The best snow in the Alps. Yes sir, and excellent skiing . . . Yes . . . yes . . . goodbye!"

There was only one thing left to do, that was for the village to pray. St. Christophe, including everybody from the cradle to dotage went down on its knees and prayed for snow.

And that night, while the church bells pealed joyously, while the delirious villagers laughed and danced and yodeled, snow fell upon St. Christophe and when the Prince came into Lili Heiser's heretofore humble life, he came bringing his skis along.

In the international game that was staged at the Grand Hotel Imperial Prince Rudolph held the balance of power. So long as he could keep two hereditary enemies, represented by a Count and a Baron, fighting with each other the prince served his country well. If once the Count and the Baron got together and ganged up against him, all was lost.

Prince Rudolph, who had a sense of humor and a fondness for skiing saw that the best way he could serve his native land was to keep out of the picture. He arrived at St. Christophe supposedly the victim of a bad cold and retired behind closed doors in his imperial suite at the Grand Hotel Imperial. That left the Count and the Baron to plot against each other.

The second point in Prince Rudolph's program was easily arranged. Disguised by smoked glasses he sneaked away to a humbler lodging, the Village Inn. There, as plain Rudolph Miller, he was free to go out and ski to his heart's content.

Rudolph was enjoying a cup of coffee from his thermos flask when he first met Lili. She had skied down a mountainside and was travelling like a comet—a pink, dimpled, delightful young



When Lili and the prince met, it was not the excitement of skiing which made their pulses race and set their hearts to beating furiously.



Fictionization of "Thin Ice,"  
a Twentieth Century-Fox Production

(Left) Hendricks—the diplomat (Melville Cooper), Adolph—her yokel sweetheart (George Givot) and Lili. Behind her lovely smile the diplomat suspected there hid the secrets of an amazing intrigue. (Above) The equestrian and Strohn (Arthur Treacher) attend Prince Rupert (Tyrone Power).

Swiss comet—when she shot over the top of the snowbank.

Rudolph was just underneath. By ducking his head and crouching he just missed the skis that ripped the calm mountain air as they bore Lili in a terrific leap. By the time she returned to apologize Rudolph was fleeing rapidly and had left his thermos and scarf behind him.

To Lili Heiser, perfectly innocent of Rudolph's royal secret, the young man with smoked glasses seemed the shyest male she had ever encountered. She had to chase him across a panorama of the Swiss Alps before she caught up and returned his belongings. But, once captured,

Rudolph Miller seemed a nice young man!

As for Rudolph himself, the damage was done at first sight. Rudolph had never seen anything like Lili at court, or anywhere else. She was cute and she was sweet and innocent, just the kind of girl he liked best. When he told her he was a newspaper reporter assigned to cover the conference she took his word for it without hesitation and confided her life ambition to him.

"I don't want to be a skating teacher all my life," she began shyly. And then, because her ambitions seemed presumptuous she grew embarrassed. "Oh, I can't tell you! You'll laugh!"

"I promise not to. Tell me, please!"

"Well, one day when I was a little girl, my mother took me to see a great ballet. It was so beautiful—they did the Swan. You see that lake over there . . ."

He followed her pointing finger and nodded.

"Ever since then," she whispered shyly, "I've wanted to do the same thing—on ice!"

As she told him her ambitions, growing in confidence because this kind stranger did not laugh at her, both of them shared the vision: Lili leading the Swan ballet on the smooth ice of the mountain lake, the poetry of motion and loveliness that perfect skating can achieve.

"I'm sure one day your dream will come true," he assured her when she had told him.

Her smile was wistful, "I wonder!" She started to leave him.

"Goodbye . . ."

"But can't I see you again?"

Lili looked at him, thoughtfully. A deeper pink colored her cheeks. Her voice was soft. "I go skiing every morning . . ." she began, then, frightened at her boldness, dashed away.

Emboldened by Rudolph's encouragement, Lili mentioned her ambition to skate the Swan ballet to Herr Krantz when she

reached the hotel. Herr Krantz snorted. He let Lili understand that she was hired as a skating instructor, nothing more. Herr Krantz had no use for amateurs.

But Fate had marked Lili Heiser and humble Alex, the Swiss boy friend, was the unconscious instrument of Fate.

Alex discovered his own cousin Herman had a job as Prince Rudolph's chauffeur. After they had had a few beers together Cousin Herman agreed to let Alex take his sweetheart riding in the prince's car. But of course they must go late at night when Herman would not be found out.

In the small hours of the morning a worthy village matron heard a motor car and peeped from her window. It was the prince's car with a royal crest big as a cabbage emblazoned on its doors. And it stopped in front of Lili Heiser's humble cottage!

The prince's chauffeur got down. He held the door and handed out a lady.

"Why, it's Lili Heiser!" cried the woman.

"And look," said her husband, "She's talking to someone inside!"

"The Prince, of course." The good woman looked shocked. "Who would have thought—" she began in the virtuous and pleasantly scandalized state good women experience when they scent intrigue.

It was undoubtedly Lili who turned to say goodnight and blow kisses to the passenger inside the Prince's car. The gossips didn't know she was blowing kisses to Alex. They would have missed a lot of excitement if they had.

Inside of fifteen minutes the whole village was sure that Lili had been out with the Prince until all hours. Before morning everybody in the Grand Hotel Imperial knew it, including the Count and the Baron and the horde of newspaper men who attended the conference.

Prince Rudolph was carrying on an affair with Lili Heiser, the little skating teacher!

Before the sun again kissed the snow clad splendor of St. Christophe the news echoed around the world. And those two wily old diplomats, the Count and the Baron, began to scheme how to turn this state of affairs to some use.

The Count saw at once that the thing to do was to get on the good side of Prince Rudolph's new lady. At precisely the same moment the bright idea occurred to his rival, the Baron. And not more than sixty seconds later—for a hotel manager is almost, if not quite as smart as a diplomat—Herr Krantz discovered that Lili Heiser was a girl to be cultivated. St. Christophe had suddenly become the scene of a royal romance that was worth a fortune to the Hotel Grand Imperial.

Up to this point in his career, Lili's Uncle Dornik had barely picked up a living selling picture postcards on the station platform, and brushing off the dusty clothes of newly alighted tourists. But Lili's Uncle Dornik was almost as smart as Herr Krantz. He, too, discovered in record time that pretty little Lili, who didn't even know what it was all about, was a gold mine if properly managed. Uncle Dornik undertook to be her manager.



The first thing he did was to demand an elaborate suite for Lili, close to the royal suite at the Hotel Grand Imperial. There he established his startled niece. Uncle Dornik received the gentlemen of the press, who came flocking, and spun out a fine yarn about the romance between Lili and the Prince. When the Count and the Baron called, bringing impressive gifts, Uncle Dornik received the gifts and kept the two eager diplomats competing with each other for the favor of Lili's confidence. For, through Lili, both the Count and the Baron hoped to influence His Royal Highness.

The next night all St. Christophe flocked to the Hotel Grand Imperial to see Lili skate. Herr Krantz was delighted to have her give exhibitions. He had forgotten all that he said about not being bothered by amateurs. He begged her to skate!

And Lili, still innocent of the cause of it all, thought that it was because of her talents that the world had turned upside down.

It was the charming stranger, Rudolph Miller, who opened Lili's eyes to the truth. Lili still went out for her early morning run on skis and Rudolph met her on the mountainside.

"Everybody thinks that you and the Prince are—shall we say—very good friends," Rudolph explained.

"Why that's ridiculous," Lili cried, still failing to grasp the full significance of it. "I don't even know what he looks like."

"So I gather," said Rudolph. He smiled with relief as he agreed with her. For a little while Rudolph had been tortured by the suspicion that little Lili wasn't as innocent as she looked; that, perhaps, she had been trying to cash in on her acquaintance with royalty.

But by now Lili was in a royal rage that outdid any rage Rudolph had ever indulged in.

"I'll put an end to this right now," she vowed and started off for St. Christophe in a whirl of sparkling snow dust.

Rudolph smiled after her flying figure and then he sighed. He had met her at last, the one woman he would love for a

Lili gives her skating dance and the diplomats see in her a woman of mystery.



lifetime! She was a peasant girl—and she hadn't guessed he was a prince! So long as she thought him plain Rudolph Miller, a newspaper man, he might win her love. But when she knew that he was His Royal Highness, Prince Rudolph what would she do!

Lili stormed into the Hotel Grand Imperial and told the gentlemen of the press and everybody who would listen that the story about herself and the prince was a lie. And all the gentlemen of the press and the diplomats smiled and said, "Ah . . . the soul of discretion! Or a lovers' quarrel, no doubt! Tut, tut!" The newspapers around the world echoed their views and Lili Heiser was more sought after than ever.

Crafty old Uncle Dornik and Herr Krantz, just to make doubly sure, dressed Uncle Dornik as the Prince and arranged that all the hotel gossips should see him leaving Lili's apartment swathed in a bathrobe late at night. After that there were just two people in the world who knew there was no truth in the story and those two were the ones most concerned.

Lili knew now that it was Rudolph Miller the newspaper man that she loved. And Rudolph knew that the woman he loved was not the intriguing Lili Heiser that the world was talking about, but a darling, innocent peasant girl who had no idea that he was a prince.

Far up on the mountainside, isolated in a cold, frozen fairyland of their own, the two sweethearts clung to each other while Rudolph whispered, "Lili, let's get married."

"Oh Rudy, I want to, but how can I?" "Why can't you?"

"I'm all mixed up in this terrible mess at the hotel."

"That," said Rudy firmly, "is exactly the reason why we're going to get married at once. Come on!"

And so they would have been married and lived happily ever after, but for the Prime Minister. A Prime Minister is a prince's boss and Rudolph's prime minister had risen from a sick bed after he read the latest reports from St. Christophe. He caught Rudy just in time to lock him up in the royal suite at the Hotel Grand Imperial while Lili waited in vain for the bridegroom.

It looked as if romance had gone out like a light, with Prince Rudolph raging behind locked doors and poor Lili searching in vain for Rudolph Miller, the newspaper man. But when even love fails to

find a way, international diplomats like the Count and the Baron can be of help.

Convinced at last that the romance of prince and peasant girl was a hoax, the Count and the Baron had joined forces. Together they informed Rudolph's prime minister that he must sign the three power treaty according to the terms they dictated.

There was only one way out of the dilemma. Rudolph pointed it out to the Prime Minister. "All we have to do to settle them is prove that the story is true," he smiled. "I'm afraid you'll have to let me marry the girl."

The Prime Minister rose and bowed with more real respect for royal brains than he had felt for years. "Your Highness," he quavered, "you have saved your country!"

So the justly famed church bells of St. Christophe rang again, not this time in celebration of the first snowfall. The Alpine peaks echoed their happy clangor while the happy peasantry, led by Herr Krantz and Uncle Dornik yodeled the most cheerful tune ever written for lovers like Lili and the Prince—the wedding march.

## COMING FEATURES

*THE movie critic of the N. Y. Herald Tribune finds a great deal to like in Hollywood as well as other things which are not so pleasing. Read Howard Barnes' article and enjoy an intelligent man's estimate of Hollywood. No flossie bouquets—just a good job of reporting.*

*The "Projection" story in the October SILVER SCREEN reveals the interesting life of Jeanette MacDonald.*

*Janet Graves, you will remember that she wrote "What! No More Clinches," gets all excited over the way the women do not get equal opportunities. In "It's A Man's World" she vigorously demands a new deal for the gals of the cinema.*

*The stars certainly do branch out into side lines you never would imagine! It's all explained in the next issue by Gordon R. Silver.*

*The October SILVER SCREEN will be on the newsstands Sept. 14.*

Fictionization of "Thin Ice." Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox and Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Screen Play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling. From the story by Attila Orbok.

### THE CAST

Lili Heimer	.....	Sonja Henie
Prince Rupert	.....	Tyrone Power
Strohn	.....	Arthur Treacher
Uncle Dornik	.....	Raymond Walburn
Orchestra Leader	.....	Joan Davis
Prime Minister	.....	Sig Rumann
Baron	.....	Alan Hale
Singer	.....	Leah Ray
Hendricks	.....	Melville Cooper
Count	.....	Maurice Cass
Adolph	.....	George Givot
Minister	.....	Christian Rub
Minister's Wife	.....	Eleanor Wesselhoeft
Martha	.....	Greta Meyer
Janitor	.....	Egon Brecher
Head Porter	.....	Georges Renavent
Chauffeurs	.....	{Torben Meyer Leonard Mudie



# REVIEWS OF PICTURES

## THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA

AN IMPRESSIVE BIOGRAPHICAL FILM—IVB

NEVER since I have been in Hollywood have I seen such respect and admiration shown an actor by an audience as was shown to Paul Muni after the preview of "The Life of Emile Zola." As Muni left the theatre the audience formed two lines across the lobby, and as he passed through they shouted "bravo" and broke into enthusiastic applause. This has never been done before, and it just gives you an idea of the magnificence of the Muni performance.

As Emile Zola, the arch-foe of shams and hypocrisies, Muni surpasses even his notable Louis Pasteur, for which he recently received an Academy Award. Yes, it's that good, and if you are an adult and can appreciate acting, you shouldn't miss it.

The story opens in the winter of 1862 with Zola, a struggling young writer, living in poverty in a Paris garret with Paul Cezanne, the French painter, and then proceeds to tell of Zola's meeting with Nana, woman of the streets, whose life he writes into a sensational novel which quickly catapults him into fame and fortune. He is ready to rest on his laurels. Then in 1895 comes the scandalous railroading of Alfred Dreyfus to Devil's Island to save the honor of the French general staff—and Zola once more takes up his pen for truth and justice and becomes the center of the activity in the famous Dreyfus case.

The picture is brilliant and impressively directed and produced, and the highest praise should be given every member of the truly perfect cast. Especially to Joseph Schildkraut as the ill-fated Dreyfus, Gale Sondergaard as Lucie Dreyfus, Gloria Holden as Madame Zola, Erin O'Brien Moore as Nana, Vladimir Sokoloff as Cezanne, Donald Crisp as Labori and Morris Carnovsky as Anatole France. Every adult should see it.

## THE TOAST OF NEW YORK

A FASCINATING TRUE STORY OF A FINANCIAL WIZARD—RKO

LAVISHLY and ambitiously produced, Edward Arnold's new



In "They Won't Forget," Claude Rains plays with dramatic fire the villainous part of the unscrupulous district attorney.

picture is a rare treat for those who dote on that colorful period in American history when poor boys became millionaires and shot the works. It doesn't happen now, not even in Hollywood. Popular Mr. Arnold plays Jim Fisk, the peddler who became a Wall Street magnate, and gives one of his finest performances, though it is more than faintly reminiscent of "Diamond

Jim Brady."

Opening in Civil War times the story tells how crafty Fisk got his start profiteering in cotton, and then how he moved on to Wall Street where, after a bit of fenagling, he acquired the barge lines of Daniel Drew and the Erie Railroad. Then, drunk with power, he endeavored to corner the gold market, which precipitated one of Wall Street's worst panics.

Naturally some license has been taken with the characters of Jim Fisk, Daniel Drew and Cornelius Vanderbilt, but for the most part the facts in the case are true. Donald Meek is excellent as Daniel Drew and so is Clarence Kolb as Cornelius Vanderbilt, the lord of Wall Street.

Frances Farmer plays Josie Mansfield, an actress befriended by Fisk (playboys always went for actresses in those days, remember Diamond Jim and Lilian Russell?), and Cary Grant plays Nick Boyd, Fisk's friend and partner who tries to warn him of the folly of too much power and wealth. Jack Oakie is another partner, and Jack of course provides the laughs. It's an extraordinarily interesting picture for adults.

## THEY WON'T FORGET

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AGAIN CREATES A TRAGIC SITUATION—IVB

THIS picture is remarkable for its vigor and intensity. The theme is so provocative that it gives one a new realization of the power of the screen, a power that must be preserved and used to better the conditions under which we live. It is a call to all citizens to feel the mortification of dishonor and to wake up and help the cause of justice.

The story is from the book, "Death in the Deep South," by Ward Greene.

However, you will follow the action with your whole attention. When the corrupt politician uses a man's life to advance his own game, he loses our sympathy.

The picture is an arraignment of corrupt officials and it may start many a reform movement.

Mervyn LeRoy directed the film. Gloria Dickson and Edward Norris are good, but Claude Rains is the



Hugh Herbert and Alan Mowbray are discussing one of the fine points in "Marry the Girl."



dominating force that gives the picture power.

It is a social document that should help to bring law to the jungle of corrupt politics.

## TOPPER

AN HILARIOUS GHOST STORY—Roach-MGM

IF YOU are acquainted with the late Thorne Smith's novel by the same name you will know just what to expect in "Topper"—but if you don't know it you are in for a great surprise. Imagine Connie Bennett and Cary Grant playing a couple of madcap ghosts and having the time of their lives!

It seems that they were one of those frightfully rich Park Avenue couples who did nothing but drink and laugh and go from one party to another. They were killed in an automobile accident, but it didn't seem to upset them at all for as ghosts they could be even gayer than ever and consume just as much champagne. However, they decide that their only chance of salvation is to perform a good deed, and they choose Topper for their good deed.

Topper is a little henpecked husband who can't even call his mind his own, and as played by Roland Young he is simply superb. The ghosts adopt him and teach him how to laugh and sing and get the most out of life, and Topper goes on quite a bender before the merry ghosts return him to his shrew of a wife.

Naturally, with a couple of ghosts in a picture anything can happen, and there are a number of crazy situations that will have you in stitches. Billie Burke plays the wife, Eugene Pallette a disgruntled house detective, Arthur Lake a fresh elevator boy, and Alan Mowbray is simply priceless as a butler.

## WEE WILLIE WINKIE

SHIRLEY TEMPLE JOINS THE ENGLISH ARMY IN INDIA—20th Century-Fox

RUDYARD KIPLING'S original story of "Wee Willie Winkie" has now been given a re-write by Hollywood and steps forth as the latest starring vehicle of Miss Shirley Temple, still Public Favorite Number 1.

Shirley plays a little American girl, who, with her mother (June Lang), journeys into the heart of India to join the child's English grandfather (C. Aubrey

Smith) who commands a frontier army post.

The child quickly makes a pal of the gruff sergeant (Victor McLaglen) and proceeds to win the heart of every man at the post. She performs a kindness to a native chieftain (Caesar Romero) and with this as a starter eventually brings about the friendship of the English and the natives.

There are many impressive military manoeuvres, and all in all it is the most superb production that Shirley has been given. The film is in sepia print, with blue shades for night scenes, and this adds much beauty and effectiveness to the settings. Shirley, who is getting to be a big girl now, parts with a lot of her cute baby mannerisms and gives a straight performance. Temple fans will be crazier about her than ever.

## BETWEEN TWO WOMEN

BEHIND THE SCENES IN A DOCTOR'S LIFE—M-G-M

THIS belongs in the current cycle of doctor films, though thanks to the excellent acting and noteworthy devotion it is far better than most of them. Everything happens in a "general hospital" and of course the old "Grand Hotel" treatment is used once more to splendid advantage.

Attention centers on the case of Doctor Franchot Tone who is really in love with Nurse Maureen O'Sullivan, but she has a husband, so he finally marries a rich patient, the beautiful and glamorous Virginia Bruce. With her society friends and selfish demands she practically ruins his career,

but there's a train wreck just in time, and a very happy ending.

You won't be bored, and you won't be exalted. The "new face" in this picture is that of Leonard Penn, who plays the handsome young heavy and in real life is the husband of Miss Gladys George.

## EASY LIVING

A GRAND COMEDY—DON'T MISS IT—Par.

EVERY star wants a madcap comedy this year, and the screwier they come the better they like them. And so now husky-voiced Jean Arthur, dignified Edward Arnold, and suave Ray Milland have their merry fling in one that stacks up favorably with "My Man Godfrey" and "Theodora Goes Wild."

The fun starts when millionaire banker Mr. Arnold tosses his wife's \$58,000 sable coat out of the window in a fit of anger. It lands on Jean Arthur, poor working girl, riding atop a Fifth Avenue bus. Jean thinks the coat is imitation skunk or something and when he insists that she keep it, she does. Then the gossip starts.

The next thing Jean knows she is installed in the imperial suite of the Hotel Louis, all because Louis Albern the owner, believes that the banker is "that way" about Jean and that she will bring prestige to his bankrupt hostelry.

She brings plenty of prestige, and also Ray Milland, the banker's son, whom she met in a brawl in the automat. She and Ray fall in love, of course, but gossip persists in connecting her name with Mr. Arnold's and one hysterical scene follows another, climaxing in a stock market crash which Jean innocently causes. There's an automat scene in this one that's tops in screwball comedy. That alone is worth the

[Continued on page 63]



June Lang and Michael Whalen in Shirley Temple's picture taken from Kipling's immortal story, "Wee Willie Winkie."



"Topper," a comedy that has a brilliant cast. Cary Grant, Constance Bennett and Roland Young take a fling at the ridiculous.



*Mrs. Barclay Warburton Jr.  
Plays an exciting game  
of tennis—*



**TENNIS**—Mrs. Warburton plays a man's game of tennis—hard-driving, strategic. Her appearance draws a gallery, whether she is playing at Palm Beach or in Southampton. As for smoking, "All I want to smoke," says Mrs. Warburton, "is Camels. Camels are so mild, they never get on my nerves!"



**WHAT TO WEAR**—Mrs. Warburton (foreground above) looks charmingly cool in white shark-skin, after a hard game of tennis. The pleated shorts, knee-top length—the new longer type—are preferred by this unerring stylist. "It's like a woman to enjoy costlier things. So, naturally, I smoke costlier tobaccos," says Mrs. Warburton. "Smoking Camels perks up my energy...gives me the grandest lift!"



**TEA**—Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr. entertains frequently at "Sandblown," her Southampton place, and at "Saracen Farm," the family estate near Philadelphia. "An appetizing dish," she remarks, "has a fuller flavor when a Camel keeps it company. There's no denying—smoking Camels at mealtime helps digestion!" As you smoke Camels, the flow of digestive fluids is increased. *Alkaline* digestive fluids that mean so much to mealtime enjoyment!

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ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia* • MRS. OGDEN HAMMOND, JR.,  
*New York* • MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York* • MRS. NICHOLAS G.  
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BE SMART—USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



## Reviews Of Pictures

[Continued from page 60]

price of admission. For bigger and better laughs try this.

### THE ROAD BACK

A SEQUEL TO "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"—U

THIS might have been the most important picture of the year but it didn't come off. Chiefly because someone at the studio suddenly became frightened at the word "art" and shot into this exquisite and highly dramatic story of youth in post-war Germany some of the silliest slap-stick comedy you ever saw. Comedians Slim Summerville and Louise Fazenda do all their low comedy tricks, with the exception of throwing pies, and deprived of pies they throw sausages.

The picture is taken from Erich Remarque's book of the same title and tells the story of a group of soldiers in Germany who return to their homes after the signing of the peace treaty. They have changed, and their friends and sweethearts have changed, but most of all, Germany has changed, and the picture, like the book, treats of their efforts to adjust themselves to new conditions.

There are many excellent dramatic episodes, and too much praise cannot be given to the grim photography, and to the emotional acting of Richard Cromwell, John King and Maurice Murphy, the three disillusioned boys who return home from the trenches. But "The Road Back" is too full of comedy detours.

### MARRY THE GIRL

IF YOU'RE TAKING LIFE TOO SERIOUSLY THIS IS YOUR ANTIDOTE—WB

THIS is a straight farce, pure and simple, and a heck of a lot of fun. Mary Boland and Hugh Herbert are a brother and sister who run a newspaper syndicate and their job is to keep the crew of nuts, who supply their features, on the payroll. Half of the picture takes place in an insane asylum and the other half in a newspaper office and it is difficult to tell where one stops and the other begins, so you sort of get the idea.

Frank McHugh plays the manager of the syndicate and is secretly in love with Carol Hughes, the only straight role in the pic-

ture. Mischa Auer plays a crazy Russian artist who is out to marry Carol for her bankroll, but when Carol and Frank finally get together Mischa decides in favor of Miss Boland, and what fun that is. Hugh O'Connell, as a plastered cartoonist, and Alan Mowbray, as a mind specialist, add to the general hilarity.

### KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR

ROMANCE IN RUSSIA DURING THE REVOLUTION—UA

THIS is the picture that Marlene Dietrich made in London. The story is set in Russia during the time that the Empire was overthrown and the aristocrats and the mob were at each other's throats, with the revolutionists always winning.

Dietrich is a countess and Robert Donat an Englishman who is suspected of plotting against the Czar. He is sent to Siberia where he remains until the revolution breaks out. He is given a position with the Reds, although his sympathies, carefully disguised, are for the cultured as against the beasts in command of the Reds.

Marlene's life as Countess Alexandra is trampled upon by the gross leaders of the Bolsheviks. Her character is never brought very close to the audience, but stays with the plot and your anger rises at the thought of her helplessness. One fine bit of direction is the scene where the countess wakes and finds her palace empty—no servants—the fragile grandeur of her bubble existence vanished.

Robert Donat as a Red is ordered to take her away, and at last we have the real photoplay. Donat and Dietrich try to escape by train, but there are no trains. The Reds search the forest for the couple and after the pursuit has died down the fugitives find solace in one another's arms. The White Army temporarily offers a haven, but the Reds overcome them and again the lovers are in flight. A young officer falls in love with Marlene and his performance involves us in the most emotional moments of the picture. The part is brilliantly played by John Clements. Dietrich and Donat, at last, are borne away on a hospital train, leaving turbulent Russia behind. An almost great picture.



## Don't be a Chrysanthemum!

SAYS



*Jane Heath*

No girl can look truly super-smooth and glamorous with brows running rampant or a fringe of short hairs sprouting from her hair line. TWEEZETTE is the little beauty implement for removing face hairs automatically and painlessly, and a cap covers the pluckers so you can carry it in your purse wherever you go! \$1.



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Ray Milland and Jean Arthur, in "Easy Living," are taken by surprise. Flowers and lavish gifts arrive and they are not even married.



# PICTURES ON THE FIRE

[Continued from page 17]

Deanna: "Did you take back that—that thing?" (meaning the purse).

"Listen——" Deanna begins. Since there is no other chair available she shares Mischa's chair and almost pushes him off. "Daddy," she rushes on, speaking to Menjou, "will you and Michael get a hundred musicians—the best ones you know and——"

"I bet," Menjou informs the other players calmly, thinking Deanna has gone off her nut.

Before you get your hopes up too high and think this simple story has no complications, I'd better tell you that Flighty Alice completely forgets her generous offer and traipses off to Europe.

"Boy, howdy," I say to Mischa when the scene is finished, "and also congratulations."

"Sssh," says Mischa, "and cross your fingers."

I used to know Mischa years ago when we'd meet at Neil Hamilton's house and things were pretty tough. He hasn't forgotten.

"The Man Who Cried Wolf" features Tom Brown, Barbara Read and Lewis Stone. Lewis Stone is an actor out to kill Jamison Thomas who stole his wife years before. Stone annoys police with confessions of murders he didn't commit. In reality, he's trying to convince them he's a nut so that when he commits his murder they won't believe him. Barbara is the ingenue in his company and when the juvenile gets scared of Stone's realistic acting and quits, she brings in Tom Brown, the ward of Thomas, to take his place. Tom and his guardian have a violent quarrel one night and as luck would have it that's the very night Stone kills Thomas. Of course, Tom is charged with the murder because there were witnesses to his quarrel with his guardian. In the meantime, Stone has discovered Tom is his own son. Stone's alibi is air-tight and he's horrified at the miscarriage of his plans. As Tom is on his way to the death chair, Stone succeeds in convincing the police that he (Stone) really did kill Thomas.

Tom and Barbara are visiting Stone in the death house, or rather, in the warden's office where he's been brought to see them. "The world is full of a number of things, youngsters," Stone remarks. "Some of them so strange it's better not to know too much about them."

"But the way you told Nan (Barbara) you were my father—and then denied it at the trial—" Tom begins.

"I suppose the wish was father to the thought," Stone shrugs, and smiles a little.

"When I heard it I was a little startled," Tom begins and then goes on with real feeling, "honestly, I wish it were true."

"I—wish it were true, too, Tommy," Stone whispers, and turns to Barbara. "Take good care of him, Nan."

She smiles a little and nods. "Trust me—this time."

"Goodbye," says Tom, holding out his hand, "and if there's anything you want—"

"I have everything I want—now," Stone replies, with a hidden meaning to his words.



revolver and dragging Claudia Morgan by one hand while she pushes William Lundigan ahead of her with the other. "Come on," she snaps, hurry up." They rush down the steps to a car and Bernadine pushes Claudia into the back seat and Bill into the front one and then climbs in beside him. "Get going!" she orders, giving him a poke in the ribs with the gun.

Bill was a radio announcer in some upstate New York town—Ithaca, I believe—when a talent scout heard him announcing, liked his voice and went around to have a look-see. When he found Bill to be a personable young gent, he signed him up. And here he is.

Warner Bros.

FOUR pictures shooting here but one of them, "The First Lady," I've already told you about. The others are "It's Love I'm After" starring Bette Davis and Leslie Howard, "Inside Story" featuring June Travis and Ronald Reagan (a newcomer) and "The Perfect Specimen" starring Errol Flynn and Joan Blondell, with Hugh Her-

When the scene is over Tom comes up, dragging Barbara (whom I'd never met) with him. "Say," he begins when the introductions are over, "the last time I saw you was that night at that joint when I got into a fight. Remember?"

I nod. I only happened to be his second. "I can't understand it," Tom goes on regretfully. "I didn't want to fight but the guy kept making remarks I couldn't overlook. I kept hitting him and hitting him but he wouldn't go down. Usually I only get a chance to land one blow then I'm flat on the floor looking up at whoever I'm fighting with. 'One Punch Brown'—that's me. And for once I get a guy I can handle and then can't knock him out."

"What a blood-thirsty little man you are," Barbara smiles and Tom looks very, very hurt.

"Now, honey," he begins and then it's time for me to leave and hit the next set.

I don't know what "That's My Story" is all about. All I know is the door to the court-house or jail opens and Bernadine Hayes comes rushing out, flourishing a

(Above, left) Ronald Reagan with June Travis in a tender moment from "Inside Story." (Above) The Kay Francis picture, "First Lady," has a cast of famous actors and actresses. Left to right—Marjorie Gatenon, Sarah Haden, Marjorie Rambeau, Louise Fazenda, Anita Louise, Victor Jory, Henry O'Neil, Kay, Preston Foster, Walter Connolly, Verree Teasdale, Eric Stanley and Grant Mitchell.

bert, Edward Everett Horton, Beverly Roberts and Dick Foran, Jessie Ralph, Marie Wilson and Warren Hymer featured. Some cast.

Errol is the perfect specimen whom his grandmother, Jessie Ralph, has perfected in everything under the sun.

Foran is Joan's brother and he works on la Ralph's estate. He tells Joan about the perfect specimen and piques her interest. One morning she sees Errol walking inside the grounds and crashes her car through the fence so she can meet him—which is rather carrying things to extremes, if you ask me. Mr. Flynn's interest is piqued in



turn so next morning he sneaks through the hole in the fence that Joan left, rents Foran's car for \$25 and sets out. He sees Joan working in the garden of her home so he, not to be outdone, crashes *his* car through *her* fence. And thus romance starts.

They end up at a truck drivers' picnic, get lost on the way homé and finally pick up Killigrew Shawe (Hugh Herbert), who is hiking along the road.

"Blessings on you, Samaritans two! I fain would ask a hoist of you," Hugh chirps and adds, "My corns hurt."

"Certainly," Errol agrees, "if you don't mind sitting in the rumble seat."

"A lift I shall not scorn, be it ever so humble."

"A front seat, a back seat—or even a rumble."

Hugh chants as he scrambles in with alacrity. "Ah, yes, I'm a poet. Perhaps you've heard of me—Killigrew Shawe? I was afraid not," he continues as they shake their heads. "Few people have."

"Can you tell us where we are?" Errol

inquires, changing the subject.

"Of course," Hugh pipes up. "We're somewhere in the neighborhood of my home but I'm not quite sure of the direction. I'm not very practical, you know, but I *think* a couple of right turns would find it. Ah, there it is!" He points to a crazily built house—all ells and angles, with steeply tilted roof and many cock-eyed dormers.

"Is *that* your home?" Joan asks incredulously, and then adds politely, "Why, how nice."

"Glad you like it," Hugh responds heartily. "Designed it myself. It's a bit cracked in spots but it *does* reflect my personality. Perhaps you two will accept my hospitality over night?"

—For darkness hath fallen, it's too late to roam—

My shack is no castle—but still it's, my home."

He looks at them anxiously, and then, "Not bad, I think, considering my corns."

"It's lovely," Joan returns warmly, "and we'd be glad to accept. Are you married,

Mr. Shawe?"

"Yes, indeed," Hugh assures her. "My wife's a wonderful woman . . . marvelous woman . . . sends me five hundred a month."

"Sends—?" Joan begins.

"Alimony," says Hugh briefly. "I'm sorry she's not here to welcome you but she's left me."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Joan tries to console him.

"Oh, she'll come back," Hugh tells her cheerily. "She always does. Now, if you'll come in—"

This scene, too, is taken over and over and over so there's no chance to chat with anyone.

I proceed to "It's Love I'm After," formerly called "Gentleman After Midnight."

The story opens in a Los Angeles theatre where Leslie Howard and Bette Davis are doing the death scene from "Romeo and Juliet." To the audience, and particularly to Olivia de Havilland, (an extremely emotional Pasadena heiress) the performance is most affecting, but in the close-ups the two stars are actually having a near battle right on the stage as they attempt to steal scenes from each other.

Bette is lying on the bier in the vault. Howard is kneeling beside her but looking at Olivia as he speaks—"and lips, O you, the doors of death, seal with a righteous kiss a dateless bargain to engrossing death!"

"Your Juliet's here, my pet," Bette whispers angrily. "Not up in that box."

"Give the girl a break," Leslie mutters.

"Darling, you're such a lovely, well-cooked ham," Bette retorts in a whisper, "you should be served for Christmas dinner with cloves in your ribs and cranberries in your eye sockets."

"Oh, true apothecary," Howard carries on his scene, "thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss, I die." He drinks from the vial.



Myrna Loy and Sidney Toler in "Double Wedding." (Left) "Dead End," which made a hit on Broadway, is being filmed with Joel McCrea and Sylvia Sydney.

"I wish there was cyanide in it," Bette murmurs.

Director Archie Mayo isn't satisfied with the scene. And he wants the lighting changed. While they're re-focusing the lights, Bette walks along the ledge of the boxes to where her mother is sitting with some friends. There is a piece of canvas stretched from the stage to the first row of seats, to hide the orchestra pit.





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"Be careful, Bette, please," Archie asks her. "This picture is jinxed and I don't want any more trouble."

"I'm all right," Bette retorts airily.

A few minutes later the lights are fixed and they call her. Just as she reaches the stage her heel catches in the canvas, she loses her balance and down she plunges through it, about eight feet to the floor. Everyone sits there in stunned silence for a moment and then there is the reassuring sound of Bette's voice, although we can't see her. "I'm all right," she calls.

Then Mrs. Davis gives an involuntary scream. "Stop that yelling," Bette shouts angrily. "I tell you I'm all right. Can one of you boys give me a hand and pull me up out of here? Or maybe you'd better get a chair and let me climb out. I'm pretty heavy."

As one of the props pulls her up there is a spontaneous burst of applause from the extras.

As soon as Bette is on the stage again, she turns to Mayo. "I'm sorry to hold you up, Archie, but I think I've spoiled my make-up," she says calmly, "and I know I've torn my Juliet cap."

That girl is a real trouper.

I don't know the plot of the other picture—"Inside Story"—because they haven't finished writing it yet. It's the interior of a radio office. Ronald Reagan is talking into the phone: "Listen, I meant it. There'll be no soft-pedaling—and no 'editorial selection.' A half million radio audience wants it and they're going to get it—undiluted."

June Travis has come in just as he finishes speaking. As he hangs up the phone she adopts a nasty-nice tone: "The independent Mr. McCaine!"

"Dear Aunt Beth," Reagan ribs her back. She runs a children's program.

"Miss Hopkins to you!" she flares. "What did you say to J. D. yesterday about my program?"

"That I wanted you to continue with it," Ronnie replies calmly. "That, while it was pretty bad, I thought if you would listen to me it could be worked up into something the kids would go for."

For a second June is speechless with rage, then she sputters, "If you don't think I'm doing a good job, why don't you have me fired?"

"Oh, sit down," Reagan says, giving her a push that sends her sprawling into a chair.

"Hey," Director Nick Grinde interrupts. "That was good—that push and that sort of fall. Keep that in when we 'take' it. Go on."

"You have a good job and you get a good salary," Reagan continues...

"And I suppose you're going to tell me how you had to use all your influence to get it for me?" she sneers.

"Isn't there more to your speech, June?" Grinde interrupts again.

"No, says June blandly. "We cut the rest out—it was such terrible dialogue."

"Well, all right," says Nick doubtfully.

You can see from the way this has been going that it will be night before they get a "take" and I still have to cover—

#### United Artists

**M**Y FAVORITE producer, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, is bringing "Dead End" to the screen. I don't believe there is another producer in the business who transfers plays from the stage to the screen as faithfully and as successfully as Mr. Goldwyn. If they're successful in the one medium he is satisfied to let well enough alone and doesn't spoil them by trying to improve upon them.

Swarming near the slimy piers of the backwash of the East River, in that section

of New York where the fashionable apartments of the fifties meet the tenements of the waterfront, are a group of slum hoodlums who pass their time in gambling and petty thievery. The leader (Billy Halop) has been raised by his sister (Sylvia Sidney). She is a sensitive girl, whose efforts to save herself and her brother from their degrading surroundings are a constant and hopeless struggle. She is in love with Joel McCrea—an out-of-work architect who hates the neighborhood and is desperately trying to escape from it.

At the moment Sylvia is striking for higher wages in the factory where she works. She is sitting under a sandhopper on the end of a pier, knitting. Joel is standing nearby but he hasn't seen her.

"Don't talk out loud," Sylvia cautions him. "I'm here."

"Oh, hello, Drina," he says carelessly. "You're home early." Without interest, "Any news?"

"Uh-huh," she smiles. "Maybe good news. I'm afraid to talk about it. Today the boss said our committee could come in and talk things over with him and maybe—but just maybe—" She leans back again. "Oh, that raise would mean a lot—" pointing towards the river and the swimming kids. "I could get him away from here."

"Far enough away?" Joel asks.

"I don't know," she admits, looking up at him and then smiling. "I can only try."

"You'll be all right," he states, immediately sorry for what he has said. "You'll always be all right."

She looks up at him again and then, after a moment, she chants bitterly: "I'll be all right. Drina will be all right. Drina was good to her mother. Drina's good to her brother. Drina works hard. Drina works and cooks and cleans and goes to bed to have enough sleep to work the next day." Suddenly violent, "I've heard that since I was ten years old. I'm tired of hearing it. Don't say it again!"

"You want something for yourself now," Joel nods in understanding.

"That's right," she agrees sharply, turning away. After a second, in a forced, intimate tone, she continues. "Maybe I'll go away. Far away. You see," noting his surprised, anxious look, "I know a man and he's very rich and he likes me. I met him in the subway. He's very good looking. It was so crowded and hot in the train that when I got out I was dizzy. Then he took my arms and apologized, of course, for speaking to me like that. And he got me a glass of water and we started talking and he looked so clean. You know, like they always do. Well, it wasn't right but I didn't care, so he took me to dinner. The kind of dinner you can have anything you like. He's very, very rich. He's got a house in New York and a wonderful house in the country. I like that best because it looks like a Christmas card with chickens and snow—. He likes me."

"Do you like him?" Joel asks slowly.

"I don't know," listlessly, turning from him. "I made it all up. Not now. Years ago. When I was a kid." All at once her eyes fill. "I know that house in the country so well I could almost build it. And he would be very young and very kind—"

"I wish I could buy you those things," Joel tells her softly. "I even wish I could find him for you."

"Do you?" she whispers dully.

It's such a swell scene that even seeing it with all the lights, the camera, the props and grips and electricians lurking in the background, it still "gets" me. And I don't want to spoil it by gabbing.

And suddenly I realize that I'm all through and there's nothing to stop me from having a lot of fun—until this time next month.



# Freshening Up



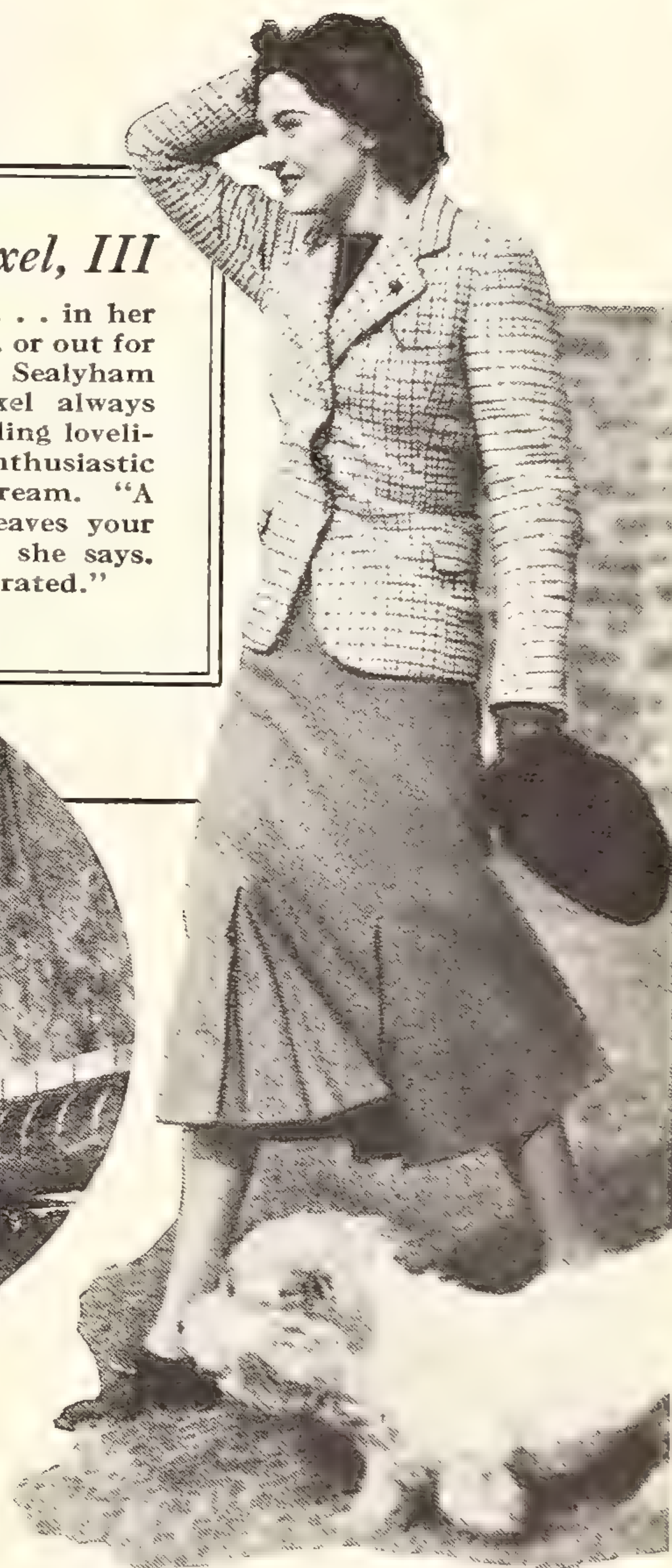
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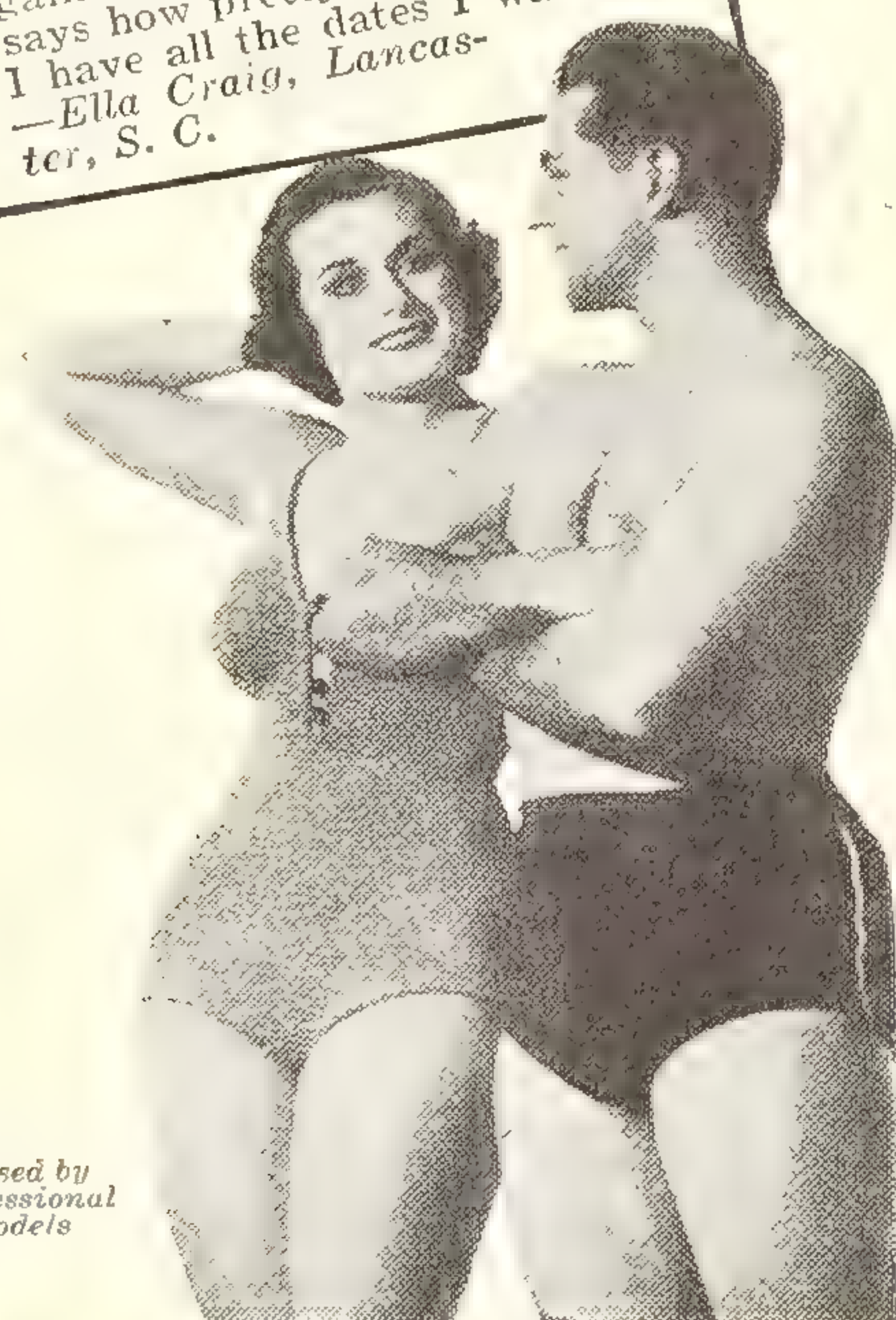
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## When Stars Get Together

[Continued from page 31]

fashioned acting, these stars make a social event of the whole thing and plan to give these kind of parties indefinitely by putting on such pieces as "Ten Nights In A Bar-room," "The Drunkard," "Way Down East," "Streets of New York" and the like.

Hollywood, of course, has her riding parties. Johnny Mack Brown gave one and most of the guests were served luncheon on horseback. Then a polo match was started and Johnny participated. After the game, all the stars dismounted and made merry on the "green," all, that is, except Johnny. He stuck to his horse and rode 'round and 'round all that Sunday afternoon. Each time he was called to join some group he would say he'd dismount a little later. This kept up until all the ladies had left and only one masculine player remained. Johnny rode up to him, gave a long sigh and slid to the ground. "Goshamighty!" he drawled, "it's the longest afternoon I ever had! Right in the middle of the polo game, some nitwit sliced me with a broken mallet and—" he smiled wanly, "it tore the whole seat right out of my nice new pants!"

Tea parties are common enough, goodness knows, but not when a gal like Constance Bennett throws one. And this one was anything but ordinary. With Cary Grant and Our Gang kiddies as guests of honor, Connie gave the party for some friends the other afternoon. The room was filled with kid-sized chairs and other furniture, including a low table set with hot chocolate, animal crackers, cake and ice cream!

Cary didn't bat an eye but wiggled down into one of the tiny chairs and took part

in the odd get-together with grim affability that was a challenge to the twinkle in Connie's eye. Now Cary is after revenge and is trying to think up a party of equal originality to which he can have the lovely Miss Bennett for his guest of honor!

Speaking of C. Bennett, reminds me that sister Joan is quite a "partying" girl herself. She "gives" and she "goes"—but when she "goes," ah, there hangs a tale! You see, Joan is a bit near-sighted; besides she never jots down or remembers an address. When she sets forth to a party she knows just in a general way where the place is. So, she drives into that neighborhood and picks a house with plenty of cars before it and goes in! Usually this idea worked swell but this once it didn't and it wasn't 'til hours later that poor Joan discovered she was at the wrong party!

Equally funny was the mix-up of Cesar Romero, who now believes that that old gag about never seeing your host or hostess at a Hollywood party might be founded on fact. He was asked to George Murphy's home for the week-end. The first day he looked every place but couldn't spot the Murphys. The next day Cesar spent in bed, resting up. When he awoke at 6 that night not a soul was in the house. So he packed his p. j's and toothbrush and went home. Monday morn he called George and thanked him for the week-end. "But, my dear Cesar," cried George, "you didn't show up! You couldn't have. We only invited three people so we surely wouldn't have missed you, one of our best friends!"

Somewhat in a daze, Cesar checked up and found out he had been at a party in the house next door to the Murphys! And he didn't know the people who lived there even the slightest little bit!

And so, it goes on and on, the gay, the humorous life of Filmdom.

But, you can just bet your last Chesterfield that when funnier, more original ideas are thought up, Hollywood will be on the thinking end!



Sidney Blackmer, Warner Baxter and Loretta Young in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse," a drama of the complications which surround Warner Baxter, a doctor, whose nurse, Virginia Bruce, is beautiful. The doctor's wife, Loretta Young, sees the doom of their marriage—and do they all get a temperature!



# "This snapshot fixed everything"



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Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.



"WHEN he went away, we both promised to write. But you know how letters are—you don't say what you intend to, or the other person misinterprets.

"Before we knew it, our letters were mostly spats, explanations, and apologies. We were getting farther apart all the time. One day I was awfully blue, and on impulse sent this old snapshot. I wrote on the back, 'We didn't quarrel then, did we?'

"I wish you could read the letter I got back. It was the old Pete again, not trying to write, just telling me how much he cared. He said he'd always write with this snapshot in front of him—he could talk to the girl in it so she'd never misunderstand."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow  
—you must take Today



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For perfect color harmony of make-up, use Outdoor Girl Rouge and Lipstick.  
Generous purse sizes at all 10c stores.

# OUTDOOR GIRL

The face powder blended with OLIVE OIL



## Here Are the "Doubles"

[Continued from page 33]

incarnation. He has a suite of offices on Sunset Boulevard where he vibrates the vertebrae of the ailing, and when he isn't adjusting the spinal columns of his patients, he serves as Powell's stand-in, doubles for the player for long shots, and, in character makeup, plays minor roles. This has been going on for the past seven years, and Dearborn likes his double life.

Earl Haddon, who, for the nonce, is Columbia's Bing Crosby, croons like Bing, as well as resembling him, but he says he is constantly being criticised as an imitator; this has slightly embittered him, because he simply can't help the resemblance. He insists that he has never capitalized the resemblance, and that his baritone croon is his natural form of self-expression and not a deliberate attempt to duplicate the star's Bing-singing. He's a Hollywood night-club singer and dancer.

Phillip Waldron, born in New York, originally went to Hollywood because friends told him he was a "second Gable." He was put under contract to a major studio, but it was in spite of this "double" look, not because of it. He served for two years as property man on the same lot with Gable, before he discovered that producers want no minor players in their casts who might be mistaken for the he-man heart-breaker. When he learned this, Waldron says he went to another studio and was immediately given a contract as a stock player. He is, however, invariably made up in such a way as to destroy the Gable appearance of which he was once so proud.

The long arm of coincidence got a good stretching when Margaret Bryson and Loretta Young were born, for Miss Bryson, who plays the part of Loretta in "It Happened in Hollywood," and her famous screen prototype were born on the same street of the same town—Salt Lake City, Utah—within a month of each other and played together when they were children. Since going to Hollywood, Miss Bryson has frequently been asked for autographs from fans who insist she must be Miss Young. She has never been on a picture set before, but when she heard that a Loretta Young



John Trent and Ann Dvorak stand upon the brink in "She's No Lady."



double was wanted, she decided to capitalize, for just one time, upon the likeness.

Claudette Colbert's double in the picture, Berna Mack, was also born in Salt Lake City. She was educated in a Pasadena convent school, attended a school for radio and dramatic training in Hollywood, and does dialect movie bits. She has never doubled before, but her resemblance to Colbert was known to Richard Dix, and duly reported to Director Lachman.

Inevitably, there would be a Charlie Chaplin in any roster of Hollywood's film famous, and so there's one in "It Happened in Hollywood." He is Eugene Verdi, born in Italy, and a descendant of the great composer Giuseppe Verdi. He has played Chaplin on the stage, and has done dialect comedy roles in the films. There's also a May Robson in the picture. She is doubled by Zeffie Tilbury, once a name to conjure with on the stage, and at one time leading lady for Beerbohm Tree in London.

The Columbia George Raft is Al Constance, who comes from Brooklyn, of all things, and has known Raft for fifteen years. He once worked in Texas Guinan's club. So did Raft. Frank Robinson Brown, born in Wales, is the Harold Lloyd picked by Director Lachman. He has been in show business for eighteen years, and has been doing vaudeville and radio imitations of the owlishly bespectacled one for the past four. Charles F. Clark, born in Vinita, Oklahoma, is doing his first motion picture job in this one, with his impersonation of Joe E. Brown. He first imitated Brown at Tulsa in 1930, and has been doing it on and off—mostly off—ever since. The picture's Jimmy Cagney is Robert O'Keefe, born in Macon, Ga., and brought to Santa Monica as a child. He worked as Cagney's stand-in during the making of Warner



There is always a certain charm about enthusiastic men. Barbara Pepper succumbs to Preston Foster's glowing description of his new yacht, the Zoa III. She is at work on "Music for Madame," but Preston is between pictures and all set for a cruise. His latest was "You Can't Beat Love."

Brothers' "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Among others playing double roles are Maxine Jerome, Bette Davis; Mary Miner, Irene Dunne; Lorraine Bond, Merle Oberon; Bee Coleman, Ginger Rogers; Betty Rogers, Marion Davies; Mildred Gay, Sonja Henie; Dave Harper, Melvyn Douglas; Lucille House, Myrna Loy; Bill Meader, Fredric March.

Fay Wray plays herself, in the leading feminine role, opposite Richard Dix. Oh

yes—just another word about doubles: "Dice," a pinto cow pony never before harnessed, and broken only to the saddle, lifted his heels in proud protest when he was hitched to a wagon in the action of the picture, and smashed the wagon to bits. He simply couldn't be made to see things as the script writer and director saw them. So, eventually, he too, had to have a double. That makes it a pretty nearly perfect score.

# YES, I'M STILL SINGLE

DO YOU LIKE TO BE SINGLE, MISS ELLEN?

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, JUDY, I DON'T! I'D LOVE TO HAVE A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT MAMA SAID? SHE SAID YOU WOULDN'T STILL BE SINGLE IF YOU ASKED THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH

MY BREATH! WHY, JUDY! IS THAT...

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**20¢**  
LARGE SIZE  
Giant Size, over twice as much,  
**35¢**



## Projections— Marlene Dietrich

[Continued from page 35]

and even after a hard day on the set she will think nothing of standing up half the night while a skirt is reaching perfection. They will tell you in the wardrobe department that Marlene likes fittings so well that she even fits dresses that have been discarded from the picture. That deep Parma violet velvet dress, with shirring down the front to give that soft draped line along the body, cannot possibly be used in the picture, and Dietrich knows it, but she will stand before the long mirror in her dressing room until each little shir is in place. Thanks to Marlene's passionate love for clothes and fittings Gail Patrick and other Paramount featured players, whose dress budgets for their pictures slightly resemble a cafeteria check, often fall heir to these expensive models and are seen whirling around in "B" pictures in "A" clothes. It's an ill wind . . .

Marlene loves layers and layers of floating chiffon and shimmering scarfs. She adores mad and extravagant hats of glycerined ostrich feathers mounted on tulle, or a riot of aigrettes, or a lovely sweeping paradise that fairly shrieks of Russia before the Revolution. Off the screen she prefers clinging white gowns because they make her feel very pure, very long, and very slim. Like Jean Harlow, whom she greatly admired, Marlene likes white, in clothes, in flowers, and in furnishings.

There is always a lull in Hollywood when the glamorous Marlene takes her annual trip to Europe, either to make a picture in London, or visit her husband in Paris. We who live in Hollywood and take pride in our town have nothing to show the tourist. "That," we say pointing out a \$5,000 a week star stuffing her face with liver and onions at the Brown Derby,



Ian Hunter plays many leads, and in "Confession" you will see him again.



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Hearts at her feet—*

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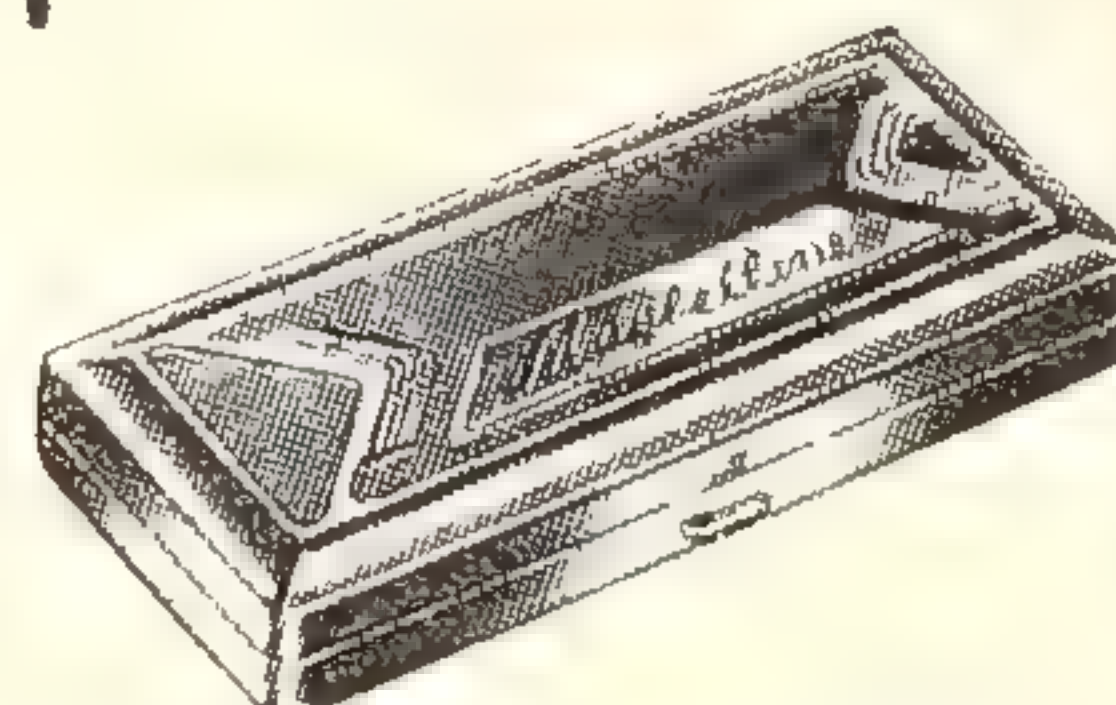
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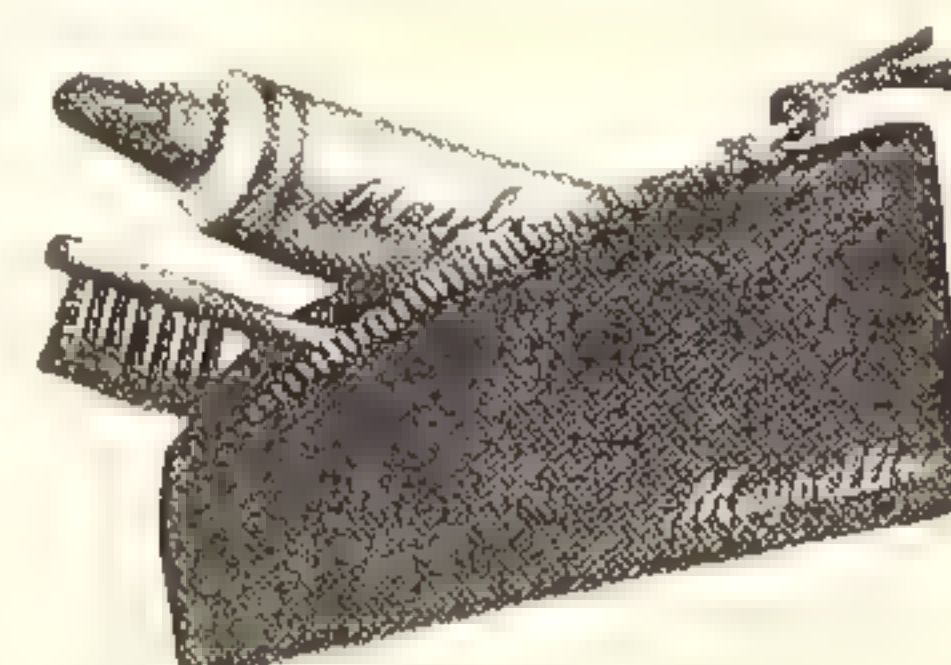
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"that is Miss Cutie Pie." Cousin Lulu's face falls. "That girl with the dyed hair," she gasps loud enough for Miss Cutie Pie to hear, "why she has bad skin, and more ruffles under her eyes than I have on my dress. And look how stringy her hair is, and you would think, wouldn't you, that she'd know enough to wear a skirt when she lunches in a public restaurant instead of those old slacks. I *am* disappointed."

Marlene never lets us down. Other screen personalities may shrink to pygmy reality when seen in the flesh, but not la Dietrich. She appears at every opening night, at every preview, at parties and at restaurants, even on shopping sprees, looking as if she had just stepped off the screen with all her glamour intact. When someone told her once that she was just asking for trouble by going to premieres and wading through thousands of fans she said, "When I was a little girl I used to love seeing the film stars arrive at the theatre. I would stand for hours watching for them. Why shouldn't the public have fun. And besides, I don't mind large crowds."

Marlene is five feet six inches and weighs one hundred and twenty-two pounds. She diets moderately and exercises moderately and has the most marvelous stamina of any actress in pictures. She usually rents a house in Beverly Hills while making a picture—this last year she had the Adrienne Ames house—and she revels in luxury. She never goes in for elaborate entertaining. Her home and her dressing room are always crammed with white flowers, especially tuberose, and she once told an interviewer, "I could die smelling tuberose." She loathes giving interviews, and never does except under pressure from the studio, because she claims she is always misquoted. She was horrified when she read in a New York newspaper that she had said, "Who is Mae West?" Miss West never forgave her. She adores jewelry, is always being pursued by jewelry salesmen, and insists upon wearing her own jewelry on the screen. She has all the superstitions of the theatre, will scream if you put your hat on the bed, and has the deplorable habit of jotting down telephone numbers on her white wall near the phone.

She, who was destined to become the most glamorous woman in the world was born on December 27, 1904, under the sign of Capricorn. Frau Von Losch was living in Berlin at the time and Marlene was her second daughter. The child was christened Mary Magdalene, which in time she shortened to Marlene. Dietrich she adopted for stage purposes. Marlene was nine when war was declared and her father, Captain Von Losch of the 92nd Infantry Regiment, was sent straight to the front. He was killed and buried near Kovno. One day when she was in her teens, she read a poem called "Death and the Fool," by the German poet, Hofmannstahl, and the words sounded so lovely and sad that she began reading them aloud. It was that day that she decided it would be a fine thing to become an actress and recite lovely, sad lines in public. She persuaded her mother to let her go to the Max Reinhardt school, which was connected with his theatre, and while enrolled there she wrote two movie scenarios which were promptly rejected by all the movie companies in Berlin. She decided to devote her time entirely to acting in the future.

The first part she was given on the stage was that of the widow in "The Taming of the Shrew," and that first night behind footlights was the most exciting in her life. Elisabeth Bergner was the star and Marlene at once became a worshipful admirer of hers. When she was eighteen years old she met Rudolf Sieber, a dialogue writer, at one of the studios, and a romance followed. They were married in 1923 and two years later little Maria was

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**BIGGER-UGLIER THAN EVER**  
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born. Marlene believes that her mother is responsible for the famous poise she has today. "I was having a dancing lesson," she said, "when I was told by the teacher to dance with a certain boy I did not like. I made a face. My mother saw it and slapped me hard right on my cheek. 'You must not show your feelings, Marlene, it is bad manners,' she said. The slap made a lasting impression—and I very rarely show my feelings."

Marlene was playing a small part in a Max Reinhardt production on the historic night when the celebrated director, Josef von Sternberg, sat in the audience. The next day she received a message from UFA Studios telling her to report there to discuss a part in "The Blue Angel," which von Sternberg was to direct, with Emil Jannings as the star. She told von Sternberg at the interview, "I'm terribly sorry. But I am not good in films. I look horrid. I couldn't possibly play an important part in your picture."

"Learn a vulgar song for your test tomorrow," said von Sternberg who pretended not to hear a word she had said.

Marlene sang "You're the Cream in My Coffee" for her test, and nobody liked her or it—except Josef von Sternberg who informed Eric Pommer, the producer, that if Dietrich did not get the role he would go back to America at once. Marlene made the picture for \$5,000. Today she gets \$200,000 a picture. In 1930 she signed a contract with Paramount with a proviso that if she did not like Hollywood she could return to Germany. But she liked Hollywood in time. In fact she likes it so much now that she has decided to become an American citizen and has already taken out citizenship papers.

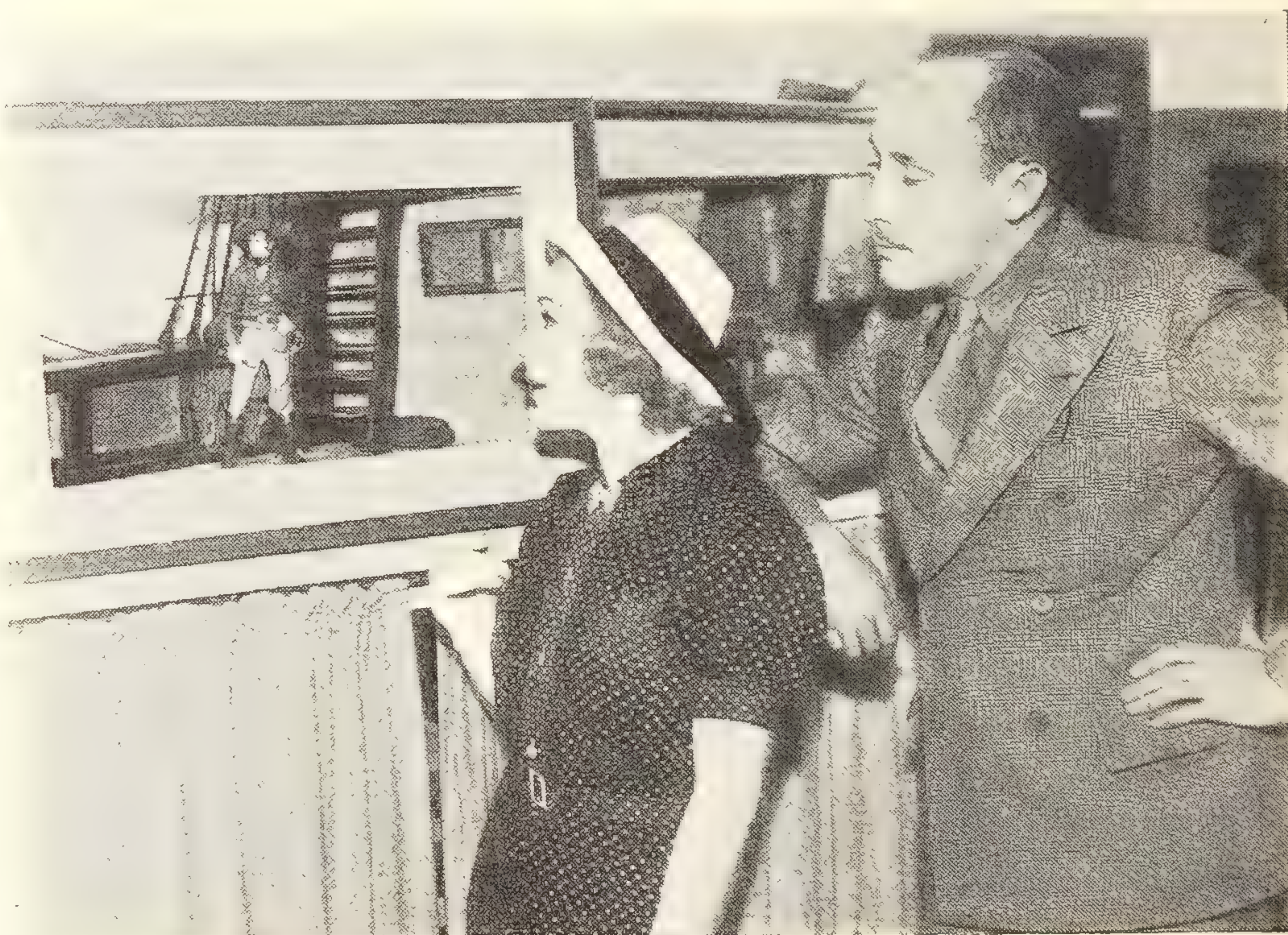
Of course Maria might have had something to do with this. Little blonde Maria, who one day may be a carbon copy of her famous mother, has gone American in a big way. She loves football and baseball and all American sports, she loves ice cream cones, and amusement parks and movies (her favorite screen hero at the present moment is Ray Milland). She is proud of being an American. Marlene likes to tell of the day in Paris on their last trip over when she and Maria and a friend were having tea at the Cafe de la Paix. Suddenly Maria saw several Marines

at a nearby table and such a nostalgia for America came over her that Marlene promised to catch the next boat. Maria is the great love of Marlene's life—she is the only one who can make Marlene forget her glamour. She may be a movie queen to the world, but to Maria she is only a fond mother who likes to fuss over her.

Whether or not Marlene has a sense of humor has often been discussed in Hollywood. There are those who will tell you that Marlene is a vain conceited woman who really believes in her glamour. And then there are those who tell you that she laughs at herself when no one is looking. A star not long ago told me that Marlene arrived at dinner one night with a whole batch of her newest photographs and calmly passed them around the dinner table asking everyone if they did not think them lovely. And there was the reporter who told me that he was asked to wait in Miss Dietrich's dressing room one day when she had promised him an interview. A sudden gust of wind blew the door of the adjoining room open and there was Marlene seated at her dressing table and staring at herself in the mirror. It was quite some time before she remembered the reporter. But I happened to be on the set one day when Marlene was doing a terrific love scene with one of her screen lovers. "You love the woman," shouted the director, "you are mad about her. Give it everything you've got, be very passionate, but be sure and keep the shadow off Miss Dietrich's nose." If there was anyone who laughed longer and louder than I did—it was Marlene. I say the girl's got humor. But why should she be a campus cut-up when she can be the most glamorous woman in the world?

My favorite story on Marlene is the time that a very critical editorial on her appeared in one of the magazines. What the editor didn't call Marlene wasn't really worth calling. A studio employee showed it to her and asked her if she wished to answer it. "No," said Marlene carefully reading it through.

"But aren't you mad?" asked the girl in amazement, having expected to see Dietrich hit the ceiling. "No," said Marlene, "the first line says that I am beautiful and glamorous."



Dwight Franklin, scene designer, shows Franciska Gaal a wax model of a scene for "The Buccaneer." Miss Gaal is to be featured in this Cecil De Mille picture.



# Stage Struck!

[Continued from page 26]

tumbling. Dad arranged with Harry Costello to teach us a double trapeze act. We got it up in two weeks, and did the act without any net about 50 feet above the orchestra pit. Adolf and I were so small that stock tights didn't fit us. So mother bought some underwear, dyed them pink, and we had our first pair of tights. Mother also made the shoes and trunks.

"Our next adventure was touring the sticks in a private railroad coach. This was a real railroad show, and the old show car was our home. Mother did the cooking, and dad was the boss. Twelve o'clock, midnight, was the dead line—if you weren't in, you were out, that's all. As a side line we sold 'Dr. Richter's German Physic and Blood Purifier.' The idea was to get 'em into the tent, and then clean up during the half hour intermission, when we sold the medicine.

"In 1902 we started a repertory company, which gave me my first experience in stock. I was the leading man, Adolf the heavy man, John the character man, Frank the comedian, Joe the manager, and dad led the orchestra, to which all five of us also belonged. To draw the crowds our band marched through the town shortly before noon. Some of these marches took us on long walks—5 or 6 miles—but it got us the business, and it was great exercise. We played such old favorites as 'Sherlock Holmes,' 'The Avenging Angel,' 'The Squaw Man.' Our repertory company produced more than 250 plays in the 12 years it traveled. We were one big happy family, and we boys were full of fun and mischief. One night, I remember, we played 'Work and Wages,' a blood-and-thunder melodrama with a social theme. Dad, because of his heavy German accent, had only a small part in a mob scene. I was the hero. We boys fixed it with the other members of the mob not to open their mouths when they came out on the stage to demand the villain from the Capitalist. But, when the cue was given for the mob to go into action, it was only my father who shouted, 'Ve vant the trahmp!' Realizing we had played a joke on him, he gave us a baleful look and walked off the stage, while the crowd rolled in the aisles. Dad never learned English, while we boys forgot the little German we knew as kids. Eventually, he retired from our company and became custodian of props.

"At 23, I left my brothers and started for New York. It was Broadway or nothing with me. Frank, my eldest brother, said to me when I said good-bye, 'Charlie, you'll be back.' They all were skeptical. But I never went back. After starving a few months in New York, I landed a job as comedian with a stock company two thousand miles from Broadway, in San Antonio, Texas.

"I'll never forget my first straight role. We were playing 'Carmen' in Seattle, Washington. Our leading man walked out of the play, and I had to replace him as the romantic *Don Jose*. They gave me a beautiful uniform, built me up to look taller, and I was sure I'd wow the audience as a lover. As I strode out at the head of my brigade and saluted, the audience recognized me as the comedian, and started laughing. To make matters worse, my saber got between my legs and I fell to the floor. The house roared. I had rehearsed my lines very carefully, but no matter what I said and how I said it, they yelled and laughed their heads off. The leading lady could have murdered me. Anyhow, I played *Don Jose* for a whole week, but without



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In "Ali Baba Goes To Town," Virginia Fields helps Eddie Cantor wind up his cummerbund. It has to be wound every twenty-four hours or Eddie will run down.

the saber. They wouldn't trust me with it any more."

Returning to New York, Charlie was given some minor roles in Broadway shows, and during the summer months played in the band of the "Cotton Blossom," queen of show boats. He led the band as baton spinner, resplendent in a cocked Napoleonic hat, gold braids and brass buttons. When the "Cotton Blossom" docked at a new town, the band paraded through the streets, the famous 11:30 march, exactly as you saw it in "Show Boat." Years later, Charlie took time off from the show business and became conductor of the Fortress Monroe Military Band. He can play practically every instrument you care to name.

"Then I went on the road with my own shows. Once I was broke in New Orleans, at another time in Dubuque, Iowa, but I always managed to ship my troupe back to New York." In 1912, he fell in love with Blanche Ring, a well-known musical comedy star and the toast of Broadway, and they were married amidst much rejoicing by fellow troopers. Their marriage lasted until 1928, when they separated. He managed and directed for her "The Wall Street Girl," in which Will Rogers had his first stage role, playing himself as cowboy. "Will had never studied any lines before, and I had to coach him. But on our opening night in New York the Titanic was sunk. We were in the middle of the second act when a fellow came in with a paper and announced the great disaster, in which more than a thousand lives were lost. Needless to say, our show was sunk, too.

In 1915, I was playing in vaudeville at the Orpheum Theatre in Los Angeles, when several studios gave me screen tests, and I signed up with Elko, a subsidiary of Universal. The movies were just starting in Hollywood. But they threw so many custard pies and Roman candles at me that I quit and ran back to New York."

The following year our fugitive from Hollywood scored a big hit in George M. Cohan's Revue with an impersonation of Leo Ditrichstein as *The Great Lover*, and was definitely on his way to Broadway fame. He was playing at the Winter Garden when a telegram informed him of his father's serious illness. He hopped on

a train for Wausau, but the old man died before Charlie got there. Today, only his sister and two of his brothers are alive. The sister lives in Milwaukee, mother and grandmother of a large brood.

Charlie has to his credit a long succession of memorable Broadway shows—Ziegfeld's "Follies," "No, No, Nanette," "The Music Master," "Smiling Thru," "Revenge with Music," and, of course, "Show Boat." The metropolitan crowds vastly enjoyed his individual brand of humor, and in all of these productions he walked off with the comedy honors. In 1930 he made a second trip to Hollywood, and appeared in a series of pictures for Fox—"Night Nurse," "Flying High," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." But Fox went bankrupt, and Charlie returned to New York, to be starred on the radio as *Captain Henry* in the Show Boat program. Every Thursday night you heard him greeting you with his irrepressible good humor, "Howdy, howdy, howdy folks, howdy! This is Cap'n Henry pilotin' the good ole Maxwell House Show Boat down Ole Man River to Belle Shasta. Strike 'er up, Don! Let's have some music! It's only the beginnin', folks, only the beginnin'!" Who can ever forget Charles Winninger as a show boat cap'n? On the stage, the radio, the screen. He made himself an American institution, poignant with memories of the colorful river towns. By the time you read this, he will be back on the air as the original show boat cap'n.

The sadness of comedians is proverbial, but Charlie is an exception to that rule. He sings and whistles in his dressing-room. His yen for sports, camping and fishing has much to do with his habitual good spirits. He is a crack shot, and no dub at golf. In New York he used to play with Sarazen and Walter Hagen. Out here, you can see him on Sundays golfing with Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky, Wesley Ruggles, Gregory LaCava and other devotees of movie-land's links. He lives at the swank Town House, and drives a long, lean, powerful car. He intends to buy a ranch and settle down near Hollywood after a life-time of theatrical vagabondage. He likes to plant things, smell the good growing grass. It's the influence of his log-cabin childhood in the Wisconsin woods.

*IF YOU think you know something about pool don't boast until you've played with Don Ameche and W. C. Fields. Those two play the game like a couple of city slickers.*



# A Husband for Every Hour!

[Continued from page 21]

you, after a long separation? I did once—the memory still shakes me—our kisses were wet with each other's tears. I want to talk some myself, of course. Particularly I want to ask Fredric March if he isn't awfully sick and tired of ponderous costume pictures and wouldn't relish to the nth degree being modern, smart, young and even flip-pant again in "drawing room" pictures, and if his new "A Star Is Born" was interesting to make?

Good heavens! the day's schedule is going all to pieces—instead of an hour with Mr. March, it lengthened to two. It's seven o'clock, and close to the zero hour of my too-short day.

Time for dinner—and for the nicest time of the whole day there could be only one choice. When a lady, if she's at all lovely, is at her very loveliest; when, if she cares at all for what she puts on, she grooms herself to the height of her possibilities and dons her most gorgeous outfit; when, even though she leans towards sports and likes the outdoors, she becomes ultra-feminine, and as engaging as possible—for dinner she must have Bill Powell. I'm completely sold on the idea that with one look Mr. Powell could convey the information that he knew to a nicety how much care, thought and attention had gone into your grooming, and how much more than even your mirror has told you, the results justify the effort. Who else but Mr. Powell could put you on your mettle, by his own suavity, to be poised and serene—and who, if the party was dying an untimely death, could redeem it by sheer force of personality. (I'll bet some of you smart people are thinking I like William Powell! I'll concede this much—dinner could last a long, long time before I'd be weary.)

Have I talked this slightly cock-eyed idea of mine over to you yet? Even if you are positively "sot" with conviction, on the advisability of being, and staying, married to one man, you must admit, as a day-dream, it was alluring. The only difficulty was that even in writing about it, it ended too soon and my mind is skipping ahead to other days, other situations, and the perfect man for the moment. (No—you must think up the first day for yourself—I did—swell fun!)



Claudette Colbert treasures a miniature portrait of her father which she has just received from a former friend of his in Paris.

## Conrad Nagel

### helps a lady in distress



Conrad Nagel...currently starred in the Grand National picture, "Bank Alarm".



"A relative of mine back East wrote me that his daughter, whose engagement had just been tragically broken, was visiting the coast. Would I help her?..."



"I took her to dinner. She was a pretty girl, but her self-confidence had been shattered by her bitter experience. I encouraged her to tell her troubles..."



"Her fiancé's love had cooled until, in despair, she finally sent back his ring. It occurred to me that her appearance could be improved and I couldn't resist just one bit of advice..."



"Remember", I said, "a girl's most alluring feature is her mouth. No man is attracted by dry, cracked lips. To keep always lovely, there's a special lipstick with a Beauty-cream base."...



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## Music Madness

[Continued from page 23]

Playrooms aren't in vogue since the musical clique has taken over. Instead music rooms are in style. Nelson Eddy has a complicated recording outfit in his where he'll obligingly check up on your voice with the same exactness he uses when concerned about his own. He is immensely serious in these moments, for he himself learned to sing well in the beginning by copying the great via their records. Anita Louise's beautiful white music corner is dominated by her golden harp. She has appeared publicly as soloist with the Los Angeles Women's Symphony and she's been invited to play with the Ford Symphony over the radio! Elissa Landi, a pianist of extraordinary merit, has the colony's finest electrical organ and she plays it with absolute comprehension. Among the souvenirs in Grace Moore's music room is the original manuscript of the opera "Louise," presented and autographed to her by the composer, Charpentier. Yet I really believe the Gene Raymonds have the most picturesque of all the music rooms. It's a whole cottage in a dell behind their house proper. Gene not only built a home secretly for Jeanette, but he had this hideaway for two designed for them. It's a honeymoon epic that'll last into stern reality, all cream colored inside, with two grand pianos facing one another on each side of the fireplace. The splash comes from the frames on Jeanette's autographed photos of famous musicians. He had them reframed in MacDonald plaid which he had imported from Scotland. Now she's collecting miniature orchestras for the mantel.

The more you study music, vows Gene, the more you're tempted to try writing some yourself. He's had dance songs published, but nothing less than a symphony will suit him. Ann Sothorn, his frequent film partner, has beaten him to this goal. She's finished "Cinema Soul," a modern symphony that captures the very tempo of the studio life. But then Ann won first award for the best original piano composition for three successive years at the Central High School in Minneapolis and was trained to be a concert pianist. She came West to look at the sights and was sidetracked into becoming one herself. Ida Lupino is agog because Andre Kostelanetz has played a piece of hers on a national hook-up.

Jane Withers no sooner composed the "Music Box Swing"—which is hardly classical but at least proves that Jane is on her way—than Shirley Temple was switched from Tin Pan Alley ballads to a program of more worthwhile songs!

Many stars who had given up their practicing have resumed anew. Paul Muni was slated to be a violinist. When he balked, demanding the theatre, his father broke Paul's violin in a mighty rage. At long last Paul is studying the violin again, with his wife to accompany him at the piano. Michael Whalen had almost the same thing happen to him. He studied the piano for eight years, against his father's wishes. It was just the reverse angle with Mike. His family wanted him to go into business. So he did, made money, and spent it to become an actor. And here in Hollywood, at last successful on his own, he's once more found that the piano can mean unadulterated pleasure. He knows the three great B's by heart—Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. John Beal had to stop his piano study when his eyes started to fail him in college. He made progress as an actor, but now he's not only playing a piano as he used to but he's invented a color scale whereby novices can learn to play easily. Preston Foster made a debut in opera be-

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fore he ever tackled acting at all. Now he's taking singing lessons twice a week, carefully watching his improvement on his own music room device. He wishes to sing in pictures. Last week he sang over the radio for the first time, and was scared almost into doing a Jack Haley.

Barbara Stanwyck had to sing a song recently and she asked Robert Taylor to play the cello in the recording orchestra. A sentimental request. And more. Bob was so clever with a cello when he was in school, Barbara agrees with his mother that he ought to take it up where he left off. After all, even Sonja Henie is almost as proficient on a keyboard as she is on skates.

"When the world is confusing, when you don't know what you want, I turn to my music," says Ramon Novarro. This last year while he was inactive he was trying to straighten out his life. And during the solving of the problem whether or not to come back to the screen he took up piano in earnest once more. He came to Hollywood from Mexico to be—or so his family thought—a piano teacher. He had his eyes on the movies and remained to conquer them. He can't go on practicing the piano six hours a day, as he's been doing this past year, now that he's acting again. But instead of relaxing at the Trocadero he makes an appointment with Olga Steeb, noted pianist, for another lesson.

If you are blessed with a faculty for playing or singing by ear, perhaps you won't bother to study. Alice Faye has learned the scores of three operas and can go sailing through them without a lull. She can't read a note of music, though.

Now there are phonographs trumpeting the finest of symphonies on the movie sets, with special attendants to keep the stars' pet recordings going between scenes. Dick Powell is spurred on by Richard Crooks' remark-

able voice. (You can hear him on the radio.)

And the leaders of the clique are becoming so civic minded. Lily Pons, who turned down \$20,000 for a single radio broadcast when she wasn't in the mood to carol, sang free at a rally for the local symphony orchestra. Basil Rathbone and Max Reinhardt are planning on a tremendous Hollywood Art Center, where music, acting, painting, and dancing will be a magnet for the world's best artists. If Basil hadn't

been able to find a woman who liked music as ardently as he there'd never have been a Mrs. Rathbone.

The Hollywood Bowl is even being immortalized. The climax of Nino Martini's new picture is laid in this renowned amphitheatre. So you can see it as it really is while you exult in his marvelous singing from its magic shell. Then you'll know why the music clique is taking in new members every day!



Peter Lorre, Dolores Del Rio and George Sanders in a "take" for "Lancer Spy," which is being produced at the 20th Century-Fox Studio.



OH, JANE,  
I CAN'T GO. MY  
SKIN'S SO ROUGH  
FROM RIDING IN  
THE RUMBLE SEAT  
THAT I'M A SIGHT

DON'T BE SILLY!  
I KNOW A  
SPECIAL CREAM  
THAT *MELTS*  
SKIN SMOOTH



THAT WAS A SWELL  
STEER ABOUT POND'S  
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NOW MY SKIN'S SMOOTH  
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**GLENDA FARRELL**  
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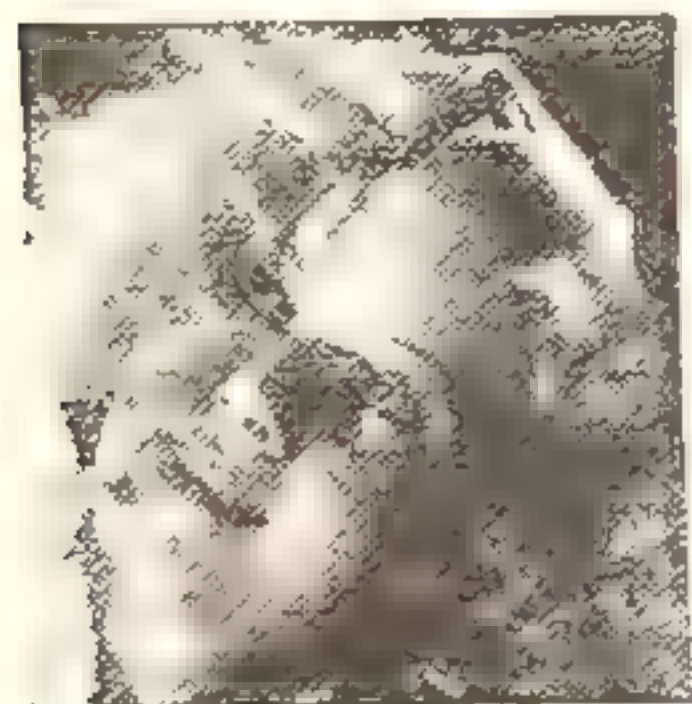
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**NADINOLA Freckle Cream**

## From Me—To You

[Continued from page 29]

they were for was more than he could ever figure out!

Gloria Swanson's casual radio remark about her charm bracelet made of unusual coat buttons, started a flood of contributions. A New York messenger boy, hearing the star say she admired a button on the coat of a New York First Avenue traffic policeman, promptly went to the officer and got Gloria the souvenir. He enclosed a button from his own messenger's uniform in the same air mail package.

From a fan in Ohio Jane Withers received the darling little puppy you see photographed with her on page 29.

A North Carolina fan recently sent her two peacocks and a Montana farmer shipped her a baby goat!

When Jeanette MacDonald decided to marry Gene Raymond she started something—started a regular avalanche of gifts from her fans. Not a mail went by without dozens of odd and useful presents coming with it. These presents come from every country in the world with the exception of Iceland and Persia! And they include everything from bits of sheer lingerie to lengthy subscriptions to magazines and newspapers. Among other things are a dozen sets of dishes, ten sets of fragile glassware, hand-made kimonos, afghans, bedspreads, silverware, lampshades and even a huge rolling-pin from an Irish fan, with this penciled on it: "So if Gene tries staying out late o' nights!"

One gift that specially pleased her was a honeymoon tea set—a teapot and just two cups—from a small Chinese girl of Hong Kong.

A gift that Gene liked particularly well was a set of six original prints of racing scenes at Epsom Downs, sent by a London fan.

Alice Faye has received so many watches from fans that she now has a different one for every day in the month! In color, they range from red to baby blue, and are in all shapes and sizes!

John Boles recently received a huge box of sea shells from a fan which he became very enthusiastic about. Poor Eddie Cantor got a box of swell-looking cigars, only they were trick ones and exploded in your mouth before you could take half a dozen puffs! Jack Oakie was a bit luckier—he received a gold-and-silver-studded belt. "It's so pretty I may keep it to hang myself with some day!" he snickered.

Ned Sparks, Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Jack Benny), Charles (Buddy) Rogers and Betty Grable in "This Way, Please." The carrousel is the photographer's idea, but it looks as if "Buck" Sparks rides again. Mary Livingstone will be welcomed by all, in this, her first picture.



Johnny Downs received the most beautiful diary you ever saw, and promptly spent his first afternoon off in the seclusion of his dressing room chronicling the events in his life during the past few months. Now he has his own unique system of keeping this elaborate diary.

How can he remember all the things that happened to him every day for more than a few weeks? He doesn't attempt it. His secretary, Mrs. Ruth Keast, keeps Johnny's diary notes from day to day and, at the end of various periods, he takes them and enters them in his book. This fan couldn't have sent him a more appreciated present, he says.

Why do so many fans like to send their favorites live animals? Marian Marsh would like to know. In fact, in a desperate appeal to her fan followers, the lovely little Marian wails: "Please say it with flowers or something hereafter!"

You see, while appearing in "The Great Gambini" for a mere three weeks, the youthful star received one small but super-inquisitive kangaroo from Australia, one chipmunk from Maine and one belligerent young lizard from Alabama which had progressed quite well with its teething. Damage to the Marsh household to date cannot be expressed in polite writing, not even by the genteel Marian!

Oliver Hardy received a Bible from a woman fan who probably thought a little Bible-reading would do Oliver good! And Slim Summerville got a gorgeous set of kid's building blocks! "But I'm happy to say I'm not in my second childhood yet!" he grins in recalling the gift.

Sonja Henie, whose pretty smile is as captivating as her gyrating feet, is deluged with gifts from her fans and many of these fans aren't so unknown themselves. For instance, one of her prized possessions is a huge autographed picture that Mussolini himself sent her! And she is equally proud of a photograph of Adolf Hitler which Der Fuehrer signed to her personally. Another rare gift was from ex-Crown Prince Wilhelm of Germany—he sent her (his favorite skater and actress) his own diamond stick-pin!

Even kings send little Sonja presents! The very day when she was about to make her debut in the most elaborate and important skating scenes on the big ice rink specially built on the set of "One In A Million," she was handed a big long cardboard box. She opened it and, imagine her surprise and pleasure, it was filled with beautiful red carnations, plus a card of good wishes, cabled all the way from her native



land by none other than the King of Norway!

The world's most unique shirt stud, once the property of Beau Nash, came to Paul Kelly. It is a tiny roulette wheel, of 22-carat gold. Although entirely practical, the wheel carries no numbers or segments. Instead, its pin-point ball drops into a red or black depression. Thus play is limited to "rouge et noir." Kelly was mighty pleased over it and now always carries it with him.

Norma Shearer has received (among other things) a pine-wood desk; Ginger Rogers, a pair of roller skates; Roland Young, a bunch of mounted butterflies; Fred Astaire, a book on "How To Dance" (of all things!) Simone Simon received a dozen bottles of rare perfumes; Tom Keene got a beautiful saddle for his horse, and Mary Brian got a couple of racing turtles with numbers painted on their backs!

A fan of Shirley Temple's sent her a couple of miniature fishing poles and everything to go with them. Incidentally, every present sent Shirley by her fans is promptly placed into her little chubby hands. Only one thing is barred—unless the family is personally acquainted with the givers, all eatables are thrown away. This is, of course, to guard against any possible attempt by a crank to injure the tiny star.

One of her most treasured gifts is a rare book from Georgia's poet-laureate, Harry Stillwell Edwards, who was born on Shirley's natal day, April 23. Shirley likes the title, "Eneas Africanus" and also the little poem written on the fly-leaf for her. And she was pleased to hear from Mr. Edwards that they share the birthdate of several famous people—the poet Lamb, President Buchanan, Thomas Nelson Page and William Shakespeare.

A coat made entirely from polished melon seeds was received by Merna Kennedy from little Norma Byron who lives in Honolulu.

But for a really unique gift, how about a swan? Lyle Talbot actually received one, plus a note from the sender, saying he had stolen the swan from Kensington Gardens as a coronation souvenir for his favorite actor! Lyle hurriedly shipped the travel groggy swan back to its original home in London.

George Murphy got a nice new shiny garbage can from someone who styled herself "a sincere fan of yours!" "I was glad to get it, though," grinned George, "because my old one was sort of wearing out!"

Fred MacMurray was sent a very handsome stove as a gift. Somehow the news leaked out and immediately "mooching" letters requesting him to send the writer his old stove started to come in. But the topper of them all was a frank letter asking Fred for the *new* stove, also the suggestion that the old stove was probably still good enough for him! Fred nearly "keeled over" when he read the nervy letter.

Thus, you can see for yourself, our movie players receive practically everything from the fans—from "soup" to "nuts!"

**METRO'S** make-up expert, Jack Dawn, has turned out a batch of new nail enamels with which he plans to revise feminine hand loveliness. From now on girls will be able to match exactly the colors of their dresses or accessories, giving that final note of smartness to any ensemble. For the bronze tones of summer Monsieur Dawn recommends bronze, metallic nail polish. With a plain black frock he prefers having the nails enameled a brilliant gold to match buckles or jewelry.

# Short-cut to Reno



**A short, but frequent, story . . .  
"Lysol" disinfectant made the  
ending happy.**

**J**UDY and Bill grew up together . . . were childhood sweethearts. Everybody said, "*They'll be happy*".

But . . . in less than a year of married life, Judy said Bill was cruel, indifferent. Bill said, "We both made a mistake". . . . But old Doc Davis, who'd brought them *both* into the world, discovered the *real* story. And "Lysol" disinfectant helped make the ending happy.

The tragic thing about it is, a woman *seldom knows* she's guilty of neglecting herself. Fortunately, any woman can (and millions of women do) know how *not* to offend. They know that "Lysol" disinfectant provides a wholesome cleans-

ing method of feminine hygiene. They know these six qualities of "Lysol" which make it so valuable:

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FOR

## Miss Walker!



**TELEGRAM**

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TAKE OFF THAT MASK OF WRINKLES and PIMPLES

## What Makes It Tick?

[Continued from page 36]

on a kiddie car. She went over and played with him for a few minutes.

"He's not in these scenes, is he?" I asked.

"Oh, no. But he'll be in some in about a week. We want him to feel perfectly at home on the set and with us, so he plays around."

With a musical show this painstaking care is intensified to the last degree. The mere breaking of a glass following a toast in the costume film that Robert Z. Leonard was shooting with Jeanette MacDonald required just the correct gesture before the scene was done. In shows having elaborate chorus numbers, you can get positively dizzy watching the various experts who must see that each aspect of the sequence is right.

Occasionally you will find an actor who is so much an actor that this concentration on hard work and detail leads to a strange loss of self. When I ran into Paul Muni on "The Life of Zola" set he came over and shook hands with me but I knew that I just didn't exist at that moment. He was Emile Zola for the time that the scene was being taken—the scene in which the great French writer, exiled in London, hears that his valiant fight to vindicate Dreyfus has succeeded. William Dieterle, the director, was almost as absorbed as the star, but not too absorbed to notice that Zola's friend, coming in out of a London fog with the good news, was far too dry and seeing to it that he was properly wet down by a stage hand with a watering pot.

One of my preconceptions that I was pretty certain would stand up was that Hollywood was the spot where people talked shop endlessly. I was right on the face of it. Scarcely a moment in the weeks I spent in the film capitol was dedicated to anything except the business of turning out films or talk about it. Even in moments of relaxation, in the Trocadero with its magnificent outlook, in the Clover Club, with its games of chance, the Brown Derby, Dave Chasen's, Lemaize's or the homes of the stars, movies were a constant topic of interest.

Of course, in my capacity as a critic, I asked for nothing better than talking shop, but I saw enough to realize that it goes on continually anyway. What surprised me was that it was talking shop at its very best. I had thought that people confined their discussions to their own careers, their salaries, their ins and outs with various studios and sheer gossip. On the whole I was wrong. Usually when they talk about films, they do so generically, objectively, prompted by the desire to know their medium better and to improve it.

It is this tremendous interest of everyone in sundry aspects of film producing that is one of the most important keys to Hollywood and the whole field of motion pictures, I believe. It is a rapt concentration that might prove boring to someone not particularly interested in films. The men who built the cathedrals at the end of the middle ages must have talked shop in much the same way and must have proved equally boring to one who didn't care about cathedrals. It is because everyone cares so desperately about movies in Hollywood, it seems to me, that the medium has taken the gigantic strides it has since nicolodeon days—that it has been able to forge ahead simultaneously in the technical and artistic exploration of something new under the sun.

The evenings I spent with groups of stars, directors, writers, producers or technicians were stimulating to me the way a session with a crowd of football coaches

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would prove stimulating to a football fan. On one occasion the talk was all of "A Star Is Born," which had just been previewed with the customary fanfare that the studio publicity departments arrange. Every aspect of the picture was reviewed, carefully, critically—particularly that poignant scene in which Janet Gaynor goes up to the microphone and says simply, "This is Mrs. Norman Maine."

At this particular gathering there wasn't one person present who had been connected with "A Star Is Born." The same enthusiastic analysis of a pre-view occurred with "Make Way For Tomorrow," for





Margaret Hamilton and Fredric March in the United Artists' production, "Nothing Sacred," in which Carole Lombard and March are starred. It is a story of life in the newspaper world.

which Leo McCarey, the director, was given vast credit. A rival director praised his straightforward camera work, with two figures nearly always framed by the screen. A writer complimented the scenarists. The actors present couldn't say enough about Victor Moore's handling of a straight role.

From the foregoing you may have gathered that the Hollywood scene is positively frantic. When the pressure of a production is on, it is. Once shooting has started on a film you have about as much chance of spending any carefree time with director or stars as of interrupting a big board of directors meeting. In between productions it is different. While they are still mainly concerned with films, the movie-makers can relax, even when they're talking about them. They devote themselves to the great American institution of sports from practically every angle, they go to the desert or the mountains, they drink a bit, gamble a bit and generally engage in the pursuits of leisure that intrigue most people in most places.

Spend an afternoon lounging around a swimming pool with Leslie Howard, as I did, and you can scarcely believe he is the same person you watched some time earlier in the throes of enacting "Gentleman After Midnight" under Archie L. Mayo's direction. Catch Stuart Erwin with his lovely wife between productions, in as real a home as you will find anywhere, and it is difficult to recall that a week before you were watching him work out the intricacies of timing a comedy scene with the same fervor that a mathematician might employ in solving a formula. It is only that the shadow of the motion pictures falls heavily across the Hollywood scene, leaving no one out who has the slightest connection with the complex industry and art.

The nearest thing I saw to a group of Hollywood notables forgetting the films for a fleeting interval was at Jimmy Cagney's home. It was a Sunday evening. Joan Blondell and Dick Powell were there, Frank McHugh, Chester Morris, the writing team of Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, the Cagneys of course and a few others. After dinner Cagney asked me if I minded being an audience of one. I don't quite know what could have been done about it if I had minded, but I didn't and sat back in a comfortable chair to watch.

McHugh produced a sheaf of parts such as are used in plays, furniture was shoved around to make scenery, impromptu costumes were created and in a few minutes I was watching the revival of an old blood and thunder melodrama.

McHugh staged it superbly. Cagney was the hero (framed of course), Powell

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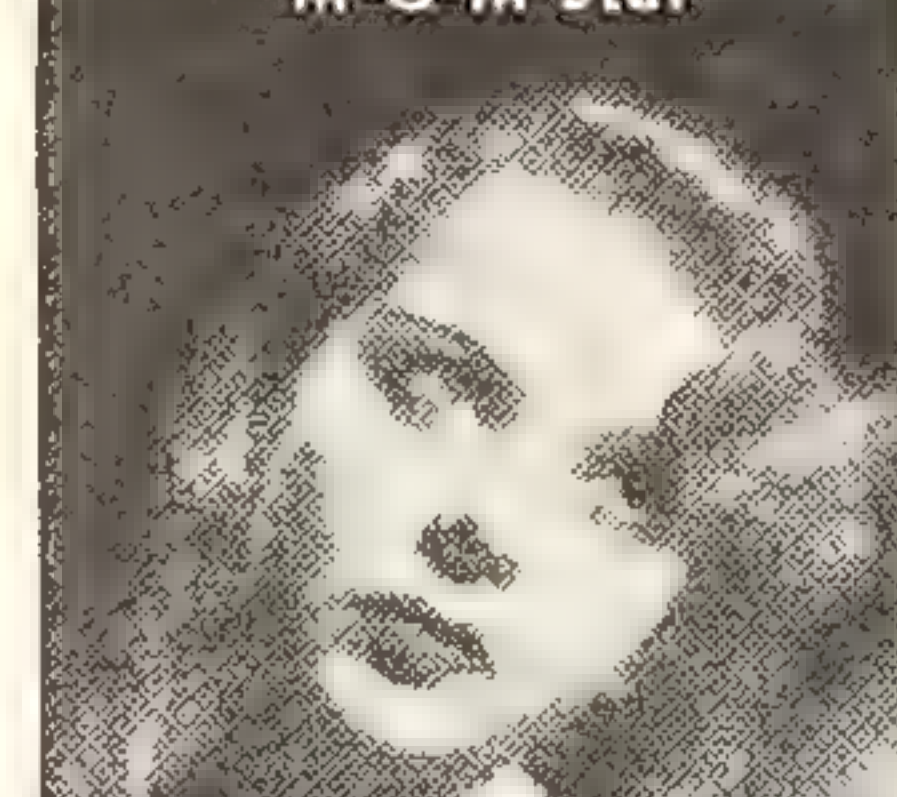
## SCREEN STARS *Powder Puffs*



GAIL PATRICK  
In Paramount Picture,  
"Her Husband Lies"



FRANCES LANGFORD  
M-G-M Star



IDA LUPINO  
Paramount Star



Jane Bryan has done such excellent work in "Marked Woman," "Kid Galahad" and "Confession" that Warner Brothers awarded her with a new contract. Because she is only nineteen years old, a legal guardian had to be appointed and the contract approved by the Superior Court.

played the villain, Joan Blondell was a girl constantly torn between right and wrong. Mrs. Cagney, who danced with Jimmy in vaudeville, impersonated a noble little newsboy, Gimpy, and also doubled as a convict. The others had what are known as bits.

They may have been doing it merely for fun, but they did a grand job of recirculation, treating the antique play with just the proper shade of over-emphasis and contriving more than one scene of low-down pathos. It was one of the most unusual theatrical performances I ever witnessed. I hope I was a good audience. There are wild parties in Hollywood as there are in practically every metropolitan center. There are also affairs like the one cited above. I saw more of the latter than the former.

As for the physical background of Hollywood living, it is probably much what you imagine it to be. A large part of life is spent on wheels, due to the fact that the nine major studios are sprawled all over the suburbs of Los Angeles from Culver City to Burbank and people dwell over a correspondingly wide area, from the secluded canyons of Beverly Hills to the beach homes. The climate, as I experienced it, was so nearly perfect that it grew definitely monotonous. It has the advantage that one can swim, play tennis or boat almost any time that work will permit. The people one rubs elbows with are easy to look at and the tempo of living, although it is throbbing, is far less staccato than it is in New York.

As I look back on my trip, perhaps the strongest general impression I brought away was that of having witnessed an enormous collaboration. One man can't make a movie, the way he can create a poem, statue or piece of music—even a small group can't turn the trick, the way it can behind footlights. It takes cooperation of the most exacting kind to turn out the least pretentious picture you may see. The talent of the world has been drawn to one spot on the Pacific Coast and an intricate technique has been evolved to give embodiment to creative ideas. It may have been the assistant cameraman or an electrician or the script girl who thought up the business that intrigued you in the film you saw yesterday. It was a small army that made it possible for you to see it. It is that which makes Hollywood so tremendously vital and exciting when you go there and not the occasional florid gestures or the fabricated glamor that enshrouds it.

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## For Laughing Purposes

[Continued from page 55]

let me play in Bing's picture, 'Rhythm on the Range.' I had a part in 'The Big Broadcast,' and next came Bing's 'Waikiki Wedding,' and I just made 'Mountain Music,' and say, that story is laid right in my own Arkansas Ozark mountains and I hope that pleases the home folks. All this answers the question as to how I happen to be in this purty dressing room between Bing Crosby and Carole Lombard. Being a comedian is sure luxurious!"

An actor's mood is etched upon the screen largely by what he brings with him in the way of background, experience and viewpoint. Watching these three fun exponents who possess the magic gift of lifting everyday humdrum existence into a realm of joy and laughter, one may reconstruct their past and read their individual experiences. There's Middle West Charlie Butterworth, lawyer-journalist, with his New York polish and suavity; Eric Blore, reflecting his London culture, and happy Bob Burns, who soared above his mountains and hardships to world fame by *laughing!*

## Beauty Meets Success

[Continued from page 28]

came, and to make matters worse, 'had to sign a nice long-term contract with Paramount. Life just wasn't worth living the way things seemed to be going. It wasn't fair at all!

But all that is water under the bridge now. At this writing Herbie is with her in Hollywood helping her to furnish a house, and once again Dorothy is quite sure that the word "happiness" was thought up especially for her . . . and Herbie. "Jungle Princess" catapulted her to the top of the heap and she is now finishing the companion to it, "Her Jungle Lover." Then came a part in "Swing High, Swing Low." Currently she is appearing in "Last Train From Madrid," and soon she will appear in that great saga of the south seas, "The Hurricane."

Radio, though, still proves to be a rather flossy source of income for Dorothy. When Chase and Sanborn originated their new Sunday program out here in Hollywood a few weeks ago they chose Dorothy Lamour out of a whole township of beautiful voices to be their featured vocalist. And now each Sunday, along with such luminaries as Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, W. C. Fields and that chip off the old block, Charlie McCarthy, whom Fields still stoutly maintains is "full of termites," comes the double lovely voice of Dorothy Lamour. And by the way, if you haven't heard this program you're missing the best bet of the airways; between the Lamour voice and the Fields-McCarthy feud you can't go wrong. Rehearsals on this show are an especial riot because that's when Dorothy practices ventriloquism with Charlie McCarthy, nee Edgar Bergen.

All this, as balmy as it sounds, is the story of the young girl who almost had to be bludgeoned into a picture career. And, oh, yes . . . she was born in New Orleans twenty-two years ago and has the distinction of being one of the very few beauty-contest winners to make the grade in pictures. She won the title of Miss New Orleans in 1931 but in spite of that apparent handicap is having no trouble at all in holding her own among the great and near great of Celluloid City. Good thing, though, that Herbie Kay knew how to handle a wife.

## Discovery of the Year!



OSCAR HOMOLKA,

FRANCES FARMER, RAY MILLAND  
and others of the cast of Paramount's

"Ebbtide" in Technicolor

use the new

## SCREEN and STAGE MAKE-UP

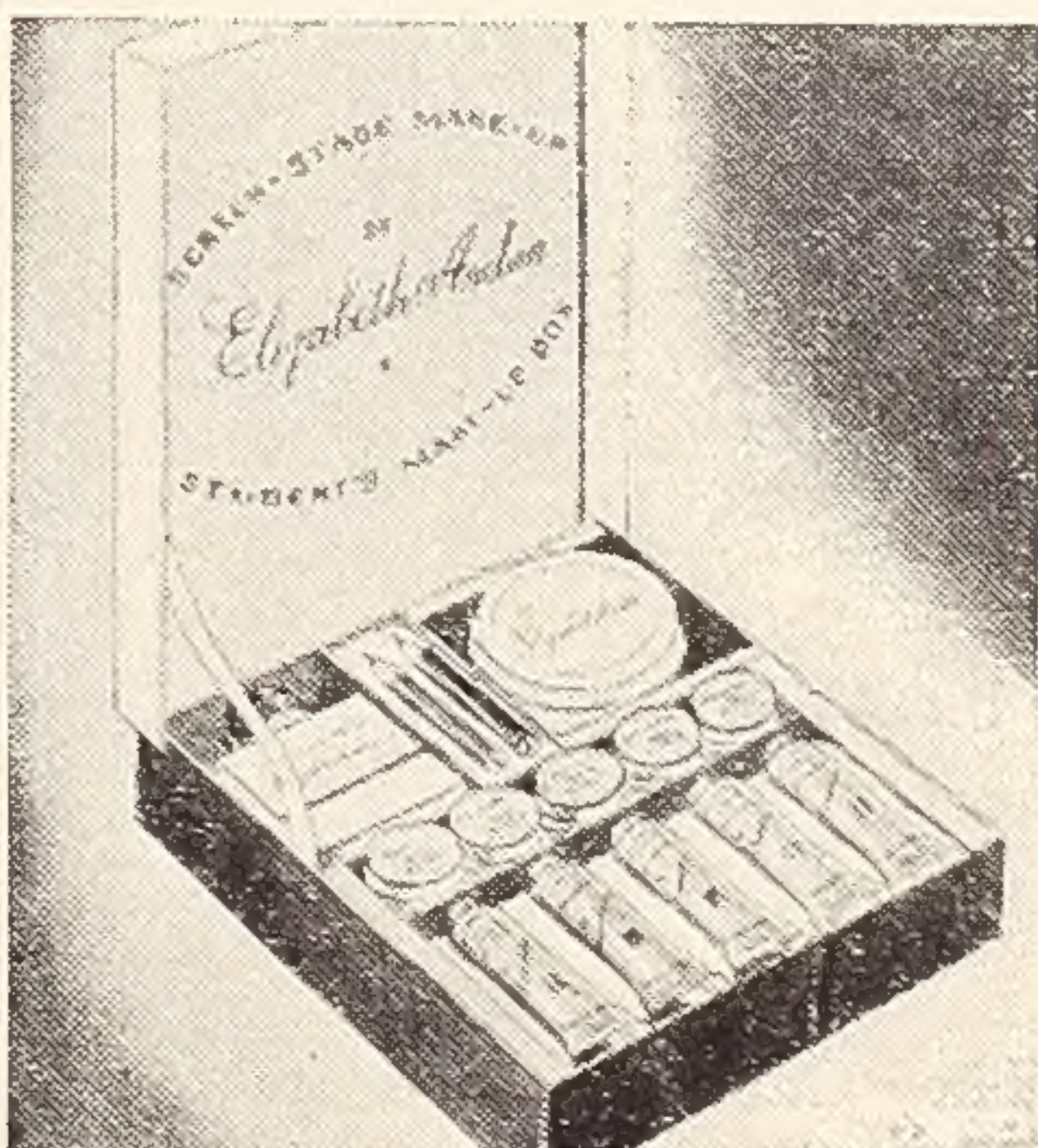
by *Elizabeth Arden*

**G**RACIOUS, talented, young Miss Farmer has been proclaimed the finest new star of the season. Throughout the new Paramount production of "Ebbtide" in Technicolor, she reaches new dramatic heights both in the ability she displays and in that glamour which every star *must* possess!

But they made *another* discovery in Hollywood this season! The most distinguished feminine stars of the screen, who use Screen and Stage Make-Up by Elizabeth Arden before the cameras, have discovered that its glamorous quality can glorify their private lives:

There are moments in every private life which deserve to be glorified. Maybe you're planning to be in amateur theatricals or in a fashion show or would like to snatch the glamour of Hollywood for very special parties! Do it with Screen and Stage Make-Up!

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# The Final Thing A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Martha Raye.

SOMETHING unexpected developed when we saw Martha Raye doing a personal appearance. She is right at home behind the footlights and with professional ease she took the audience and changed it into a whooping, yelling, laughing crowd. She has a real gift for comedy and uses a dual personality method. There she was singing and then in an instant dropped into her own clowning personality. She helped a man down front to find a seat, she bumped her nose on the mike, but the manner in which she did these things was pure comedy. She is a genius. Her large mouth has no more to do with her success than W. C. Fields' nose has to do with his. It was a joy to watch her and her perfect control of the audience, and that was in one of the biggest theatres in New York City.

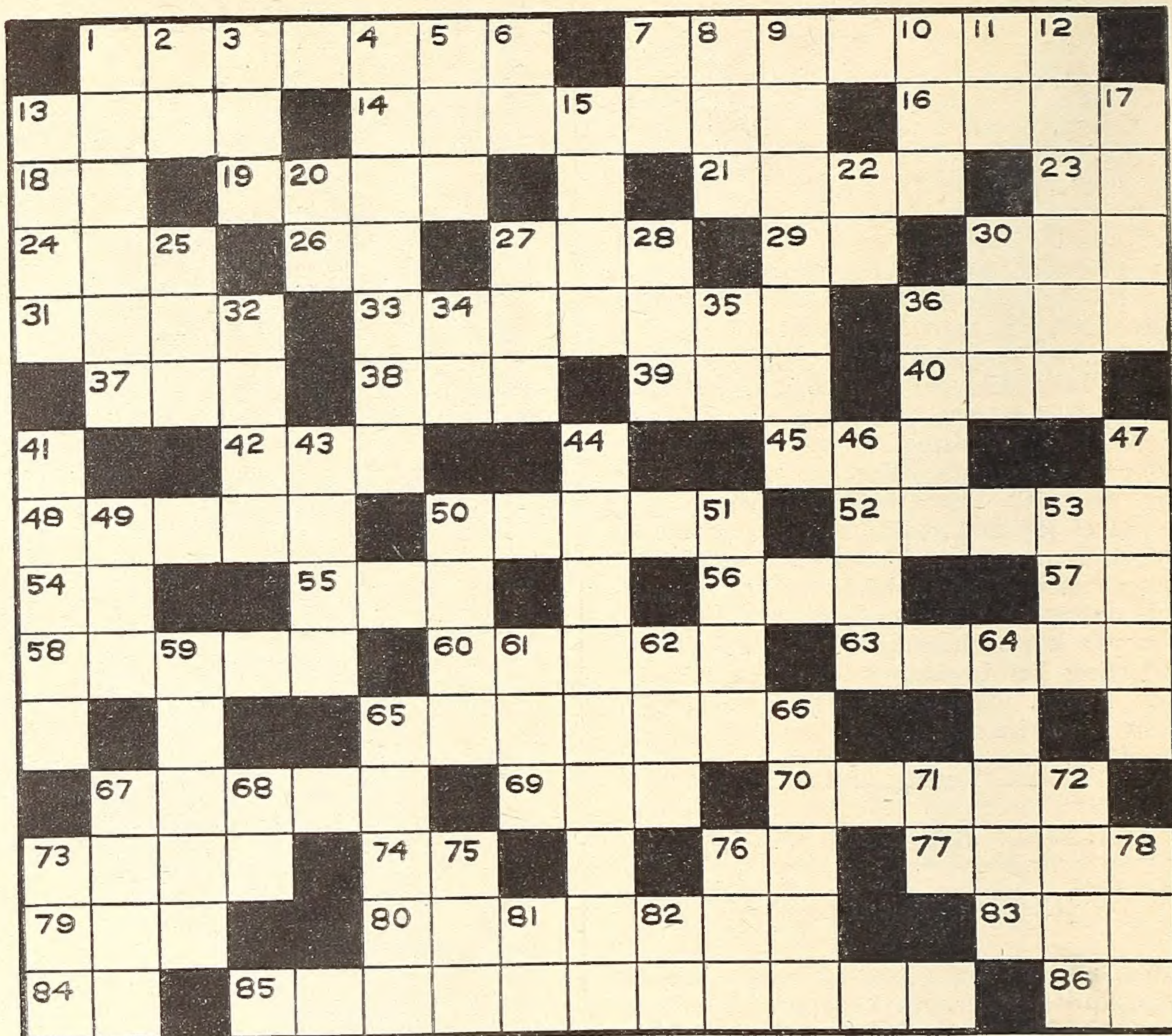
\* \* \*

THE unexpected incident was this—to our surprise, we found that the screen has not given us Martha Raye as she really is. The photographer or director has made Martha seem to be a much larger woman than she is, and also a different type. The sound engineers did not capture her singing individuality. She has great possibilities if they will stop changing her to suit their unimaginative minds. She is the first person since Marie Dressler who can bring laughter that is close to tears. This writer, years ago, wrote of the greatness of Dressler before anyone recognized her. She was given a chance and from that moment she was a ruling screen figure. She came to the office years later to tell her gratitude. Perhaps this word or two will help Martha Raye. We hope so.

\* \* \*

THE player with the talent for comedy is met more than half way by the listening audience. So the comedian who crashes through your guard can reach the inner you—the emotional you. Martha Raye is individual. There is no one like her and one day she will amuse you and touch your heart as well. It won't be long now—and when that day arrives, don't forget we told you what would happen.

*Shirley Keen*  
EDITOR.



## ACROSS

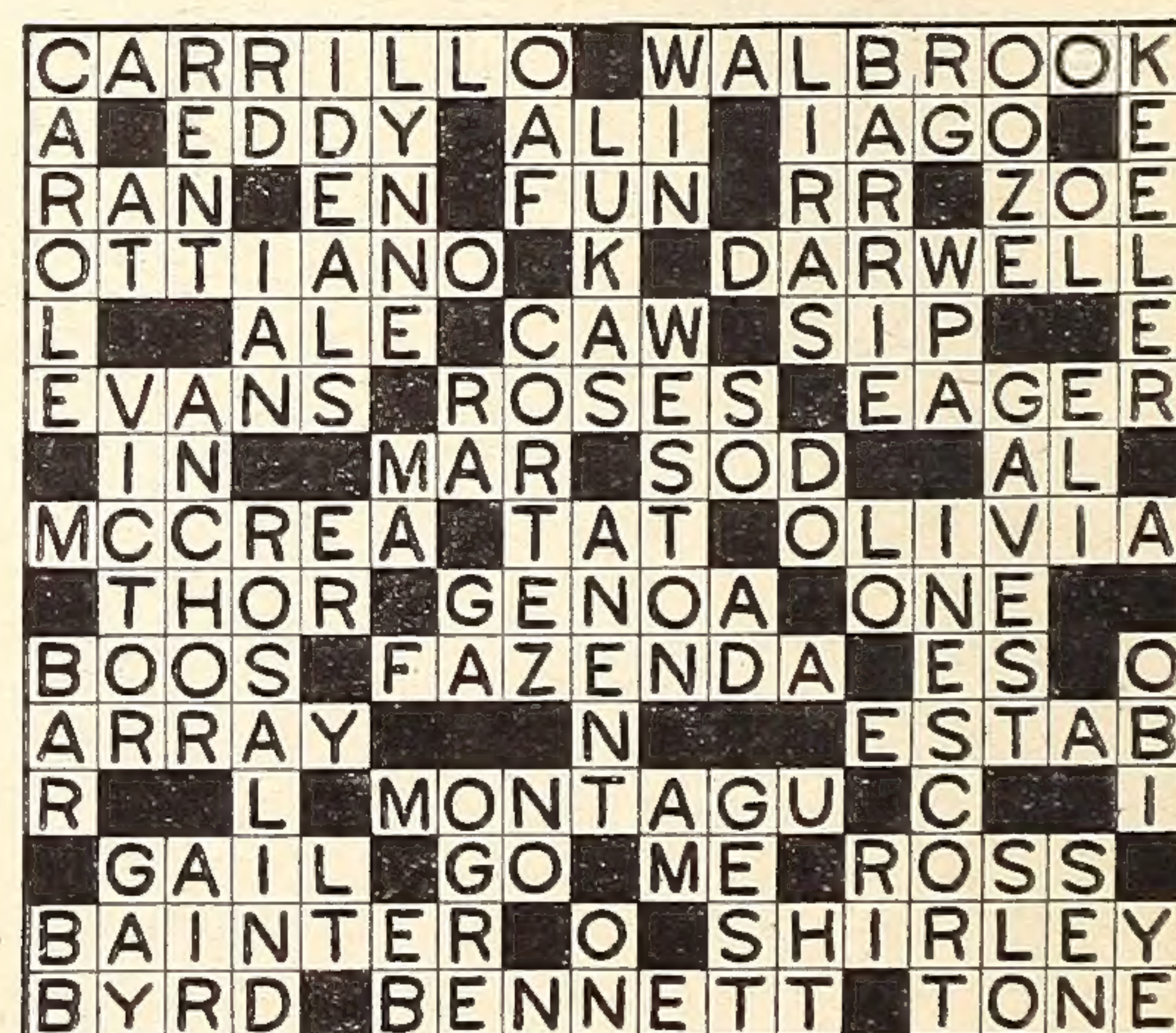
- 1 Owner of the sanitarium in "A Day at the Races"
- 7 The act of putting a play upon the stage
- 13 Excelling all others
- 14 Recently married to Jeanette MacDonald
- 16 Frigid
- 18 A mode of transportation (abbr.)
- 19 Prepare for publication
- 21 He portrayed a gunman in "They Gave Him a Gun"
- 23 Two-toed sloth
- 24 A salutation
- 26 All correct (abbr.)
- 27 War aviator
- 29 Sun god
- 30 The thirty-second President of the United States (init.)
- 31 Stringed instrument
- 33 In "Fifty Roads to Town"
- 36 "Oh boy" is her favorite expression
- 37 Western state (abbr.)
- 38 Unit
- 39 The reporter in "Tomorrow's Headlines"
- 40 Type measures
- 42 Colonel Wister in "Another Dawn"
- 45 Masculine first name
- 48 Bars that rest on supports
- 50 Author of "The Prince and the Pauper"
- 52 Excellent as the old mother in "Make Way for Tomorrow"
- 54 Paid publicity
- 55 Edible seed
- 56 The first woman
- 57 Exists
- 58 Terry in "Turn Off the Moon"
- 60 Japanese business man in "Think Fast, Mr. Moto"
- 63 Commerce
- 65 Soon to be seen in "Stella Dallas"
- 67 A very charming Metro star
- 69 A body of water partly enclosed by land
- 70 Barbara Stanwyck's brother in "This Is My Affair"
- 73 Press agent in "When Love Is Young"
- 74 Transpose (abbr.)
- 76 Associate of Arts (abbr.)
- 77 At liberty
- 79 Part of verb "to be"
- 80 Young architect in "Woman Chases Man"
- 83 Encountered
- 84 Pronoun (Bib.)
- 85 Exactness
- 86 Deposit account (abbr.)

## DOWN

- 1 The wealthy father in "Captains' Courageous"
- 2 Comparable to
- 3 An Indian tribe
- 4 In "Waikiki Wedding"
- 5 Partake of food
- 6 James Cagney's birthplace (abbr.)
- 7 Therefore
- 8 A powerful explosive (abbr.)
- 9 Ornamented
- 10 To frost
- 11 Negative
- 12 The nurse in "They Gave Him A Gun"
- 13 The rich youth in "Border Cafe"
- 15 A great amount

- 17 Dreadful
- 20 Perform
- 22 National Army (abbr.)
- 25 Before
- 27 Had dined
- 28 Elongated fish
- 30 An enthusiast
- 32 Morally bad
- 34 Upon
- 35 Regarding
- 36 Famous Nevada City
- 41 The daughter of a well-known theatrical producer
- 43 Venomous snakes
- 44 In "The Prisoner of Zenda"
- 46 Encourage
- 47 Ascends
- 49 Trouble
- 50 In "As Good As Married"
- 51 Not at any time (cont.)
- 53 Caused to bring about
- 59 Two-fisted bell hop in "Kid Galahad"
- 61 Eye
- 62 Handsome naval officer in "Wings Over Honolulu"
- 64 Apprehension of danger
- 65 Immerse in water
- 66 Degrade
- 67 Nothing but
- 68 Direction (abbr.)
- 71 Supposing that
- 72 Necessity
- 73 Her latest picture is "Confession"
- 75 Fabulous bird of great strength
- 76 With Basil Rathbone in "Love from a Stranger"
- 78 Greek letter
- 81 Jumbled type
- 82 That is (abbr.)

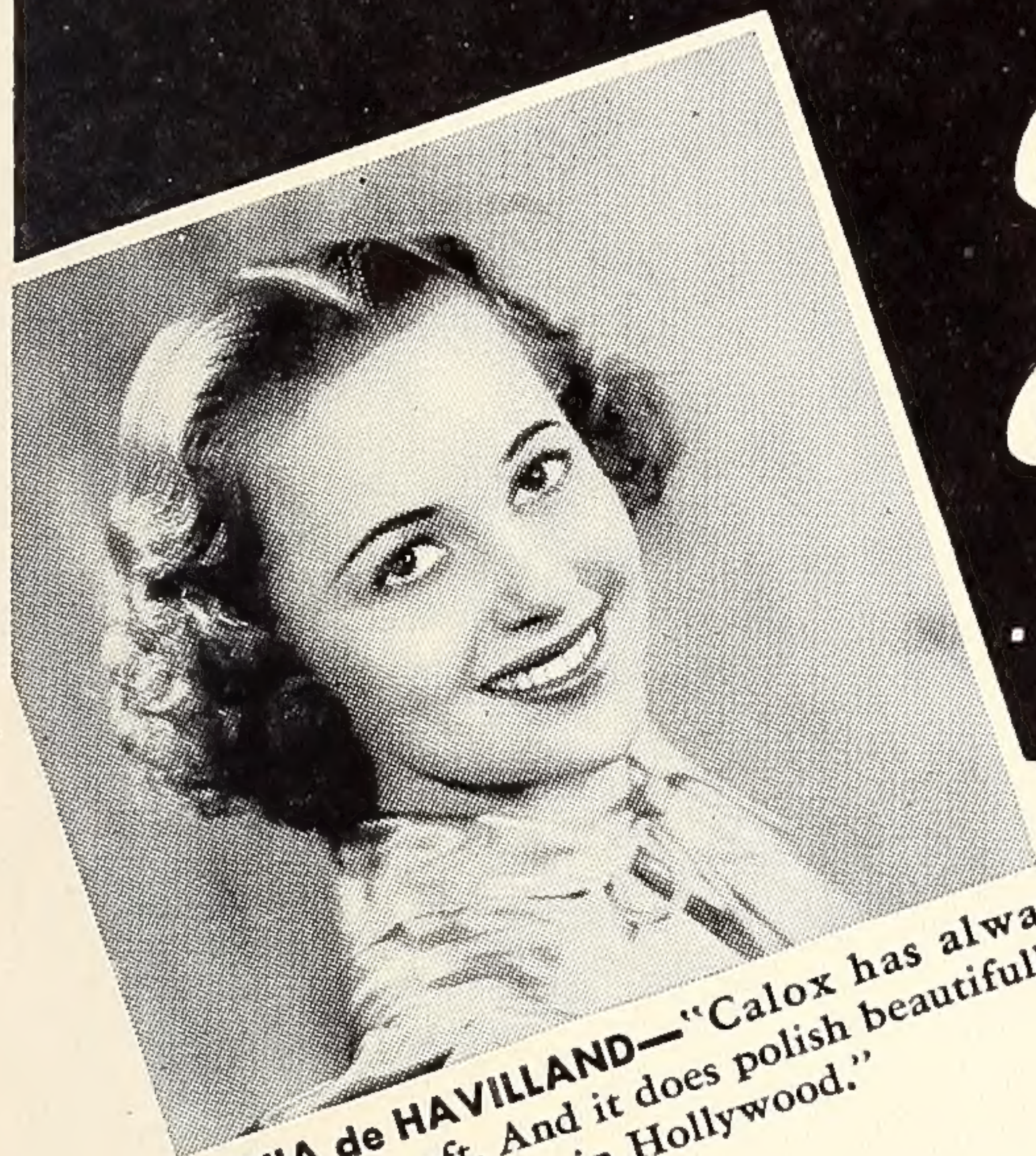
## Answer to Last Month's Puzzle





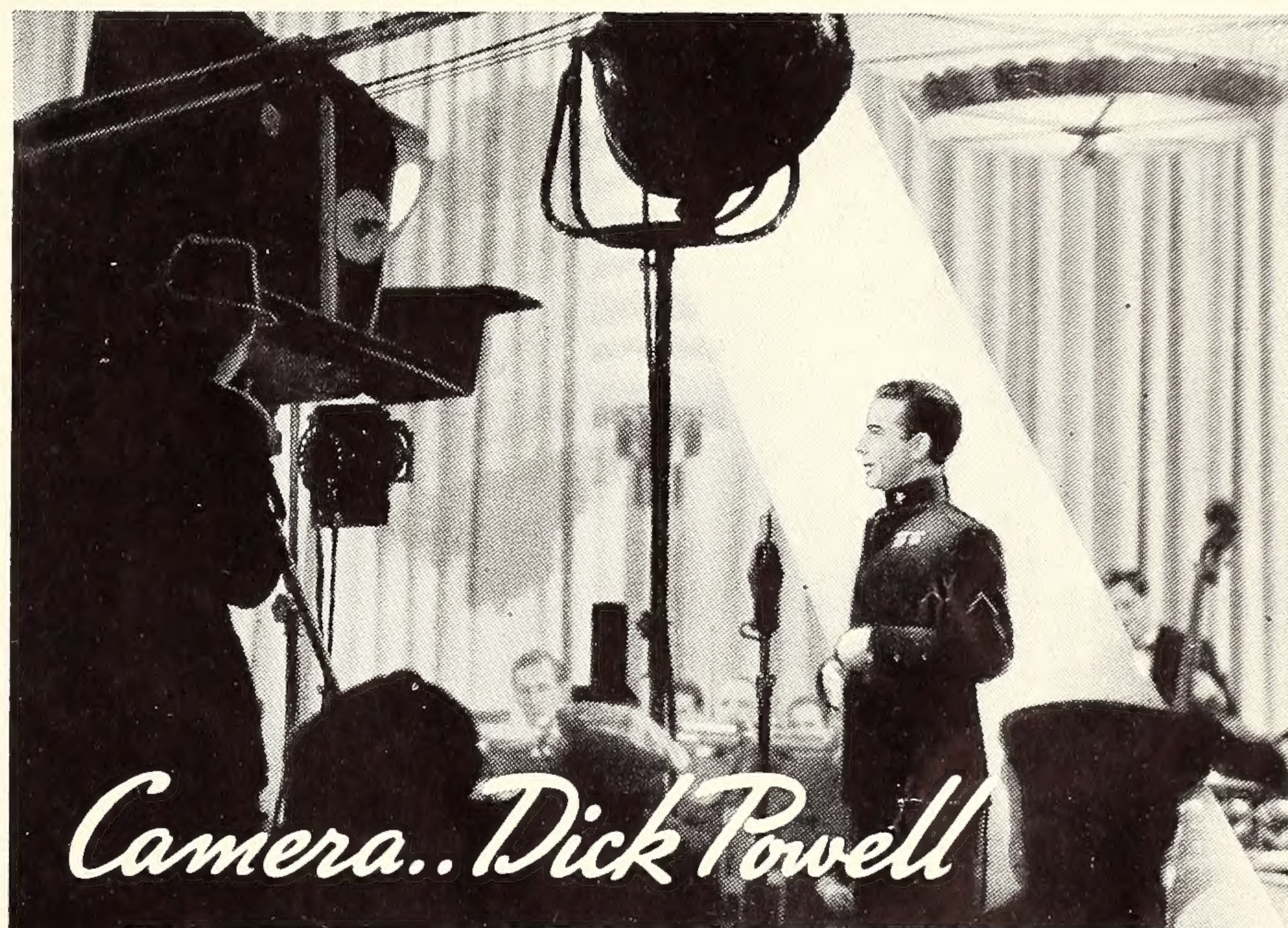
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... show *You* the way to a "starry smile"... sparkling teeth



**OLIVIA de HAVILLAND**—"Calox has always seemed gentle and soft. And it does polish beautifully. No wonder it's so popular in Hollywood."

**GLORIA DICKSON**—Here is a candid camera shot of her, taken on the set of her new picture — **"THEY WON'T FORGET."** Gloria Dickson says: "I don't expect a dentifrice to work miracles, but when it comes to keeping my teeth sparkling, I have never found anything quite as efficient as Calox."



"CAMERA," shouts the director...and powerful 2000-watt lights are thrown on the star's face *and teeth*. The camera is cruelly honest. Teeth have to sparkle *naturally*. That is why the choice of a dentifrice is a matter of vital importance in Hollywood.

It is significant that the glamorous Warner Bros. stars have chosen Calox Tooth Powder.

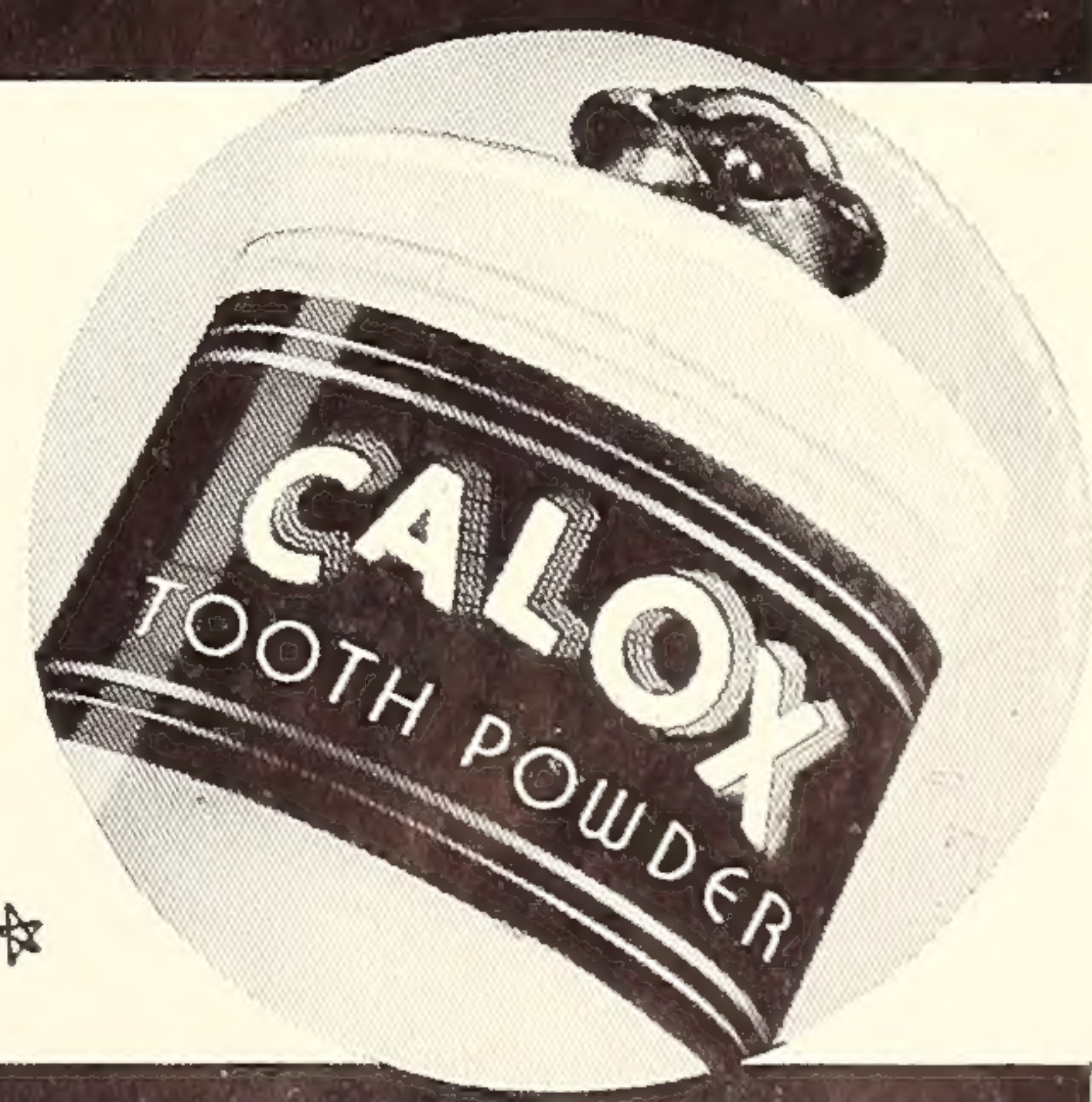
**"TOPS," SAYS DICK POWELL.** This famous star, now appearing in *"The Singing Marine,"* states:—"I've never heard of any dentifrice that cleans the teeth better than Calox. Here in Hollywood it's considered 'tops'."



**JOAN BLONDELL**—now starring in **"BACK IN CIRCULATION."** Joan says: "Calox Tooth Powder has a wonderful reputation in Hollywood for keeping teeth sparkling and clean."



**PAT O'BRIEN**—"I like a tooth powder that makes the teeth glisten. Calox is ideal for screen stars—or for anyone who wants 'starry teeth'."



**CALOX**—for teeth that  
shine like the stars!

## WHY HOLLYWOOD SAYS "O.K." TO CALOX

1. **GIVES "HIGH-LUSTER" POLISH.** Calox contains five scientifically approved cleansing and polishing ingredients.
2. **DOUBLE SAFE BECAUSE IT'S...DOUBLE-SIFTED.** It *cannot* contain grit.
3. **RELEASES OXYGEN.** Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent.
4. **MADE WITH PRESCRIPTION CARE** by McKesson & Robbins, who have supplied fine drugs to physicians and hospitals since 1833.



friendly green parrot has become my boon  
companion and gives me so much pleasure  
I call him Colonel **SATISFY**... the best  
name I know for pleasure.

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